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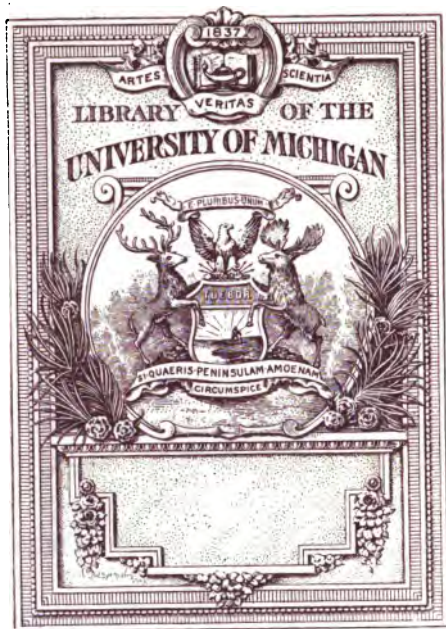
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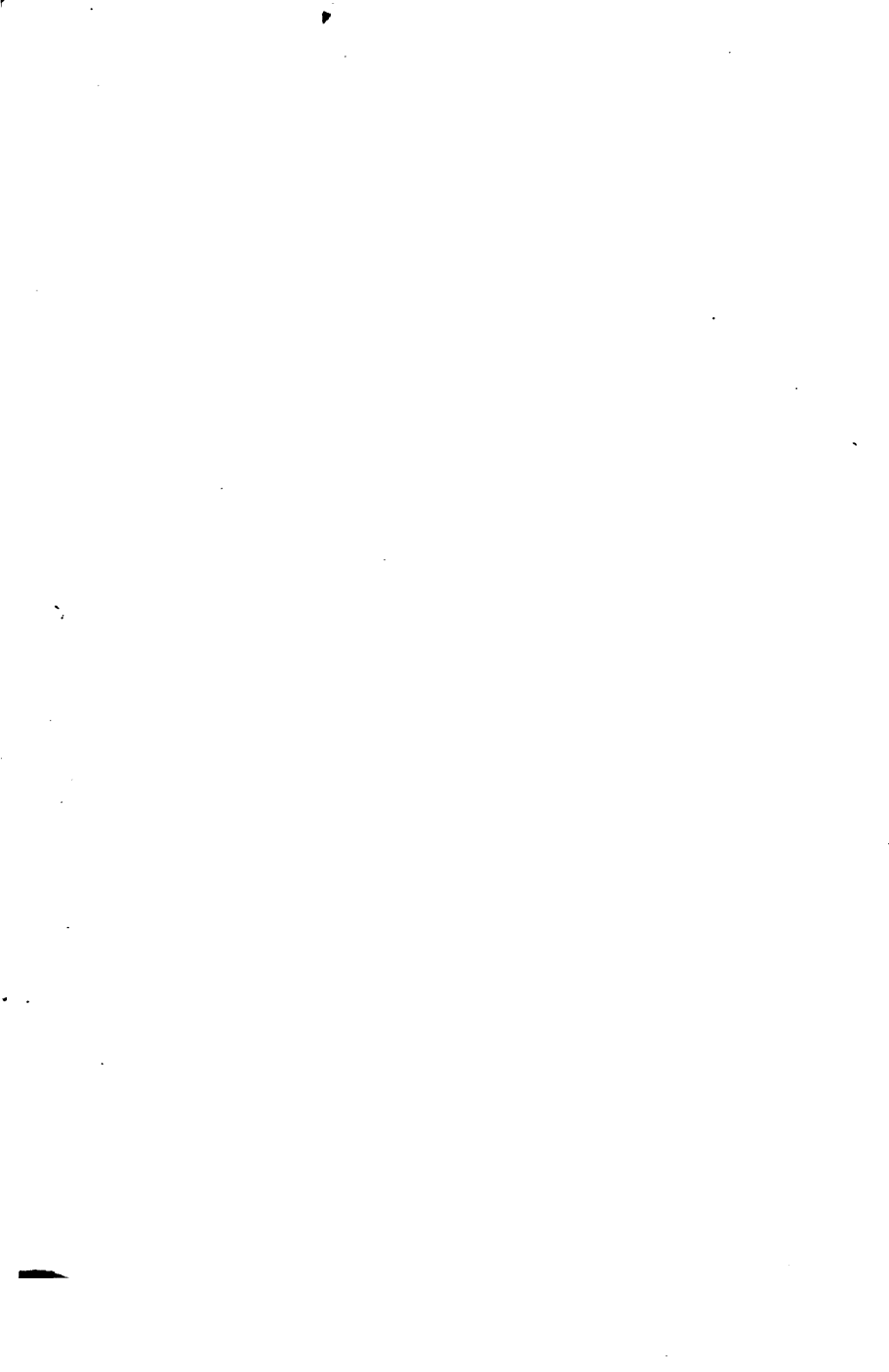
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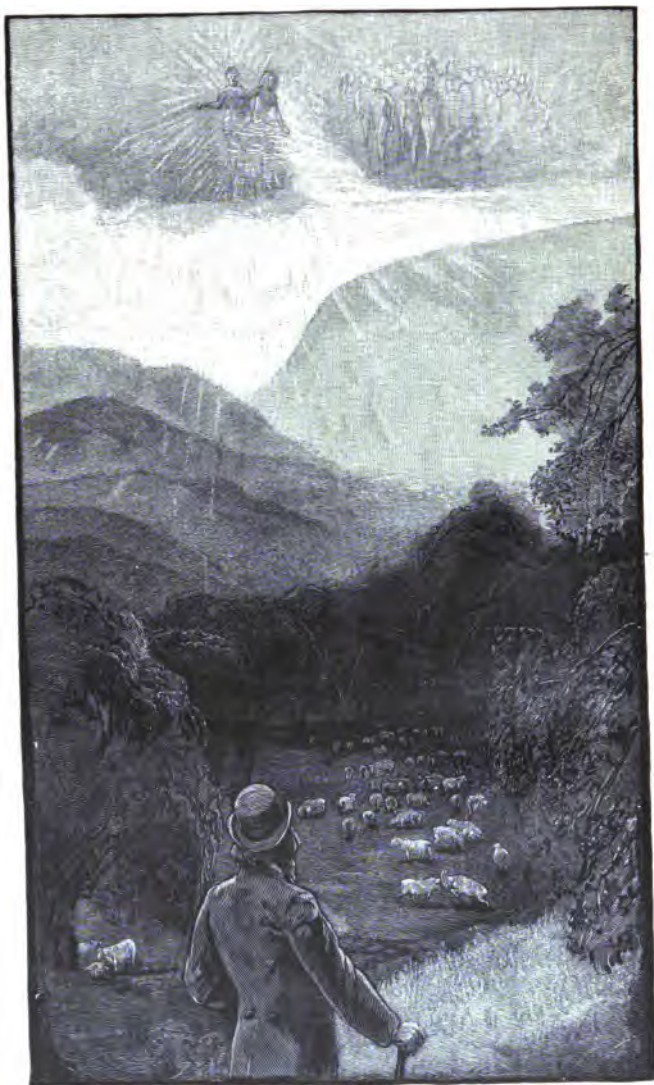


THE GIFT OF
Mrs Olivia Hall





1903



BEYOND THE VALLEY.

THE VALLEY;

AN ALPHABETICAL

DICTIONARY

OF THE VALLEY.

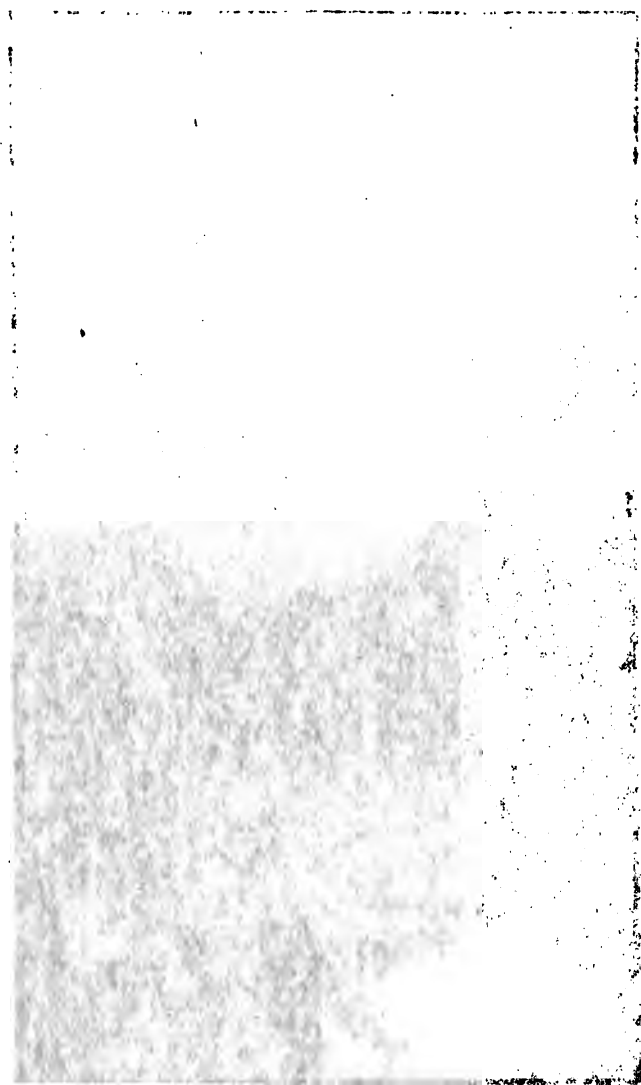
A series of golden lights shone forth from the valley, and the people of the valley were filled with joy and gladness. The people of the valley were filled with joy and gladness. The people of the valley were filled with joy and gladness.

BOSTON:

COLBY & SON, PUBLISHERS,

Corner Bowdoin and Franklin Streets

1851.



BEYOND THE VALLEY;

A SEQUEL TO

“THE MAGIC STAFF:”

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

“Another flash of golden light shot through the abounding darkness; and, looking up, I beheld a transparent sheet of whiteness, on which was painted glowing words: ‘Behold! here is thy Magic Staff,—under all circumstances, keep an even mind.’” — Autobiography of A. J. DAVIS, Vol. I, p. 263.

BOSTON:
COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS,
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1885.

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PREFATORY.

THE author of this volume meets a natural want,—the universal desire to understand the workings of psychological principles as they manifest themselves in the life of a Seer. In the preceding volume, entitled the *Magic Staff*, Mr. Davis, in the familiar style of narration, imparts a clear and understandable history of his childhood, and of all the subsequent steps whereby his extraordinary experiences were successively developed. It has been extensively read, and is today regarded as one of the most popular of his numerous writings. In Europe it is held in highest estimation, and has been translated and widely circulated throughout the civilized world. This volume, *Beyond the Valley*, is written in the same style of rational and readable narrative, and is full to repletion of those extraordinary psychological events which cannot but attract and instruct every class of readers. It is destined to reach and interest thousands who have been strangers to Mr. Davis's private life and public services for humanity. The succeeding chapters contain records of many wonderful spiritual scenes, blended

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with trials and changes in Mr. Davis's personal life, which are entirely authentic and beyond refutation, and which may be read with highest moral and intellectual advantage by parents and children, and by every class of philosophers and scientists in any part of the world. The volume is the author's "last will and testament,"—in which, while not neglecting to provide for those of the present day, he has bequeathed a large fortune of spiritual experiences to the commonwealth of posterity.

We have no reason to believe that this volume will be the "last" from his pen. He is too intensely alive to the facts and truths which tend to enlighten and unfold mankind to remain inactive either as a writer or oral teacher; and the world has pressing need of every mind which can impart ideas and thoughts from heavenly sources.

The author is still a resident of the Empire State, and his permanent address is *Box 126, Station A, New York City.*

I. H. S.

BOSTON, MASS., May, 1885.

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BEYOND THE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

BETWEEN TWO BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

“O men and women, saddened in the living ;
Smiles on the lips and sorrow in the heart ;
Open your souls more fully for receiving,—
Accept your part.”

A LONG procession of eventful years, filled with education to all men, has passed forever away, kind reader, since we pleasantly parted in the enchanted valley between Mount Beauty and Mount Aspiration.* True, perhaps, in advance of you, in the discharge of my innate mission to pioneer the way into the future, I had, for a brief season, stood upon the exalted summit of Mount Aspiration, from which heavenly solitude, with its marvellous vistas, flooded with celestial sunlight descending through millions of leagues, and standing amid the indescribable grandeur of Nature's perpetual forces in operation, I contemplated in awful silence the boundless and the eternal Harmonies. But, although my interior powers were wondrously awakened

* See *Magic Staff*, Vol. I., p. 553.

and invigorated by the comprehensive vision, it was not possible for me to continue long to dwell, as a spiritual highlander would wish to build and occupy his home, amid beauty so ethereally transparent and so dazzlingly *cold* to the daily useful human life, which I foresaw I would be called upon to live practically among my fellow-men.

Indeed, friendly reader, your own intuitive wisdom tells you that that which I now impart is true. Man, in his rudimental state, in his external terrestrial life, is not enough large-minded and fair-minded to associate familiarly with the infinitely vast and the divinely beautiful. Most minds, owing to their undevelopment in wisdom's beautiful ways, are well-nigh *inaccessible* to the inherent wealth and variety of any great natural truth. Truth is regarded by them as only the lip-statement of a *fact*, not as an unutterable omni-central Principle of the universal Harmony; and Beauty, they say, is that which is pleasurable visible and practically *useful*, instead of being, what it really is, a revelation of the fourth attribute of God's unerring wisdom. Therefore, most minds, being yet in their spiritual and intellectual childhood, are full of the strut and assumption of egotistical inexperience, and thus they enjoy telling the audacious conceits of ignorance.

But he who earnestly and nobly aspires to reach and teach mankind must not wish to sequester and exalt himself upon some far-away, inaccessible mountain; should not selfishly attempt to seclude his inner treasures, and invert the tender and affectionate tendencies of his personal life,—nay, but he should rather shun the treacherous whisperings and insidious promptings of selfishness,—should seek to “become portion of that around him,”—giving to his fellows freely and gladly, even as he himself momentarily receives his very existence from the Infinite Fountain of all. Compensations and great benefits will come in sooner or later from sources not always visible; but ingratitude and bitter persecution will surely come from the ignorant and the willful of the world.

Mount Aspiration, with its sublime remoteness and wondrous

beauty, attracted me with a constant attraction, as the earth is attracted by the magnetic sun; yet, like the earth, I resisted the urgency of the master-force, and planted myself upon my individualized centre of life and revolution; because, again like the earth, I felt the *innate* command to perform the appropriate mission consistent with my position, powers, and tendencies.

So I continued to lean upon my Magic Staff, and commenced a journey from plateau to terrace, from majestic altitudes to sunlit cliffs and secluded retreats, from primeval solitudes to grassy gardens with their springs and fantastic waterfalls,—obeying meanwhile the sweet voices of the children of light, descending to the spirit ear along the aerial lines of thought, until a place of rest was once more found in the valley between mounts Beauty and Aspiration.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN THE VALLEY.

"I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest thing am thrall."

ALL are not climbers in this vale of indefinite striving. The great multitudes populate the low lands of life. Man seeks association on a level with his fellows, and tends, like individual streams which flow down from the highlands, to accumulate and commingle in one massive sea of mutual being. This is spontaneous brotherhood.

Agitation and irritation, and attrition and refinement, and centrifugation and progression, and individualized development, are the unavoidable concomitants and the perfect consequences, — for, where there is so much motion and life, so much sensation and intelligence, there will be evolved all the wants and needs, and all the inventions and discoveries and applications, which are designed essentially to educate and unfold the animal man until he is but "a little lower" than the human angel.

Although my aspirations, not to say all my constitutional inclinations, urged me to hide away and live apart among the mountains, yet my higher instructor one day said: "The mount-

ains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the promise of my peace be removed." Therefore, I accepted the work appropriate to the valley, and very soon arranged to travel, and to deliver discourses.

And yet I cannot say that I did not feel home-sick. The instability and uncertainty of external "things" impressed me like an admonition — to seek that which is "unseen and eternal." To be in the world, to work for the world's advancement, and yet not to be a part of it,—to live, at one and the same time, in both worlds,—loyal to each, an external and an inner life in harmony, was an unceasing tax upon my natural and acquired resources. But the uplifting presence of spiritual influences was a frequent experience. Immersed in materialism, it is not easy to preserve one's physical and mental equilibrium, so that one's private thoughts and affections may attract the celestial visitors. The constant use of the Magic Staff is indispensable. It never failed me in my valley life.

During the early part of my life in this Valley, there came upon me a profound consciousness, which I seemed to comprehend more perfectly than ever before, that what men call the "Spirit of God" is present everywhere, and is the cause of every event. The universe is a system, part connected with part, like links in an endless chain of cause and effect; all circumferences responsive to all centres; systems beyond systems, and universes within universes; yet all working together harmoniously as "one stupendous whole." So that nothing happens! In the Divine Mind — which is known to man only as the eternal principles of Nature — the entire System is perfect.* An organization, little or great, is the owner of all the potential causes, and all the innate capabilities necessary to the perfect and complete fulfillment of all the uses and ends of its existence. Hence, dear reader, *you have a right to exist*. You are not a mistake. Your life, with its pains

* I have given this statement to greater length in *Nat. Dic. Rev.*, pp. 482, 483.

and pleasures, was designed from the infinite deeps of the everlasting foundations. You were to come on earth just as and when you did come, and you will depart exactly when the resurrection trump is sounded for you from the Summer-Land; and you will go knowingly or ignorantly into the spiritual universe, and into the appropriate drawing-room in the Father's house, with the mathematical precision which each sun and planet obeys in its pilgrimage through the fathomless abysses of immensity.

My spiritual experiences bring me most incontrovertible evidences of the reality of this innate intelligence, which precedes and evolves events. The ancient singer wisely said: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye."* A modern writer, moved by the same inherent truth, gives another interpretation †: —

"Our lives are songs, *God writes the words,*
 And we set them to music at pleasure;
 And the songs grow glad, or sweet, or sad
 As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
 Whatever the rhyme or metre;
 And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
 Or if it is sweet, we can make it sweeter."

Angels come to us, and we go after death to dwell with them, in accordance with the laws of design. This universal truth filled my whole life with a strange illumination. It flooded the vast valley between mounts Beauty and Aspiration. A tranquil serenity pervaded the discords of the world. There was visible in all events the hand of Providence. There was a spirit of good in things evil; it triumphed over evil; it changed error into truth; it conquered unrighteousness; it transformed sinners into agents of mercy; and it evolved eternal harmony from the bosom of chaos and oblivion.

* Psalms, xxxii: 8. † The italics are supplied by the author.

CHAPTER III.

A SECRET PATH BESET WITH TERRORS.

“And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted — never more!”

THE time, with its events, about which I am now writing, antedates the publication of the first volume of my autobiography, and covers a period of two years subsequent to the marriage recorded therein.*

In the preceding chapter I called the considerate reader's attention to the exceeding difficulty of living loyally and effectively in *spirit* and in *body* at one and the same time. Elsewhere I have philosophically explained *how*, in my own case at least, this diurnal interchange—of the terrestrial and the celestial—may be and is practically and healthfully accomplished. (1.) By carefulness and strict regularity in foods and drinks. (2.) By systematically and resolutely devoting to the spirit only the positive hours which intervene between sunrise and midday. (3.) By descending into the social and physical feelings, and living in them truly and temperately, from noon until the dawn of the new day. And so on, day by day, Sundays not excepted, until the subject is thoroughly investigated and the volume is ready for the compositors.

Emerson erroneously says †: “The secret of heaven is kept

* In Clarendon, Orleans County, N. Y., May 15, 1855.

† *Uses of Great Men*: On Swedenborg, p. 74.

from age to age. No imprudent, no sociable, angel ever dropped an early syllable to answer the longings of saints, the fears of mortals." This is affirmed theoretically. Millions of facts array themselves in opposition. As coal in the earth came elementally out of the resources of the sun, so human history came from heaven, and is spiritual guardianship locked up. What did not come into his optical or auditory consciousness, he doubted agnostically; yet, in all his wise moments, he accepted the total experience of every real seer.

Of these psychical valleys and mountains the Concord Sage had little knowledge. Clairvoyance he explains as the recollections of the eternal soul. But *prophetic* seership cannot be derived from memory. No one can remember what has not yet occurred. From the perils of self-induced mediumship — from the unknown dangers and dismal swamps of this mighty deep — Emerson guards mankind by erecting guide-boards and by displaying danger signals. He admits the psychical reality,* and says: "This path is difficult, secret, and beset with terror. The ancients called it *ecstasy*, or absence,— a getting out of their bodies to think. All religious history contains traces of the trance of saints,— a beatitude, but without any sign of joy, earnest, solitary, even sad; 'the flight,' Plotinus called it, 'of the alone to the alone;' the closing of the eyes; whence our word *mystic* But what readily comes to mind is the accompaniment of disease. This beatitude comes in terror,† and with shocks to the mind of the receiver. 'It o'er informs the tenement of clay,' and drives the man mad; or gives a certain violent bias, which taints his judgment. In the chief examples of religious illumination, somewhat morbid has mingled, in spite of the unquestionable increase in mental power."

Thus the poetic and strong wise man writes, not as a seer and proprietor of this experience, but as a spectator who only describes and prescribes for what *seems* to him. His diagnosis

* *Representations Men.* Boston edition, 1870, p. 53.

† Possibly Emerson was here thinking of the catalepsies of sensitives occurring in Methodist revivals.

is theoretical; his reasonings are superficial; his conclusions logical, but erroneous.

While in this valley, at the very threshold of our married association,* a dark cloud (the import of which I had not been before clairvoyantly permitted to penetrate) parted amid air and yielded upon me its depressing contents. This cloud had enveloped and obscured an early portion of this period. It loaded and submerged my understanding as the ocean waves sweep the decks and fill the holds of a ship struggling in a storm.

"Your companion," said a voice, "is the being of our choice." †

I replied: "Yes; and by looking I found that she is adapted to this life with me, and that you were not mistaken."

There was a prolonged silence. I sat alone under a wide-spreading beech tree in a little park a few hundred rods from the residence. Breathlessly I waited further disclosures.

"You have her word, Jackson," said the voice (which I now recognized).

"What word?" I asked.

"She promised you ‡ to be a *co-worker with you*,—to aid in the mission of teaching and redemption—on the basis of a true marriage."

I listened for more.

"She will be true to her promise," it said. "Of the basis neither of you can either know or promise anything in truth."

During the ensuing thirty minutes I was left to my own interior meditative analysis.

I felt stricken to the heart. Anguish was succeeded by an indescribable consternation. I felt like one straying in a wilderness, not knowing which way would lead me out.

"The spirits have misled me," I said aloud. "Away from me! I'll have no more to say or do with deceivers."

* We were sojourning at William Green's, corner Fulton and Franklin Avenues, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

† *Magic Staff*, Vol. I., pp. 502-3.

‡ I now recalled the promise in Ohio, February, 1855, recorded in the *Magic Staff*, p. 546.

The reply soon came: "Beloved!" sympathetically it said (I use the indefinite article *it* because no person was visible), "do you refuse to practice what you to others teach?"

"I refuse nothing that seems to me founded in pure reason," I replied.

"You teach series and degrees, do you not? You teach that all things and persons are linked and related, do you not? You teach that attractions are prophecies and proofs of destinies, do you not?"

The voice ceased, and presently I responded affirmatively.

"Many years you have taught, as an immutable law, that two human hearts, although attracted truly and sincerely to each other, possess the power to build up or to destroy their union. You teach that the transient and the permanent in marriage is determinable by the will and relative lives of the conjugally associated. Accepting this as a rule of action, how could either of you promise the other eternal marriage?" *

Imagine my mental state, gentle reader; I was certain only of this,—that I was wedded to one who was perfectly adapted to be *with me* as "a co-worker," "a companion," and who might *possibly* become "my mate for eternity."

Of all this I determined to say nothing to anyone. It explained fully why I had not felt a satisfied heart-*rest* since the early months of our ante-nuptial correspondence. And yet, according to my own teaching, which I profoundly believed, the *possibility* of the consummation of a "perfect union" was within our reach! Therefore, before returning to the hospitable residence, I resolved that this cloud should not be allowed to mar the beauty and charm of our heaven-ordained companionship. Indeed, and in brief, was not the chief and highest purpose of our honest and affectionate marriage to promote the progression and better culture of the common humanity?

* The reader is referred to the *Reformer* for confirmation; also to *Magis Staff*, p. 529.

CHAPTER IV.

A LIFE OF UNSELFISH LOVE AND DUTY.

"T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

WHATEVER is shallow is turbulent. The profound, the very deep, is tranquil. If you want to be miserably disappointed in life, set out to govern your conduct by what Bentham called the two sovereign masters — Pain and Pleasure, but which a profounder writer, Carlyle, styled "the profit-and-loss philosophy which makes soul synonomous with stomach." Or, if you want to sound the depths of evil and wretchedness, just train your mind and body to make "happiness" the sole object of your being's end and aim. Self-love, stimulated by the fires of powerful passions, is Satan; and he perpetually adds (through the furnace-door of his pompous ignorance) fuel to his own fire. He (or it) is the embodied "devil;" and, wherever he goes, he kindles the flames of "hell." Self-approbation forever mingles with a heart-weakening sense of self-abasement; so that, when a selfish soul is about to commit a crime, it suddenly stops, and it is apt to say:—

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself."*

* *Macbeth*, Act I, wherein the master-poet undresses the soul of selfishness.

I hope that my candid reader will accompany me every step of the way in this valley. DUTY and WORK, not self-seeking enjoyments, stood before me. I did not hesitate; and immediately

“I felt within me
A peace, above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.”

Pleasure, happiness, joy, blessedness, bliss,—these spiritual sensations will come as compensations for duty done, for work performed, for loyalty to the omnipresent spirit of the ever-wise, ever-loving *Arabula!* In the valley, or upon the mountain-top, she is there,—the Universal Mother of all. This absolutely holy “Mother of God” is no passionless being. She is wise with her love; she is absolute love in the heart of God. She is God’s heart.

Oh, my indulgent reader, do you realize how immeasurably unlike this infinite and all-embracing Mother is the theological conception of that impossible existence which men call “God”? He is in the Bible reported as being destitute of, or superior to, impulse or passion; and yet he is said to be frequently angry and jealous, as well as loving and merciful. He, they say, owes to man nothing; yet man, ignorant and weak as he is, owes him everything. He is described and worshipped as being above all sense of obligations as growing out of his relationship to man; yet he is said to require of individual man the rigid and complete discharge of *duties* which are evolved from the sphere of unavoidable relations, of which he (God) practically knows nothing, save as a creator and spectator. Dear reader, do you imagine that I mistake this monstrous doctrine of a personal God? Let me quote to you a passage.*

“As the Deity is *essentially* independent of all his creatures, and as He has created us from *nothing*, and as He has created, also, all the circumstances under which we exist, He can be under *no sort of obligation to us*, nor can our relation to Him

* *Elements of Moral Science.* By Francis Wayland, D.D., p. 160.

ever be of any other sort than that of the recipient of favors, which *we can by no possibility merit.*"

The thoughtful reader can conceive that even my limited acquaintance and intercourse with the outlying and inlying universes rendered such a conception an impossibility. The universal loving Mother had oftentimes commissioned a few of her trusted angel-children to bring me tidings from her celestial and heavenly places. My motives, under the sphere of angels, for living and working, were not *selfish*. "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?" Although pleasure was not my aim, yet my life was pleasurable. The mysterious, the invisible, the obscure, the subtle, the strange,—these, more or less realized, encompassed and flooded my life every day and every night; yet, because I perpetually connected my highest work (or duty) with my highest happiness, there was ever in me a delightful feeling of grand and beautiful joy! Ambition for wealth or fame, passion for public office and emoluments, lust for power over men or for the gratification of sensual desires, disturbed no attribute of my constitution. And yet Cardinal Wolsey's charge to Cromwell* seemed to impress itself upon me: "I charge thee fling away ambition." (That is, I must go forward fearing neither hatred or censure, and seeking no distinction.) "Love thyself *last*. Cherish the hearts that *hate* thee! Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's. Then, if thou fall'st, thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

* *Henry VIII., Act 3.*

CHAPTER V.

SOME INHABITANTS OF THE VALLEY.

“The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune’s smiles,
You ’ll enter frowns of woe.”

THE fertile fields and beautiful forests, “where summer spreads profusion round,” or the attractions and deep solitudes of great cities, did not draw away from us the anxious visitors and letter-writers whose self-appointed mission was to inform us in wearisome detail of our social mistakes and coming misfortunes.*

My noble friend Green, immediately after the publication of the autobiography, caused a challenge to be printed in the daily papers to anyone who would demonstrate that *any* statement of fact in the *Magic Staff* was unfounded, or false in any particular.† He never had occasion to draw his check to fulfill that free and unconditional offer. Nearly every important person mentioned in that volume was then living in the form, either in Poughkeepsie, in Bridgeport, in Hartford, in Rochester, in Buffalo, in Brooklyn, or in the city of New York. They could not refute, or invalidate, or impair the force of, or successfully misconstrue, any statement of facts made therein. And there-

* These matters are mentioned in the *Magic Staff*, pp. 549, 550.

† In the spring of 1857, Mr. Green offered a reward of *five hundred dollars* for this purpose, and subsequently increased the sum to \$1000.

fore they did not try. And yet the outrageously virtuous, and the cultivated goats and bores, did not "cease from troubling." The spiritual dispensation was shamefully compromised; perhaps it would through our instrumentality become "the lost cause"! In vain I quoted to comfort them the poet's assurance—

"Get the truth once uttered,
And 't is like a star, new born,
Which once circling in its placid rounds,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

Speaking of some of the peculiar inhabitants of the valley,—persons who do not wish to become distinguished as spiritual mountaineers,—the class which most tired me, and who did not fail to severely rebuke Mary for "deserting her two little children,"* — a class, in a word, who (knowing our business and duty and their own, too!) resemble the bird of evil omen—

"Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door,"

named "a bore,"—just this melancholy whisper, "and nothing more"! Of this branch of the human family much might be profitably written. They are usually self-nominated and self-appointed bosom-friends. Dean Swift said:—

"Some dire misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend!"

I will venture a brief diagnosis. The popular vulgarism "bore" is a figure of speech applicable to certain unfortunate types of character (also sometimes called "beats"), which are of two varieties,—the *sharp* and the *dull*.

The *sharp* bore means a person who is rooted and grounded in *self*. He thrusts himself upon your attention and society

* On p. 548, *Magic Staff*, the reader will find a true explanation, also a justification for this so-called "desertion." My enemies charged upon me the entire disruption and disaster of her family in Randolph, N. Y.; and, for plainest apparent evidence of it all, they pointed to our "marriage" as confirmation strong.

uninvited; stays with you as long as he pleases; talks *at* you incessantly, permitting no conversation; is charmed and utterly preoccupied with *his own* logic, or music, or anecdote, or story, or religion, or scheme, or dogma, or notion; and finally retires from your presence (sometimes leaving you half-dead) when his conceit and egotism perchance combine to remind him that elsewhere he has "a positive engagement."

The *dull* bore, on the contrary, hangs upon your time and presence like a sack of sand. He may be insane enough to fancy you like him! He utters half-truths, tells stories, and moralizes in a half-witted style; smiles continuously, and applauds his own speeches with the confiding grin of self-satisfied wisdom; and yet the boorishness of such a person, hard as it is to endure hour after hour, is preferable to the pomposities and intellectual strut of the merely learned, because the hour cometh when the dull bore goeth his way, but no man knoweth either the year or the month when the representative of the "learned ignorance" shall depart from the habitations of rationally-minded men.

Poor, prostrated, over-worked Miss Martineau, when near the last of her earthly days, was beset by a gang of these lowland egotists. Her skepticism as to the divine origin of Christianity was well known in England. Her biographer explains how she was frequently assailed by letters, both anonymous and signed, admonishing her, appealing, threatening future retribution, etc. "Knowing," says her narrator, "that she had long been a teacher in advance of the mass of society in knowledge and power of thought, here were a crowd of people talking to her in tones they might have adopted toward an ignorant inmate of a prison! . . . Suddenly spoken to by a multitude whom she could not but *know* were mentally and morally *incapable of judging her*, as a sinner worthy of their pity and reprobation!"

Besides the bores, however, there are, also, in the valley the virgin-croakers, the outrageously virtuous, who have been ably described by an English historian, in these words:—

“As chastity is so highly valued in almost all the nations of our (European) continent, we meet often with women who are foolish enough to persuade themselves, and to endeavor to persuade the world, that the possession of it can atone for the want of everything else that is amiable and virtuous; and if anyone is hardy enough to hint at their faults, they answer with no small severity, in the cant phrase: ‘I am an HONEST woman, at least.’

“There is amongst us another female character, not uncommon, which we denominate the *outrageously virtuous!* Women of this stamp never fail to seize all opportunities of exclaiming, in the bitterest manner, against everyone upon whom even the slightest suspicion of indiscretion or unchastity has fallen; taking care, as they go along, to magnify every mole-hill into a mountain, and every thoughtless freedom into the blackest of crimes. . . . Your sex are in general suspected (by men) of being too much addicted to *scandal* and *defamation*; a suspicion which has not arisen of late years, as we find in the ancient laws of England a punishment known by the name of *ducking-stool*, annexed to scolding and defamation. . . . But there is another crime, which is: that *harsh and forbidding appearance* you (women) *put on*, and that ill treatment which you no doubt think necessary for the illustration of your own virtue, you should bestow *on everyone of your sex who has deviated from the path of rectitude* . . . a behavior which infallibly shuts the door of repentance against an unfortunate sister, willing, perhaps, to abandon the vices into which heedless inadvertency had plunged her, and from which none of you can promise yourselves an absolute security.”*

From all such, and similar valley dwellers, “good Lord deliver us”! was our honest prayer. From old-time sewing-society gossips nothing superior could come. But had we not every reason to expect higher conceptions, more sweet charity, and nobler expressions from angel-taught progressives? Alas! the “new wine” smelt of the musty “old bottles.” The new-spiritualized men and women in society brought with them “out of Egypt” most of the social and intellectual habits they had acquired while in affectional bondage to the Old.

* Alexander's *History of Women*; Vol. I., p. 307.

CHAPTER VI.

VALLEY CONVENTIONS AND CONVERSATIONS.

“Letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.”

AMID the green mountains at Rutland, Vt., the first great Cosmopolitan Free Convention was held in the beautiful summer time, resembling, in many of its features, the Hartford Bible Convention,* Garrison's Anti-Slavery Convocation, and a meeting to discuss the “Rights and Wrongs of Woman.” Chief among the men speakers was the natural orator, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, and the always charming Prof. Brittan. Among the acceptable women speakers were Mrs. Julia Branch, and Mrs. Mary F. Davis.† But during the afternoon session there came upon the platform a spiritual-faced girl, her brow preternaturally beaming with a heavenly radiance. Seemingly, she was inspired by a spirit of rare sweetness, and depth of sympathy for humanity. Her large blue eyes were not occupied with the countenances before her; her hair hung in graceful ringlets about her neck and shoulders, and her dress was perfectly girlish, and quite pleasing in its simplicity. Presently she was apparently entranced, and began speaking in a poetic and singularly enraptured strain, the import of which I do not

* Mentioned in *Magic Staff*, p. 455.

† Mary's adaptation to this public service was unmistakable. She had been a teacher, had fine poetic sensibilities, and could easily speak with sympathy and reason.

recall.* She illustrated in her mind and person the condition of mediumship which was at that time rarely manifested in public assemblies.

A conspicuous personage at this convention was the sad-faced, intellectual-looking author of "Woman and Her Era," Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham.

While there, and when in the congregation, my interior ear caught these words pronounced by celestial lips: "*Jackson, let the people come together to consider the cause and cure of crime — a philanthropic convention — to learn how to overcome evil with good.*"

Months afterward, in obedience to this heavenly mandate, there was a convention of this title, and for these objects instituted by me, and largely attended in the city of Utica, N. Y. It made a profound impression on the public mind. Leading anti-slavery orators, and several illuminated spiritual teachers and mediums participated in the proceedings. Mary delivered a wise discourse on "The Sacred Office of Maternity." † The scene was memorable. The bright, kindly faces, the fraternal interchange of noble reformatory sentiments, the refreshing greetings of friendship after so many months of "bitter and sweet" experiences, made the occasion rich in consolations, and one long to be remembered. We all felt that

"There is in each life some time or spot —
Some hour or moment of night or day —
That never grows dim, and is never forgot,
Like an unfaded leaf in a dead bouquet.

"Some rare season, however brief,
That stands forever and aye the same;
A sweet, bright picture in bas-relief,
Hanging before us in memory's frame."

There were present, also, scoffers, and punsters, and propound-

* This was Miss Nellie Temple, then sixteen years of age, now known as Mrs. T. J. Brigham, who has acceptably filled for many years the position of pastor in the First Spiritualist Society of New York.

† For some unexplainable reason, this lecture did not please Rev. Uriah Clark, who there publicly and unjustly criticised it.

ers of conundrums. One stalwart and fearless pioneer in the gallery, while he listened to an eloquent, spiritual presentation by the ever clear-headed and free-tongued Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, shouted: "Enough of that! I want to hear a man talk as though his dinner had something to do with it!" This, really, was complimentary to the orator; it was like saying that "That man has more brains than body;" or that "He is more of a *man* than most beef-eaters."

The reporters for the *Utica Press* and *New York Herald* naturally made the most of every word, and poked fun at every long, curly-haired auditor. An ex-priest, Andrew Smolniker, formerly, when in Europe, an influential Roman Catholic dignitary, was present, and he fulminated his antagonistic feelings against the author, and criticised him freely in open convention.* He insisted that "Mr. Davis was the Don Quixote of Spiritualism,—that he had more sense in his pocket than in his head," &c. Reporters caught up the serious pun, and the amusement in a few moments became contagious. There was subsequently, at the evening session, indications of a riotous disturbance. This induced me to ask the privilege of the floor, to try to calm the waters with a short speech. I at once took up the *pun*,—sense *vs.* cents, and this, in substance, is what I said:—

"One of the penalties of being a philosopher of the fault-finding and critical school is the alarming probability of becoming unwise (*i. e.*, a fool) by perceiving and describing too easily the folly and senselessness of others. The amiable, tender, benevolent sentiments of a philosopher contrast—like flowers found in a barren desert—with the cold, cruel, calculating opinions of the world's prosperous man. How clearly, for example, does the philosopher see the folly and miserable fate of the grasping old miser! The thoughtful mind beholds the money-making merchant as one who voluntarily encounters all the risks and troubles of his trade,—neglecting the welfare of his family,

* This semi-inspired man, often made sport of by Diakka, seemed at times to follow me like a detective.

and his own personal well-being,—only to overload his coffers with perishable wealth, and then, at last, to faint and sink unloved and unmourned into the grave,—into the earth, earthy.

“It seems well-nigh impossible to develop manhood so nobly and so grandly that the man of cents shall also be a man of sense. ‘After hypocrites,’ says somebody, ‘the greatest dupes are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and *live miserably and meanly*, only to die magnificent and rich. . . . He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad, indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity.’

“But a harmonial philosopher can see all this folly going on and multiplying around him, and yet he can be patient with, and even grateful toward, those who pursue the hard ways of intelligent selfishness. It is the masculine and energetic method which is inseparable from ordinary natures,—a fate of temperament which they *must* obey, and take the consequences. The selfish, rich man is unloved in this world, and feels too poor to have a home in the next. He goes along, gloating insanely over wealth before death, and agonizing over the spectacle of beholding its dispersion by lawyers and greedy heirs after death, knowing nothing unselfish, and enjoying nothing celestial. He is *alone* (although surrounded by thousands and millions of kind and loving fellow-beings) and lives through a calamitous experience. He never tries to become high-minded, magnanimous, and purified, so that he can realize that

“There’s a land where those who loved on earth
Shall meet to love again.”

“The blending and balancing of cents with sense is a miracle rarely witnessed. I trust our ex-Catholic priest is an illustration. If so, what a glorious spiritual manifestation! What a wondrous wedding — of sinner and angel in one bosom! How

the causes of misery and meanness would meet, and dance with the causes of happiness and progression, in such a nature! But this meeting of these widely-spaced extremes—this universal unity of cents with sense—is an end too unphilosophical to be even prayed for; especially not “while the *wind* continues to blow from the present quarter.” All harmonial thinkers perceive and accept the wisdom of the fact that it is diversity mingling with unity and infinity that makes all the harmony and glory of the universe.”

The pugnacious priest seemed still greatly perturbed, and took up the word “wind” as my private opinion of his denunciation; but he was very soon moved to decorous quietude.* Spiritualism was a chief topic at some of the sessions. I offered then, and I offer now, the following summary of our teachings:—

1. God, as much Mother as Father, is the Cause—manifested as immutable laws.

2. Matter, containing all forms and forces, is the Effect—manifested and known as the universe.

3. Spirit, covered by both body and soul, is the ultimate—*man*, spiritually individualized forever.

4. The human spirit is individualized—drawn from the infinite spiritual ocean,—about two hundred days after conception, or ten weeks before birth.

5. A perfectly organized human mind is crowned with a dome of moral and spiritual powers—a keystone to two sides of the phrenological arch, known as cerebrum and cerebellum combined.

6. The earth is a man-bearing planet,—a manufactory, so to speak, wherein fish, reptiles, birds, marsupials, mammalia, quadrumants, bimanals, &c., operate as broad and narrow gauge lines from the elemental, mineral, and vegetable resources to their grand final destination,—the evolution of the human race.

7. Man, having the perfect and final form, is an “heir apparent” of immortality; but when crowned with spirit, he is an

* Readers of the author's works are aware that his discourses at this convention were soon published in a book.

heir absolute to all the riches of eternal life. "Survival of the fittest" is an immutable law. The first sign of the existence of spirit in man is *superstition*. The next superior evidence is self-consciousness, and self-determining *will*; also a comprehension of truth, justice, love, and a voluntary living for others; and, lastly, a conception of eternal principles, which means and guarantees a corresponding eternal personal career.

8. Death is a screening process,—a chemical purification as by fire,—removing the causes of appetites and habits, but entailing the *effects* thereof upon and within the spiritual body, which can be overcome by the desires and efforts of the individual after death; so that every man is measurably responsible for the *future* duration of his pains and punishments.

9. Death, physically speaking, is a backward and downward movement by which the spirit is enabled to leap into the Summer-Land.

10. Life in the next world is substantially the same as is life in our present existence. •

CHAPTER VII.

A MAN BURIED ALIVE.

“Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.”

It has been said that westward goeth the star of empire. Progressive natures move with the orbit of the sun.

Immediately subsequent to the events chronicled in the foregoing chapter, the great city of the grand lake, Chicago, powerfully exerted its inviting influence upon us. There was there something or somebody needing us.

One day, soon after our arrival, while I was out for a walk, I suddenly heard some one call me by name. I turned in the direction of the voice, and was at once approached and cordially greeted by a perfect stranger. At a glance I realized that his motives were honorable. He was a gentleman past middle life, — large-framed, bright-faced, intelligent, easy in his manners. He seemed, I thought, a trifle nervous. The plethoric expression of his face — the apoplectic flush upon his cheeks — attracted my attention. He desired, he said, to express his grateful feelings for the intellectual pleasure he had derived from reading the *Revelations*. Then, suddenly changing the subject, he asked me, with an imploring look, to describe to him, particularly, all that occurs to a man immediately after

death,—that is, *how* he leaves the body. What is the *first* appearance? and what the *next* experience? *

My descriptive recital seemed to yield him great comfort. He thanked me over and again, grasped and shook my hand affectionately,—repeatedly expressed his gratitude, and in superior language, like a lawyer of finest sensibilities, and as if accustomed to public speaking,—but, strange to say, he abruptly departed up the thronged street, without so much as telling me anything concerning himself, not even his name.

Walking slowly toward the handsome residence of Hon. J. C. Haines, where we were then sojourning as welcome guests, these impressions pressed themselves into thought: The tired body and the weary faculties seek rest. Sweet repose is the paradise of dreams; it is dreamed in the dreams of the faithful. “First pure, then peaceable,” might be rendered “first peaceful, then comfortable.” The spirit of the age is bright, penetrative, restless. How *much* can a man *do* before he *dies*? not how *much* can a man *live* while he *lives*? is the question, put by every quick tongue in the land. Hence, comfortable living, like holy dying, is practically out of the question. How to thoroughly cram and crowd one’s personal life with a plenitude of fleeting fashionable excitements is the problem. “To utter the greatest possible number of words in the smallest possible space of time” was the effort of a popular orator. To walk with a spring; to look above the heads of your fellows; to assume an air of importance; to proceed practically to the accomplishment of your own enlightened interests; to carry defiance and superiority in your gait and voice in the presence of servants; to observe all the approved rules of the best society in your neighborhood; to keep your head lightly and proudly on your shoulders; to attend an evangelical church at least once every Sunday,—these are “the new commandments.”

One bright wintry morning, some ten days subsequent to the

* The reader is referred to the author’s volumes, *Death and the After Life*, and *Views of Our Heavenly Home*, for detailed accounts, which would not be appropriate in this work.

foregoing interview and meditation, I found myself rapidly walking in the neighborhood of a cemetery. Instantly, almost as if spoken by some one, there rushed into my mind some words of Montgomery: —

“Night is the time for death,
When all around is peace;
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease.
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends — *such death is mine.*”

Of all this I said nothing on my return to the family group. Yet my thoughts were occupied with the meditations, and all the time the poetry kept on singing in my memory.

Immediately after tea, that night, I went forth into the vast out-doors for my customary constitutional walk. Obedient to my predominant feelings, I straightway proceeded toward a quarter of the city which I thought I had not before visited. Arrived at a retired spot, I felt the desire to halt. The night was dark. A few widely-separated street-lamps dimly lighted the way. A policeman was passing. In reply to my question, he said it (the field across the way) was the “burying-ground.” Then I recognized it, the same I had walked toward in the morning.

Artificial lights, nor solar rays, are needed to “see” with the inner eye. I entered the state of seeing. A wonderful illumination attracted my vision. I beheld an elliptical mass of throbbing nebula! It was so large and so brilliant — just over a new-made grave — it seemed to me that the citizens would behold and hasten to the spot.

Words seem now to fail in power and depth of significance. Reader, behold for yourself! A celestial, bright light among the lonely tombs.

See it for yourself — hovering, brooding, quivering, pulsating — over there in the outer darkness, among the trees, rising like a sensitive cloud of enkindling, yet subdued, fires, obliquely from



FIRST STAGE OF THE RESURRECTION.

the earth beneath which a human form had recently been so tenderly and sadly put away.

A voice now sends its sounds from above: "Be of good cheer, beloved,—it is the work of Omnipotence,—be not afraid."

A digression is here necessary to introduce an illustrative account recently published. In a Boston journal we read: "A ghostly apparition which has frequently appeared in this neighborhood in the last few months is associated by the gossips with the murder of a young man named Richard Lewis, some years ago, by James Harbush, the father of a girl whom Lewis loved, says a dispatch from West Salem, Pa., to the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. Harbush confessed the murder on his death-bed, remorse having driven him to drink and premature ill health. He had picked out a wealthy suitor for his daughter Mary, and was enraged at her secret meetings with Lewis. One moonlight night he followed her and saw the loving greeting of the sweethearts. He seized a heavy club, and, striking Richard on the head, killed him instantly. The agonized child gazed on the bloody work of her parent, and with a scream that reverberated across the valley and echoed among the silent tombstones, sunk senseless beside the body of her dead lover. Hastily procuring tools, the murderer buried the body of poor Dick, and carried his unconscious daughter home in his arms. In the morning her hair, a beautiful glossy brown the night before, was found to be snowy white. She locked the secret of her father's crime in her bosom, and slowly pined away. One night, about three months after the tragedy, she died, and the secret was buried with her in Rock Ridge Cemetery. This was near the trysting-place, which was a meadow situated upon a hillside. One side was skirted by deep woods, the foot of the hill was marshy and intersected by a little brook, and away across the stream on the opposite hill stood the cemetery.

"For several months past the people in that neighborhood have been greatly mystified by the appearance of a *strange, brilliant light*. It is about twice as large as the flame made by

a lantern, and is changeable in hue. At one time it is of a pretty blue tint, and at another a bright red, and sometimes a pale yellow. It seems to rise in the burial-ground, glides or floats gently down one hill—always at a uniform distance of about six feet from the ground—up the other hill, and hovers for a few minutes in the locality of the supposed grave of the murdered man. It always returns, however, and disappears in the old Rock Ridge Cemetery.”

We will now return. Through the long vista of years I remember that, while clairvoyantly penetrating to the costly coffin under the dead earth, I felt inwardly tranquil. Unmoved by either the emotions of surprise or admiration, I watched the accumulating and intermingling of those living emanations. I witnessed the faithfulness and caressing tenderness of Mother Nature. In her loving and all-saving hands, all the psychical elements were working harmoniously to accomplish one triumphant end,—to the unfoldment and organization of the immortal spiritual body.

“*He had been buried alive!*” That was the fact which I instantly realized. In my natural state, the knowledge of this horrible fact, knowing my inability to render any service, would have struck terror to my soul. But, being in the spirit, I was in the deepest accord with the works of Nature’s God. “A spirit in prison!” Yes! but only for a brief season. The man’s right and the man’s might were rapidly and gloriously coming uppermost. This beautiful, natural resurrection—this progressive apotheosis of the interior and eternal spirit, with its imperishable body—was governed and carried to perfection by an immutable law. Literally and substantially, in spirit and in truth, the buried and imprisoned spirit had broken its fetters, and then and there was being “born again,”—preparing for a new life in the all-beautiful heavens.

On returning to the hospitable residence of our friends, they said: “You look tired, Brother Davis; and your face looks sickly pale.” In their kindness some stimulents were offered. I declined them, and assured the amiable hostess that I required

only the pure medicine of silence and slumber. This sovereign remedy, fortunately, I was soon permitted to enjoy.

Stormy and exceedingly dreary was the following morning. There was a persistent wind blowing across the great prairie; the rain was falling, full of icy chilliness; and every outward sign was against my going forth. Nevertheless, as soon as possible after breakfast, without explaining to anyone the object of my going, I set out in the storm — for what? to observe and learn something more concerning the wondrous rising of the “incorruptible” from that subterranean imprisoned body that was so recently “sown in dishonor.”

By clairvoyance I now became aware that the very man with whom I had conversed in the street had died in a fit of apoplexy. The attending physician, supposing him to be absolutely dead, had endorsed the early interment. When I met the gentleman, or when he accosted me, his intuition must have given his reason an intimation of his approaching death. This will explain his remarkable earnestness, and almost abruptness, in pressing his solemn interrogations.

The tempest of wind raged in the outer world. I thought this: The wildest storm on the sea does not terrify the bird of warning. The fearless petrel — flashing and feathery, like the foaming waves over which it laughingly glides — is not afraid of Nature! If a bird is not storm-bound, why should I — a spirit — fly from the terrors of the beating tempest? *I felt called.* Therefore I went unhesitatingly toward the silent place. Chicago's streets were, at that time, full of unevenness. I went down and up, and up and down, and up again, over the sidewalks between our friend's residence and the cemetery. I entered the open gate, walked close to a somewhat distant tree opposite the new-made grave, and at once induced the state of illumination.*

The first moment's observation filled me with an uncontrol-

* Although the wind continued to blow, the rain had ceased falling; therefore the hour was not unfavorable to my investigations. Neither the sudden gusts of wind, nor the persistent current blast, had any perceptible effect upon the apotheosis.

lable amazement. This agitation nearly deprived me of the power of exercising correct vision. But immediately leaning upon my Magic Staff, I became absolutely tranquil.

I saw that the resurrection process was not completed. Oh, the loneliness of a grave-yard through that long, stormy, dreary night. For some reason, as yet to me unperceived and unknown, the man (spirit) had not attained unto his final preparations for his new existence. Happily, he was like one annihilated and in oblivion,—was profoundly entranced,—and like one lost in a shoreless sea of unconsciousness.

In your profoundest imagination, thoughtful reader, picture now to yourself this: *A man who knows that he is buried alive!** To the imprisoned individual himself, when once he is fully awakened to a realization of the terrible reality, it is like the annihilation of the universe. He is unspeakably horrified. No human power can reach him. He knows this! His despair is concentrated agony! He feels that he is *lost!* Earth's far-extending valleys; the great mountains; the magnificent human cities; the over-hanging heavens; the celestial lands whereon innumerable angels dwell; yea, the great habitations of the incomprehensible God, enthroned eternally in all and through all,—what are all these, dear reader, and how much are they worth, to a spirit that *knows* (if for only the brief period of five minutes) that the fond ones far away above ground have, in their sorrowful ignorance of the laws of life and death, caused the sturdy and indifferent grave-diggers to shovel sand and stones upon him?

“Put yourself in his place”! Only five minutes. That is all, perchance, in time; but those five minutes are composed of *three hundred seconds!* And every second, to a thinking mind, that *knows* that it is six feet under the earth, *is an hour in duration!* Do you wonder, then, shut up in that black cavern, manacled by a beautiful shroud—sweet violets and forget-me-nots filling the cold hands, a cluster of rosebuds pinned at the

* Let me once more, perhaps for the twentieth time, insist that nobody be buried until *after* certain evidence of physical decomposition.

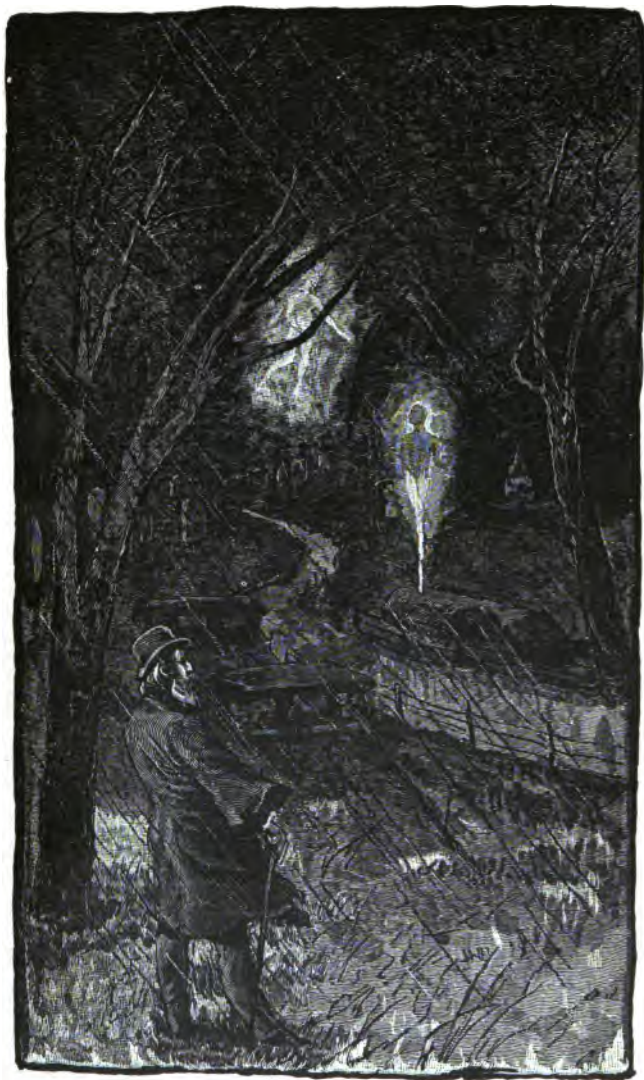
throat, beneath the once dimpled chin, with its overarching crown of laughing lips,—do you wonder, that the “dear departed,” suddenly awakening in that horrible confinement, and instantly realizing it all, gives one long-protracted shriek, springs full of paroxysmal convulsions from crown to toe, rends the enfolding garments into shreds, lacerates the face and breast with violent hands, frenzied with the frightful strength that is born of the universal, yet concentrated, AGONY,—all, all, all, *lasting three hundred hours!* For every single moment, which enters into the possible five minutes of subterranean consciousness, is equal to sixty minutes by your watch.* And remember that, if there be enough respirable air in the beautiful rosewood coffin, to prolong the gigantic effort to escape, the *agony* of being “buried alive” is proportionably extended, and unutterably diversified!

But let us return to the wonderful spirit-birth.

Entranced and enraptured I watched the process. Slowly, oh, so slowly, did the blossoming of the tree of eternal life continue. There was, at the time, to the rising one, *no* subjective or external consciousness of being in existence. Painlessly, therefore, was the unfolding beauty with progressive precision. In the blooming of this immortal flower, I saw the evolution and formation of the ultimate glorified body of incorruption. There was thus unfolded, like an immortal white lily from the dark ooze beneath, an angel human being!

The artist has greatly aided me in giving a picturesque sketch of what I witnessed. A little obliquely from, and elevated above, the new-made grave, and about thirty feet in the atmosphere, the upper portions of the angel form became distinctly visible. It was already exteriorly fair and most beautiful to look upon; *the interior man* of that external man, who I had not long before conversed with concerning this very process! Oh, it was unspeakably wonderful and sublime. Fancy it, my loving reader,—behold! and never again permit yourself to

* Instead of this possibility, let the sure *crematory* be fired, so as to render dissolution sudden and perfect.



BURIED ALIVE! SECOND STAGE OF APOTHEOSIS.

doubt the existence of God, nor question the immortality of the human soul.

The fierce blasts of wind, which swayed the strong branches of the many leafless trees, and the billowy storm of electrical potencies that rolled together the overhanging clouds into massive mountains of threatening violence, exerted *no influence* upon the gentle, painless, progressive birth-processes of the coming spirit, which was slowly being clothed with its future glorious organism.

Accidents and wayward Chance seem to regulate human affairs. Do they? The harmonious undertones of an infinite voice may be heard by the ear that can hear. Nothing is nothing. Whatever is, is real. Matter is the illusion; the spiritual is the substance. Solidified spirit is matter; etherealized matter is spirit.*

And, thoughtful reader, what do you say? The lonely dying one,—the lonely, solitary resurrected one,—has *he* no friend? No sweet comforter? "The alone to the alone"! Is this his impending and irresistible destiny? *Your* sorrow? Shall it not be turned into joy? After days of imprisonment and annihilation, shall there be no morning of deliverance and gladness?

Yea, the bright sparkling new day breaks in upon and overflows the round universe. Look heavenward, anxious reader! Behold, with me, the shining triumphal pathway. Behold (what I beheld) a celestial woman descending toward the arisen spirit. With the speed of light, with the beauty of perfect love, with the gracefulness of a goddess, she approaches the not yet conscious man, who is still over the grave, which is rapidly giving up all its immortal elements. She comes! looking like an ambassador empowered by some celestial brotherhood of harmony and love. See! she gracefully glides down close to his right side. She throws her protective left arm clingingly

* The reader will find more extended explanations in the author's book, entitled *Stellar Key to the Summer-Land*.

around his fair neck. Beholding all this, as I did on that memorable morning, how can you suppress emotions of joy and admiration? How can you, environed and inspired by these manifold evidences of the wisdom of the Infinite, ever again fail to believe in God and immortality?

CHAPTER VIII.

DRUNKARDS AND GAMBLERS IN THE VALLEY.

“ See me, ere yet my distant course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown;
See me neglected on the world’s rude coast
Each dear companion of my voyage lost;
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy, *falls on me!*”

At this time, one bright winter day, in frosty and windy Illinois, my attention (psychometrically) was called to a dissipated but well-looking and a seemingly well-educated gentleman who, with an unconcerned, business-like air,—half cheerful and apparently wholly indifferent,—entered a Chicago drug store at the very moment I was walking past the door. For some extraordinary reason—best known by the protective, loving watchers in the Summer-Land—my thoughts were at once dwelling upon the melancholy English poet, William Cowper, who died about seventy-five years ago.* My profoundest fraternal feelings flowed freely out toward the stranger. I followed him into the store. I stood aside, and heard him ask for six drachms of tincture of opium. He obtained it (a large quantity of laudanum), and went out. I followed him.

* Not to myself, but to the sad man I saw entering the drug store, the lines apply at the head of this chapter.

Parenthetically, good reader, I ask your attention for a moment. Why did I not proceed with my walk, and attend to promoting my own personal comfort? Why was it necessary for *me* to interpose myself, and go toward this "forlorn and shipwrecked brother?" Perhaps he was a dangerous man to intrude upon! Cowper, from whom I have already quoted, said:—

"Mysterious are His ways, whose power
Brings forth that unexpected hour
When minds that never met before
Shall meet, greet, and stray no more."

Why did I not, being light and frail of body, feel timid? Instead I reflected, still following him, that a person, indifferent to physical pain, is often called courageous. But I was *not* indifferent to physical pain; I dreaded to be "hurt" in any degree, and would go a long way to avoid it. Then I concluded that true bravery is something superior to hardihood and mere daring. A powerful passion for gaining the esteem of honored persons will influence some to dare and to do almost impossible things. But *true* courage grows out of a profound sense of what is just, and intrinsically noble. The world is always ready to recognize and reward the true hero and heroine, in exchange for the manifestations of nobleness and dignity, which their brave and gallant deeds confer upon the world. It is creditable to human nature, too, that the most courageous acts are performed *spontaneously*, without thought of applause, recognition, or expectation of reward. Women and men are equally brave and equally adventurous under the *right* combination of circumstances.

Now, still keeping the stranger in sight amid the hastening pedestrians, I felt that, perhaps, I *could* "comfort him." But I reflected that to cuddle and tuck up and nurse a drunkard is rather a thankless and feeble kindness. For comfort, as the word is generally used, stands for a negative condition,—the absence of pain, possibly,—a state of relief from positive suffering and distress. How not to be *uncomfortable* is a problem with

many persons. "Bodily ease and mental tranquility" is a popular definition; but this condition is yet unknown to the mass of mankind. "I looked for comforters," said David, "but found none." Job said his friends came "to mourn with him, and to comfort him." Spiritual writers have christened the Divine Spirit a "Comforter," which would "teach all things" to its faithful receivers. But the truth is, so long as mankind is animated with one blood, and with the same affectional and spiritual constituents, it will remain impossible for any *one* person to be positively happy while there is anywhere existing injustice, disease, crime, and misery. If you would be comfortable, I said to myself, set about bringing and bestowing comfort upon those who sorrow and droop beneath an unmerited load of wrong and transgression.

Fortified by the last conclusion, I hurried up to the gentleman, and said: "Sir, I am a visitor in Chicago, and do not find my way easily. Do you reside in the city?"

"Oh, Good morning, Mr. Davis," he instantly returned. "I heard your last lecture, and remember you. Where're you stopping?"

"At a private residence," I replied. "Intend to leave for Waukegan this week."

"I'd give anything to have a half-hour's talk with you."

"Well, come," I said. "Let's go into the Richmond House."

Here, upon this desolate and wretched man, I roll down the curtain. I am not boasting; I do not exaggerate. I simply say that with a high sense of manhood, a mind embellished with a college education, a private history filled with delightful reminiscences of wealth, and friends, and hope, and home, and luxuries, he was now a burglar, and a forger, and a gambler, and was that day determined to become a suicide. Empowered by loving angel friends of his, and aided by my own illumination concerning him, I was happily enabled to introduce him (under an assumed name) to a merchant, a dealer in pianos, organs, and music. What followed I need not relate. . . . Twelve years subsequently, while strolling about among the scenes and

visitors at the national Capitol, a military gentleman suddenly extended his hand, and said, whisperingly: "It has all come true!"

"Robert G——!" I exclaimed, "how happy I am to meet you once more. (The phial of laudanum, and our conversation in the Richmond House ran through my memory.)

"Here I am, as good as new," he said. "You told me that I was a natural soldier. Destiny will out. I entered the Union army as a private. Was promoted in six months to Captain. Been prisoner of war twice. Five months in the Rebel slaughter houses. Been wounded twice; shot once, cut once; three months in hospital. Well, brother Davis, God bless you and the angels! I'm all right now; a new man through and through. No rum, no tobacco, no gambling, and I've married a glorious girl."

We parted again, as we had many years before in Chicago, the best of friends. I recall the few words of kindness and counsel I imparted. In substance, I said: "You need not despair, my brother. In the deepest sorrows—in the hottest furnace of affliction—there is some redemptive good which you may evoke. The sweet and the bitter are in the same chalice. There is in no human soul either the absolutely good or the absolutely evil. You contemplate the crime of suicide as a remedy for other crimes which oppress you with their legal and other more internal consequences. But you know Shakespeare says that

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
. . . And the state of man
Like a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Now, why need you, since you are a stranger in the city, fail to obtain temporary employment? Do not fear to do what is called "porter work." You should *work hard*. Whether paid much or little for your labor, **WORK!** For, my brother, it is

the oppressive sense of unworthy *idleness* for a man of your fine powers, combined with dissipation, that has prostrated your will, and injured your self-respect. Your habits have not only destroyed your usefulness, but they have destroyed your desire for usefulness. Summon your will-power today. **WORK!** Engage immediately in *useful labor*. Put your foolish pride to sleep. Put all your old-time habits under your feet. Stand straight. Forward, *march!*”

These earnest remarks, after prophetically talking to him of his approaching future, led to his reform. But I was, besides, quite sure that, through me, he was reached by his heavenly protectors.

A large-minded man is, for the most part, a fair-minded man. A narrow-headed, spiritually parsimonious nature is invariably unjust, envious, and socially dangerous. The true philosophy, and the true religion regarding the redemptive treatment of criminals, is simply set forth in the following story: Mr. Merrill, the principal actor and saviour, was at the time manager of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway; but he is now residing in the Summer-Land. The *Sentinel* newspaper, published in Milwaukee, is the source of the narrative. The grand-minded manager, the reader will observe, had an intuitive knowledge of the innate qualities in that misdirected young man.

“Some ten or twelve years ago there was employed in Mr. Merrill’s office a clerk in whom complete confidence was reposed. He was intrusted with many of the corporation’s secrets, and given the handling of funds in large amounts. Unfortunately, the young man commenced sowing his wild oats, found his salary insufficient to support his extravagance, and frequently abstracted small amounts from the company’s funds to meet the deficiency. These amounts gradually increased in size until the young man, realizing the position he was in, made one grand haul, and left for parts unknown. His departure led to a discovery of all his peculations. The information was communicated to Mr. Merrill, who, after a moment’s reflection, sent for the company’s special agent, and ordered that official to institute a search for the absent clerk.

“Follow him,” said Mr. Merrill, “to China if necessary,

and bring him back. Keep this matter quiet, and spare no expense in bringing the young man back to this office.'

"The few other persons who knew of the embezzlement were enjoined to strict secrecy, and very few ever learned of the facts. Any inquiry which might be made regarding the young man's absence was met by the reply that he was taking his summer vacation, but just where was not known.

"In the meantime a diligent hunt for the young man was in progress. He was traced to Detroit, and from there through Canada to the Atlantic coast, where he sailed for Europe just twelve hours in advance of the special agent's arrival. Authorities on the other side of the Atlantic were cabled, and the young man's arrest ordered. This was successfully accomplished; the clerk was returned to America, and transferred to the custody of the railway company's agent. To that official a full confession was made, and finding himself completely in the company's power, the young man calmly contemplated his fate, expecting nothing less than a State-Prison sentence.

"He was quietly taken before Mr. Merrill, who, to his complete surprise, approached him pleasantly, took him warmly by the hand, and said: 'Well, back again I see. Sorry you staid away so long, as we needed you. Had a good time, though, I hope. Now, G——, your desk is just as you left it. No one has disturbed a paper, and you can get to work at once. Here, look over these accounts, and see that they are properly checked.' The young man, dumbfounded at this reception, as in fact was the special agent, burst into tears, and could not fully realize the situation until Mr. Merrill again broke in with: 'Come, what are you doing there? Get into that chair as quick as you can, and check those accounts. And, by the way, I do n't want to ever hear a word regarding certain events of recent date, which you perhaps know of.'

"The young man did go to work, began a new life, attended to his duties as he never had before, advanced himself in rank as a railway employee, made good to the company the amount he had stolen, and several years later left the company with as good a letter of recommendation as any man ever received. He today occupies a prominent position with one of the leading railways of the country, and for it thanks his old employer.

CHAPTER IX.

SYMPOSIUM OF FOOLS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

“When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you;
 Nor wonder, if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

THE less spiritual a man is the more is he in bondage to the tyranny of “things.” He feels like a high-toned animal, with an ever-present and afflictive sense of alternate pleasure and pain,* harnessed by necessity like a horse to the chariot of “fate.” They sometimes quote Burns :

“The best laid schemes of mice and men
 Gang aft agee;
 And leave us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy !”

On the other hand, the most spiritual man is he who lives most in what is everlasting,—in intuitions, in principles, and in eternal ideas; and he is the man who suffers *most keenly* amid his materialistic associates and circumstantial environments. He is oftentimes overcome, and fretted, and disgusted with persons. They thereupon call him thin-skinned, sensitive, impulsive, unbalanced. Perhaps he may be all these, unless he possesses and depends, in all due reverence to higher helpers, upon the

* I have met men and women of considerable intelligence, who confound pleasure and pain with the sense of right and wrong.

Magic Staff. Without this supernal support, but with the gifts of a Cagliostro, and, the genius of a Plato, he would stumble, and tremble, and totter through this subordinate sphere.

"Hello! Where are you going *at*?" shouted a man with a dismal falling inflection in his voice.

Chicago's streets, at this hour, were alive with money-making Barnums. The day was exceedingly bright and cold. The yellow-jackets from California gold mines, and the great wheat and sheep-raising millionaires, were rushing along characteristically. I glanced at the man who had intrusively accosted me. He looked pugnacious, gregarious, self-sufficient, and anti-pathetic.

"I'm out for my customary morning walk," I quietly replied.

"Well," he went on with some warmth,— "I've hearn a heap about you, a breaking down families, and running away with their wives,—and," swelling his abdominal mountain out to a yet greater dimension, over which swung a massive gold watch chain,— "I jest thought I'd take a powerful look at you *some*."

"You are certainly mistaken," I said. "All this orthodox denunciation is because I am not teaching the popular religious doctrines of the day. I am vilified and slandered because I am a reformer."

He thereupon pulled a newspaper from his side pocket, and pointed to an editorial, in which I was accused of the very evil deeds he had mentioned. As I handed the paper back to him, he said: "Aint Mrs. Davis the same woman that was a little while ago Mrs. Love?"

I replied in the affirmative, and added: "There was a legal separation, and so she was, as I was, in a position to contract another, and a more desirable, marriage."

"Suppose she was," he briskly replied with a stinging emphasis, "you was a — fool for marrying her; at any rate, *so soon* after the hubbub and racket of the separation. You might a known that orthodoxy would make a handle of it, and damn

you as a man, and ruin your public usefulness for ten generations to come."

He drew in the air, and swelled out his bosom in a grand, statesman-like and Congressional style, and said: "I'm no half-breed. I'm fair and square every time; no enemy o' yours; believe most all on it! What I say is, for a spiritual philosopher, you are the —est fool in some things that I've met in a month of Sundays."

"Hypocrisy, and a lack of out-spoken frankness are not *your* ruling sins," I replied, good-humoredly, and then I said: "Do you know, stranger, that I did just what the great Shakspeare would have done?"

"*What!*" he shouted — with a cloud of undisguised disgust flying all over his frank face.

"Certainly," I replied,—"that is, if Shakspeare had been born *in my place*; if he had been sent forth with the inwrought instructions to *live my life*; and if he had been, by constitution and illumination, commissioned to perform *my personal parts* on the universal stage."

He was silent, looked annoyed, muttered something profanely, then slowly turned about, and immediately went on his way.

In less than ten minutes afterwards, to my great delight, I met the distinguished and rather polished lawyer, Judge Ennis, who was then going to dine at his hotel. We walked along together, and chatted socially until we reached his destination. (To the reader I will just whisper the fact that before starting out upon this walking exercise, I put on my brand-new, very broad-brimmed, black silk hat, which was built upon my own pattern, and which had just been sent to me by express from the makers in New York. I looked, as I thought, particularly *well-dressed* that morning). The Judge stopped, and looked me over from toe to top,—critically and coldly, yet with a soft, sympathetic twinkle in his pleasant eyes, and said:—

"Davis,—excuse me, pray,—where did you get that hat?"

Candidly, and perhaps, with just a bit of pride, I said: "It

is my own fashion, and was forwarded by express from the metropolis."

He extended his hand, and with a parting gesture, simply said: "Davis" (he hesitated a moment, then finished the sentence) "you look like a — fool!"

Things began to look rather mixed in my mind. *Twice*, on the same day, to be pronounced "a fool" by intelligent, worldly-wise, and rather distinguished gentlemen was a thrilling subject for thought. Some one very frank and bright-minded had said: "Go to strangers for charity; to acquaintances for advice; to relatives for *nothing*, and you will always have a supply."

There was, nevertheless, something bracing in the Illinois air. So I proceeded on my way among the pedestrians, arriving at our friend's residence in time for a good dinner; but before bed-time I had made a memorandum of the following reflections:*

It is happily impossible that all degrees of either wisdom or foolishness should exist in, and be represented by, any one human mind. "No monopoly" is the law of nature; let all would-be monopolists "take notice." The field is free and boundless, and the race is open to all competitors.

It is difficult to decide, with mathematical precision, exactly where the fool ceases and the philosopher begins in any one individual. Because the two are so delicately intermingled in the thoughts, feelings, and actions—so nicely blended and affiliated,—that to attempt to separate them might be as dangerous as cutting asunder the ties that united the Siamese twins.

I know a bright, driving, intelligent merchant, who lives meanly and miserably, to the end that he may become a millionaire, and die magnificent and rich.

I am acquainted with a graduate of one college and of two universities—a thoroughly well-educated man, capable of practicing two professions—who is so ignorant and negligent of

* Subsequently, with addition of more recent items, it was printed in a newspaper.

the ordinary rules of health that he is one of the most helpless and miserable invalids, and yet he cannot see "why."

It is common to meet these widely-spaced extremes; not only in general society, but also in the same person. The marriage of sinner and angel in one bosom,—insane selfishness and impulsive generosity in the same character.

I have heard an eloquent speaker and writer on human liberty who, at the same time, is a savage tyrant in his own family. A certain great advocate of female virtue — guarding his wife and daughters with the glittering sword of righteousness — habitually visits the dance houses, and keeps in secret a beautiful woman devoted to sensuality.

These are unfortunate types of character. A person who is rooted and grounded in "enlightened selfishness" seeks simultaneously to please the world and himself. He gains the world by his folly, is rich for a day, and calls himself a philosopher. But the hour cometh when he will see that he has trodden under foot every element of heavenly wisdom and happiness. Then, for him, the "Day of Judgment" has dawned.

There are two kinds of fools and philosophers,—(1) the natural, and (2) the artificial.

The natural is the spontaneous and elastic; the artificial is the systematic and tough.

Suppose a man's opinions should differ from yours; call him "a fool," and thus end the controversy.

Making your own positive convictions the standard of good sense—whereby all your friends should be governed—is a specimen of egotistic shallowness which entitles you to be called "a philosopher"!

Do you wish to be regarded as "a fool" by a fellow-being? Then let him know that you (privately) regard him as a sample. A deliberate, superlative, natural fool is certainly a great unadulterated philosopher. They are the two ends of the same stick.

The systematic fool, who is also a philosopher, hangs upon you like a mill stone. He thrusts himself upon your society

uninvited, and stays with you as long as he pleases. He is easily charmed with his own wit, and is too pre-occupied with his own thoughts and feelings to give yours much attention. His good humor with himself is unbounded and irresistible. If he bores you,—that is, if you let him, or if you patiently put up with him,—in either case, you are both a fool and a philosopher; and it is not impossible that he and you may become peers and firm friends.

If you have a *private* conviction, whatever your neighbors think of you, that you have in your possession more than the average amount of wisdom, then you are in all probability a fool of more than usual depth and perspicacity. In fact, with an honest and abiding consciousness of your superior intellectual grasp and competency, you may be a self-contained philosopher in the process of evolution toward the opposite extreme. Humility, not arrogance, is a preventative.

The delicate mingling of the fool and the philosopher in one clergyman was illustrated last year. A Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Peoria, made a loud complaint against *The Call*, of that city, which refused to publish an article written by him in reply to a recent oration by Col. Ingersoll. Mr. Thompson made the charge that the reply was suppressed at the Colonel's request. Thereupon Col. Ingersoll wrote a letter to the editor, in which he said: "The idea that I would object to the publication of anything so perfectly irrelevant and harmless is simply absurd. If a belief in the inspiration of the Old Testament, united with a comfortable hope that a large majority of the world will be eternally damned is a source of consolation to the Rev. C. J. Thompson, let him retain the belief and cherish the hope. I would not for the world deprive him of anything so consoling."

"Answering a fool according to his folly" is attended with great risk. To answer a fool like a fool is to be a fool. By perceiving and describing the folly and senselessness of others, one is liable to suffer the penalty of becoming barren, cold, cruel, and *unwise*. A distinguished comedian, clear-headed and cheerful, by long-continued representation of that embodied

simpleton called "Humpty Dumpty," lost his health, his cheerfulness, the use of his reasoning faculties, and at last he sacrificed his bodily life upon the altar of idiotic grimaces and pantomime.

Prof. Christlieb, the able German clergyman who visited New York some years since to attend the Evangelical Alliance to which he was appointed, freely complained that in the United States he feared there was a fatal *lack* of the "spirit of Christ." He gave evidence that he was at that time a fool of very superior order. He seriously declared that on more than one occasion he had heard an American woman say to her husband: "Dear, will you bring me my shawl?" and the husband had brought it! Worse than this, he had seen a husband, returning home at evening, enter the parlor where his wife was sitting,—perhaps in the very best chair in the room,—and the wife not only did not go and get his slippers and dressing-gown, but she even remained seated, and left him to find a chair as he could! In a case like this it would seem that the exact proportions of the fool and the philosopher can be ascertained only by submitting the problem to another meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

The practical hypocrite never long deceives or misleads anyone but himself. He commences his career in the sly-fool stage. By evolution he ends "a wiser and a sadder man." No one becomes permanently unhappy save himself. And yet, so incomprehensibly blind is the possessor of natural foolishness that the man fancies himself as far brighter and wittier than his associates!

The cynical fool is a persistent, hide-bound, and juiceless philosopher. He never sees a virtuous quality in any man, and never fails in detecting everything that is bad. The openly-evil and the secretly-evil,—these are his two classes of human actions. His philosophy of human life is the basis of the profoundest foolishness.

A man is a *spirit*, and yet his intellect refuses to believe in anything but materialism! There are minds who adopt the

most fruitful Spiritualism in their thoughts, while in their daily lives and conduct they practice the most barren materialism.

The fool said in his heart "There is no God." But, in a certain theological sense, all philosophers have affirmed the same negation. Those who have positively said "There is a God," have a sweet consciousness of being wiser than others; which, by contrast, begets an immensity of doubt concerning their ability to decide "what is truth." Thus the skeptic is fattened on the believer.

The fool is one who fancies he can commit a wrong, and yet, by resorting to some cunning devices, escape the penalty. He goeth out into the garden confident that *he*, being more cunning than others, can "gather figs of thistles." I have met philosophers who fancy that the progress of Truth may be promoted by falsehood, shams, and chicanery!

The selfish philosopher, in pursuit of happiness, is the biggest fool of the age. If you would be happy, never seek for it. Faithfully perform your work; the true compensation will come.

CHAPTER X.

ACCUSED AND DEFENDED BY STRANGERS.

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

ACTS, events, statistics, almanacs, grasses and flowers, flies and birds, come and go ; they are appropriated by man and by nature, like foods and drinks, and the variable winds, from day unto day, and are very soon remembered no more. But great thoughts, true feelings, high truths, innate ideas, immortal principles,—these come, and these abide ; they multiply and exalt all existences, and they carry us all in their bosoms, or take us by the hand, and go on forever. Minds full of “things” are useful and popular ; minds full of “principles” are beautiful and solitary. The effect of the supremacy of the authority of intuition is seen illustrated in the lives of great natures, wherein the sense of doing right, for right’s own dear sake, is paramount to every other consideration. Such divine souls stand superior to the dictates of policy, and have no fear of public opinion. The so-called unvirtuous Burns expressed this whole truth in four simple lines. Speaking of the innate voice, he said :—

“Its slightest touches, instant pause,
 Debar aside pretences ;
 And, resolutely, keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.”

But at what a cost? You stand to the front, obey or disobey a public sentiment, as your conscience may order, and you may

be sent to prison or the gallows, accompanied and flanked by two thieves.

Human nature, even if steeped in crime, yet loves and adores integrity and goodness and virtue.

What is virtue? Obedience to the will of God,—that is, to the highest and deepest monition of your intuition.* But popular definitions of “virtue” confine the meaning to physical chastity in men and women. The ancient celibate Xenocrates stood high with the libertines of Jupiter, and the unchaste Venus was idolized by the virtuous nuns of Greece and Rome. The virtue of *obedience* to a supreme principle is a virtue little known and less practiced. It is, therefore, unpopular, and its devotees are unsparingly denounced.

The applicability of these reflections, dear reader, will be perceived in the next few minutes.

We journeyed onward—my companion and I—out of Illinois into Winconsin. On our winding way we called at Waukegan, and met goodly congregations at Oshkosh and Kenosha,—performing some acts of duty in each city,—and proceeded to accomplish a similar mission in Milwaukee. Arrived, we were met by a whole-hearted friend, who received us with ambidexterity of greeting. Both-hands shaking is not uncommon among best acquaintances in the enthusiastic West. After a sojourn of two or three weeks, in response to an invitation from the fearless Doctor Holbrook, an esteemed resident of Waukesha, we went thither to deliver a discourse or discourses in the Court House, in accordance with ample public announcements, upon the “Facts, Laws, and Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse.”

At the appointed hour the audience-chamber was crowded with bright-faced and highly intelligent citizens. The women seemed a little over-worked, yet thoughtful and eager; the men seemed over-anxious, yet confident and self-possessed.

I had consumed possibly five minutes in remarks of an intro-

* Ethical philosophers and Christian writers call this “the natural conscience.”

ductory import, and was about to commence upon my lecture in earnest. Fancy my amazement when, without so much courtesy as would be practiced by any coachman, a gentleman in the audience arose and said :—

“I have a statement to make to this respectable assembly of my fellow-citizens.”

He did not request of me the privilege, which he should have done, for it was *my* meeting, not his ; but, at once, in a domineering style of address, he proceeded :—

“I have a letter in my pocket from a clergyman,—the brother of that woman’s husband” (pointing to Mary, who was then sitting near me),—“and he declares that the speaker there” (this time pointing his finger at *me*) “broke up the family in Randolph, and that he is now living unlawfully with that woman, who has deserted her husband and her two little children.”

While he was thus speaking, filled with surprise, but without the least excitement, I resumed my seat. To myself I said : “Here is a specimen of orthodox virtue,—inherited, no doubt, from four generations of self-righteous Pharisees.” But, outwardly, I was silent. I glanced at Mary, and felt the exquisite mortification she suffered from her sensitive nature,—being pointed at and assailed thus publicly,—although she was fully aware of its injustice and untruthfulness.

The defamer had no sooner ceased speaking than another gentleman arose, and very firmly said :—

“I object to this unprovoked and unwarrantable interruption. The citizens of Waukesha did not come here to listen to accusations against the speaker of the evening. If anybody feels himself aggrieved and injured by the conduct of Mr. or Mrs. Davis, a court of law is the proper place to bring a suit for damages. Ladies and gentlemen, I move you that Mr. Davis be requested to proceed with the interesting subject which we have assembled to hear him explain.”

A tidal wave of genuine western enthusiasm swept over the excited congregation. All, save the defamer, seemed to vote in

the affirmative; and I accordingly resumed my discourse without further interruption.

It was a trying situation to us, and to our few friends. The very best mind, even when filled with feelings of sympathy and confidence, cannot resist the temptation to think,—“Perhaps, *perhaps*; it is exactly all so! I really wish *I did know just what the truth is* about all these charges,” etc. One’s very most trusted friend is not exempt from the intrusion of these disturbing suspicions. Hence, at the end of my discourse, I asked the indulgence of my audience a few moments, upon matters personal, and important.

“I promise you,” I said, “that before I leave Wisconsin, and perhaps before we leave Waukesha, I shall offer you legal documentary evidence that the charges made against us are absolutely *false* in every particular.” Then, turning toward the gentleman stranger,* who had so manfully defended us in our right on the occasion, I said:—

“In the name of personal Liberty—in the name of sacred Justice—in the name of Free Speech, of fraternal love and good will—we return to you, sir, our heartiest gratitude.”

Immediately, that very night, I wrote letters to important persons in Western New York, requesting, without delay, their affidavits covering their own knowledge of Mary’s history *before* my acquaintance with her, and also as to the facts concerning the procurement of the Indiana divorce *after* I became acquainted with both the parties thereto. We had not long to wait for evidence. I will quote a few sentences only.” †

“STATE OF NEW YORK, }
MONROE COUNTY, } ss.

“I, Charles M. Plumb, of the village of Holley, in the county of Orleans, State of New York, do solemnly swear that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Mary F. Davis; have known her and her former husband, Mr. Samuel G. Love, since the

* Subsequently I ascertained the defender was an esteemed lawyer of Waukesha.

† I will leave for my executors, administrators, etc., an envelope containing legal and other evidences of every important fact given in this volume.

year 1848. . . . Up to the year 1851 I regarded Mr. and Mrs. Love as happy and contented in their conjugal relations." [Here Mr. Plumb begins and completes a lengthy narrative of the causes which, between the years 1851 and 1854, had resulted in their mutual desire to be separated as husband and wife.] He then continues: "The following spring (1854) they visited Rochester, N. Y., and heard a lecture by Andrew Jackson Davis, which *I know was their first meeting Mr. Davis.* . . . [After more pages of biography of Mr. and Mrs. Love in seeking the legal dissolution of their marriage bonds, he testifies]: "*I know that Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis had nothing whatever to do with procuring the divorce in question.*"

Mr. Plumb gives in his affidavit, in detail, the various steps that led to the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Love, and thus explains *why* the real facts in the case were not given to the public before, which, had they been truly and fully known, would have saved *me* from a universal condemnation, against which I was (and Mary, too,) constantly laboring in the cause of Spiritualism and Harmonial Philosophy. He says:—

"The reason expressed to me by Mrs. Davis for not wishing to make any public statement was, it might tend to hazard her frequent intercourse with her children, and might interfere with the domestic happiness of Mr. Love."*

Imagine, considerate reader, how happy were our friends in Waukesha to be provided with legal proof that the ministerial charges were unfounded. *We* had comfortable internal knowledge of the rectitude of our private history. But the world is blind to everything but just what is palpably and unquestionably exhibited to the five corporeal senses. Hence the proverb: "Avoid even the *appearance* of evil." If mankind should be guided by such a sickly *fear* (of being misjudged and slandered), there are countless philanthropic acts, important to the temporal and spiritual welfare of unfortunate women and men, which would never be performed.

* This affidavit was signed and sworn to by Mr. C. M. Plumb on Dec. 26, 1857, before Commissioner of Deeds Wm. J. McPherson, Rochester, N. Y.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

“More servants wait on man
Than he 'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.”

IN a previous chapter I have given clairvoyant observations and conclusions concerning persons who were buried alive.

It is related by the noble-natured Paul that his naturally feeble and defective constitution — which had outlasted so many dangerous journeys, and had survived so many perils of labor — was sustained by strength which descended upon him from above.* This is an ancient fashion, derived from monotheistic Judaism, of saying what, in these more literal and exact days, we term “angel ministrations.”

There is no country like the great country that lies west of the Alleghanies. The land is fertile, the sky is blue, the inhabitants are industrious. Yellowishness of complexion is vanishing with the increase of green and golden wealth. Good health prevails, and in every interesting face you can read the scriptures of self-satisfaction.

The splendors and expansiveness of Nature, not the attractions of great cities, give first impressions to cheerful travellers.

* *Acts xxvi.*, 22, it is reported thus: “Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue witnessing unto this day.”

Hence the *Western* new United States of America convert intelligent observers to the belief that there is a REPUBLIC OF SPIRIT embosomed and gestating in the dominant political organism. Many years ago I had a vision prophetic of a new classification of States; some new centres of governmental administration.

A few weeks after the events at Waukesha we visited our esteemed friends in Missouri. While there, yet in a perfectly private manner, I investigated by clairvoyance some of the great mineral mountains of that State. One day, while looking eastward, I suddenly observed (I think in Pennsylvania) a great commotion at the mouth of an immense coal mine. The coal deposit was largely carbon, requiring a powerful draught to render it destructively combustible, commonly known as anthracite. Its particled activities, when the draught is strong, are the cause of the intensest heat. Slow in combustion, but rapid in effects. But in this particular mine I observed stratifications of fibrous and carboniferous cellular vegetable composition. Hence there was an evolution and an accumulation of certain volatile gases, which would burn almost spontaneously. The hydro-carbons predominated in a particular direction, which freely mingled with the respirable air in the several vaults, in which a large number of miners were at work.

At this very moment, when my perceptions were upon this subterranean field of human industry and immense wealth, there occurred an explosion!*

I tried, but failed at the time, to continue my observations. I could not resist thoughts of the occurrence. Horrible ravines and chasms under the great mountain of mineral wealth. Toiling men, urged by daily wants, helpless inheritors of poverty, down there — in the flaming under-world of death! To *them*

* The newspaper dispatches read somewhat thus: "A terrific explosion occurred in the Penn Colliery yesterday morning. Thirty-six dead bodies have been recovered from the ruins, and a volunteer force is still engaged in seeking for more victims. At the time of the explosion there were one hundred and fifty men in the mine. They were all imprisoned by the jamming of the cageway.

"LATER. — There are still thirty-seven bodies entombed in the colliery,"

it was the "end of the world." The great sun itself was dead in the sky. The heavens were converted into flaming hells of speechless agony. Fire and death walked hand in hand *below*. Ejaculations of appeals to heaven. No God to answer prayer. Hearts of wives breaking at the door of the blazing perdition. Fathers below longing once more to hear their children's voices. Lovers in the furnace of death longing for one parting word. Oh, the horror of these reflections!

How long I was obtaining a firm grasp of my Magic Staff? Not until twenty-four hours afterwards. My tongue could say not a word to anyone of what I had witnessed. On the following morning, however, alone and quiet in my bed-room, I was perfectly isolated and interior, and soon commanded another view of the great coal mine of wealth and death.

What was it that caused me to feel such light-hearted happiness? A peculiar flower-perfumed freshness seemed to load the beautiful atmosphere. I was no longer in darkness. An extraordinary scene was being enacted both *in* and *above* the mountain. Splendid locality; rosy blossoming of the wilderness; heavenly work of Father God and Mother Nature!

It seemed absolutely indescribable; yet I must describe what I contemplated. Death was honestly at work among the miners. Trumpets were blown, and bells were rung, and illuminations prevailed everywhere. Not in the outer world. *There* all seemed darkness and hopeless sorrow. The desolate homes resounded with lamentations. Children weeping themselves into dire sicknesses. Yet, behold! the whole side of that great mountain was beautiful and bright with spiritual emanations. Materials from mineral deposits, the very gases, were co-operating with the uprising psychical elements.* The inmost properties and essences of the miners, being superior in molecular refinement to the hydrogen and oxygen and carbon, spread their wings like birds of paradise. They ascended through the solid rocks, which were hundreds of feet in thickness, and associated

* Psychical elements can pass through any and all substances; but gases cannot pass through a gauze cloth.

together and commingled above in the air, like dew-drops melting into finest vapor under the magnetic sun.

Were it consistent with the end and nature of this volume, nothing could yield me greater gratification than to detail the various and almost innumerable phenomena manifested. For the first twenty or more minutes my investigations were tentative. Gradually I was enabled to analyze and classify the particulars of the super-mountain manifestations. But I will not in this work consume space in philosophical descriptions. A few items, however, seem too vital to a correct understanding of the phenomena not to record them.

The first fact that deeply interested me was the marvellous arcana involved in the great diversity of positions and stages of development assumed by the forming psychical organism. Some spiritual bodies were evidently just commencing parturition from their dead bodies, so to speak; while others, although emanating from physical forms which died when the former died, were then nearly perfect in final construction, and were just on the verge of departing heavenward; and there were yet others, enveloped in a cloudy psychical vapor, and with an almost *black* nucleus, which seemed anchored firmly to the earthly gravitation.

Of these dark-centred souls something of great public benefit might be written. Earth's influences predominated with them over all celestial attractions. But others appeared rapidly to ascend and accomplish emancipation from their material bodies. Enthusiasm beamed upon their new faces; their eyes were opened upon the angel group above, and their new life seemed a divine ecstasy.*

The second fact that attracted my attention was the perfect parallelism between the birth of a babe from the mother's formative organism and the birth of the spiritual body from the containing multifarious departments of the material body be-

* The reader will thank the artist for the vivid delineation of the scene. From my original pencil-draughts and oral descriptions he has successfully pictured the realities.



DEATH IN A COAL MINE.—THE ESCAPE.

neath. An exceedingly attenuated, thread-shaped, yet cohesive and potential, *cord* (like the cord umbilical) connected the inferior with the transcendent organism. This fibril of force was really the great aorta — or, perhaps, the thoracic duct or grand central canal — by and through which all the genuine psychical elements flowed from the rejected body into their appropriate places in the new immortal body thus being constructed. What exquisite tenuity! What a golden thread of umbilical silk, yet a living tube and a prime conductor, was the beautiful fetter existing between the body celestial and the body terrestrial!

This connective living chain — this primarily indispensable cord — is *severed* as quick as the spirit body is perfected. There is no emancipation until that auspicious moment arrives. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the old passeth away and the new life begins. And yet, in the interior consciousness and perpetual memory, there is no passing away of the past. The indestructible individual, in *propria persona*, is above the coal mine, as a spirit, just what he was socially, morally, and intellectually previous to the destructive combustion occurred which ended his earthly career.

My investigations were continued about one hour. The wonderful processes were not completed when I retired into my normal state. The illustration describes the last scene. Above the mountains of earth — far away over the sorrowing hearts in the village — stood a company of Summer-Land residents. Golden streams of magnetism flowed forth from them, and danced like notes of anthemnal music around the resurrected miners. "There was joy in Heaven!" Mother Nature aids Father God in every atom and in every moment. The effulgent beams of a millennial morning sun flooded the upper firmament. Wealthy mineral-mountain owners, with their clerks and money-lusting associates, walked to and fro around the scene of the disaster. They grieved and mourned over the great financial loss the "accident" would entail upon their stock-divi-

dends: Some of them really felt "sorry" for the widows and the fatherless.

But up there! far overhead, upon the very verge of the supernal horizon, stood a group of wise angels, who, while sympathizing with hearts in fleeting sorrow below, opened their heavenly gardens and loving homes to the poor emigrants from earth, who thus inherited imperishable riches.

CHAPTER XII.

A STAR COMBINATION IN THE FIELD.

"T is hard to smile when one should weep ;
To speak when one should silent be ;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony."

BEFORE leaving Waukesha, Wisconsin, and while perfecting arrangements for a systematic lecturing tour of several months, we concluded negotiations for a singer in the person of Mrs. Libbie Higgins Brown. We had long felt the *need* of music to aid in humanizing and harmonizing our public meetings.

Clergymen, at first, have every advantage over the poor, single-handed reformer. Not only have they about them the Chinese Wall of a protective and sympathetic public sentiment, but they have the multitudinous sensuous inducements, namely, beautiful architectural establishments, carpeted floors, upholstered pews, a charming flower-bedecked pulpit, a grand organ, and the best available organist, surrounded by a well-paid choir of the most irresistible human voices (which money can purchase) to sing reverential praises to the Most High, or to express prayerful invocations in accord with the heavenly harpists playing around the effulgent Throne of Grace, or to send forth in soul-stirring strains (in tune with the music of the morning stars) the grandest anthems of exceeding glory (*gloria in excelsis*), or to breathe forth the gratitude of earthly hearts,

whose sins may be like scarlet, and whose thoughts of evil, like sparks, ascend continually.

We took all this in. Wherefore I thus addressed Mrs. Brown, Mary signing the letter :—

“WAUKESHA, WIS., Dec. 21, 1857.

“MY DEAR SISTER,—I write you this morning to ascertain, very definitely from you and your friends, whether we alike understand the result of our recent conference.

“Until now, we have not met with a person who could supply the music we have long felt the need of, and who, at the same time, was in friendship with our teachings, and in a situation to accompany us on terms reasonable and benevolent. . . . The understanding is, you are to journey with us, and to sing at our meetings, for a period of time subject entirely to your own inclinations, taken in connection with the Reform we all feel that we live for and love to proclaim.” (Here the terms financial were stated and fixed upon.) “If you should conclude to associate yourself with us in this work, we promise that you shall be made as physically comfortable and as mentally happy as the circumstances of such journeyings among strangers and our limited resources will permit; and you shall be at all times treated with tender courtesy and fraternal consideration as our companion.”

A favorable response ratified the proposition. We were so far, in a measure, ready for the open field, wherein no seed had yet arrived at harvest attractiveness. But there was another co-operator needed to strengthen our movement. This want was soon supplied in the personal presence and influential eloquence of our esteemed friend Mr. Giles B. Stebbins. A graduate of the Garrisonian Academy,—of unconditional and eternal antagonism to all forms of error and oppression,—his soul was ever on fire, and his tongue was never without appropriate words, to render any noble needed service to the cause of truth and humanity. He agreed to our financial offer, and thus at once became “one with us” in sickness and in health, through good report or through evil report, “to love, honor, and” — live his own honest life! He addressed our audiences either at first or at the conclusion of the services, which now consisted of

music on the melodeon, accompanied with the voice, imparting a pleasing influence, and discourses by the principal movers.

In this star combination, Mary's most effective part was the presentation of the instances of real "angel ministrations" from the sentimental and affectional standpoint. Her spirit was ever reverential and sensitive, or religious in its tone, and her well-trained voice, being tenderly touched with sympathy for personal sufferings and bereavements, infallibly "brought tears to the eyes." She never failed to elicit deep interest in the affectional and religious side of Spiritualism. Hence she was pre-eminently adapted to speak at "funerals," and also on all occasions when the truly poetic and spiritual side of the truth was needed, and I almost never failed to retire from the front, on such occasions,—invariably first calling upon "Mary" to be so kind as to deliver the address to which I ever felt myself inadequate.

My own public platform function seemed to be—well, to be quite candid and confidential, I am to this day utterly unable to define. Our audiences invariably included men and women of decided intellectual ability; adult persons of large experience; often highly cultivated in science and literature and art; earnest and dignified characters, of every imaginable phase and shade of opinions, and adepts upon all possible questions. I think I never failed in developing in an audience a profound interest in the direction of "more light!" I produced, without any gift of oratory, upon my listeners several well-marked effects,— "curiosity," "inquiry," "obscurity," "irritation," "opposition," "aspiration," "mirth," "admiration," "encouragement," "fraternal love," and an increased painful "hunger" for more food from the trees of everlasting life.

In short, in this biographical volume, I will sum it all up thus: Mr. Giles B. Stebbins was our star *Reformer*; Mrs. L. H. Brown was our star *Musician*; Mrs. Mary F. Davis was our star *Religio-poet*; and I scintillated as our star *Philosopher*.

Immediately after starting out upon this reformatory pilgrimage, the drawing of Mount Aspiration pervaded and impreg-

nated my whole interior. I felt that, ere long, I was to write another volume of the *Harmonia*,—four of which series were already before the world. I felt the attraction of the spiritual elevation, from whose heaven-lighted summit I had seen the high truths which were embodied in the *Penetralia*. The germinal points of the chapters, which subsequently entered into *Thinker* (Vol. V. of the *Great Harmonia*), began to move within me.

We three reformers (*four*, part of the time,) journeyed about through the cities of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, Ohio, and New York. The faithful Mr. Stebbins remained with us for a season, after our lady musician, finding another and less laborious situation for the employment of her vocal powers, retired from us with the kindest good will.

CHAPTER XIII.

FULFILLMENT OF A PRIVATE PROPHECY.

“Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I ’ll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.”

ALTHOUGH I have had, at different times in my life, a local habitation, for brief periods, and have enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of a few personal friends, I have never yet felt that I was living “at home.” It was the home property of others, or it was by me conducted *for* others, and not as a resting-place for myself. Therefore, a feeling of home-sickness would at times pervade my soul. From my youth, the dream of enjoying “a home,” has never forsaken me. A home is the fountain-source of body and soul. An unjust, tyrannical home is as certain to result in evil as a sweet, loving, just home is certain to result in good. Children are born and reared, into good or into evil, in what men call homes. The heart, even more than the body, needs shelter.

Prophetically, I had internal knowledge that, in future years, Mary would have full possession and enjoyment of her two children.* Frequently I would cheer up the lonely mother-heart with: “They will come to you to stay! I *know*, by intuitive fore-knowledge, that you will possess them!”

* Readers of Vol. I., *Magic Staff*, will recall the facts in the case. (See p. 548.) At that time it seemed that she never could have them with her.

For several years the longing mother (with the joy of only very brief visits with them) was consoled during their absence by my persistent prophesy.

At length the light began to shine in upon the darkness.

While it was true, as was fully admitted, that Mr. and Mrs. Love faithfully did what they believed to be right for the physical, mental, and moral welfare of the children, yet it was natural that the young hearts should yearn toward their absent mother, and that her powerful parental affection should unceasingly call for them.

The harvest glories of October, 1858, were made more glorious one day by a letter from the companion of the children's father. It was the first bright ray that looked like the fulfillment of the prophecy. What the letter contained may be inferred from Mary's answer, as follows:—

“HOLLEY, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1858.

“MR. AND MRS. S. G. LOVE:

“I received a letter from you, through Fannie and Charlie, signed by Louise M. Love, in which was the following sentence: ‘Mr. Love wishes me to say that if you wish one or both of the children you can have them, provided satisfactory arrangements are made for their good care and support.’

“Mr. and Mrs. Love, I must state to you candidly what I feel in this matter, namely, that I do most earnestly ‘*wish both of the children,*’ and if you consent to let me have them I should desire to receive them on the same terms as they are now held by you. That is, I should wish—

“*First.* To assume the whole responsibility of their care and support.

“*Second.* To have their entire control transferred to me, so that in everything pertaining to their locality, situation, and development, I might make such arrangements as my best judgment should dictate.

“*Third.* To have you make no greater demand on their time and thoughts, and offer no more suggestions for their treatment and training, during their future minority, than I have during their past.

“*Fourth.* I should wish to have an authentic, legal document prepared by Mr. Love, and placed in my hands, which

would show that the transfer of their guardianship to me had been made.

"I feel like importuning you to comply with the above conditions, and place the children in my keeping. On Saturday next, October 30th, I shall arrive at the house of Mr. C. O. Poole, in Buffalo. During that day or evening will you please inform me, by letter or otherwise, whether or not you will consent to the arrangement I have proposed?

"I know that it is for the best good of Fannie and Charlie that they have one abiding-place,—one only *home*; and no influence should be brought to bear upon them which would interfere with their entire content and cheerful obedience in that home. I have studiously endeavored to regulate my conduct towards them in accordance with this knowledge. . . . I am never unmindful of what I owe to you, Mrs. Love, as the performer of a mother's mission to these dear children, nor of the aid rendered by their father (your husband) in this kindly, blessed, noble work. Heaven knows I am ever grateful for all the love and toil and ceaseless watch-care which you have both so freely bestowed upon them.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, and definitely, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"MARY F. DAVIS.

Why introduce the foregoing? Because, first, it explains the initial steps that led to the fulfillment of my perpetual prophecy to Mary; and, second, because it explains the prime motive (in my mind) which led to the purchase and equipment of a residence in Orange, N. J.* Before she could take and assume the responsibility of the children, a suitable home must be first established so that she could, in a satisfactory manner, fulfill to the children the terms of the agreement, whenever they should be accepted.

One bright day, during the reign and ruin of the great rebellion, when the fate of the Union seemed well-nigh sealed to destruction (and while we were engaged in publishing the *Herald of Progress*), peace reigned in our "home" wherein the

* Another motive, incidental to the above, was to provide shelter and comfort for my sister Eliza and my aged father, which Mary cheerfully accepted as a part of the life-work.

long-absent Fannie and Charlie arrived, to return to their father's house no more. The hours rolled slowly between the event chronicled on page 548, Vol. I., *Magic Staff*, and the advent of these darlings to the waiting arms in Orange. I could not feel as happy as Mary was, for I was not related by blood to any child, but I did rejoice exceedingly.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNALIZING WHILE DESCENDING MOUNT ASPIRATION.

“All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.”

YEARS of marvellous psycholocial occurrences rolled on. From Mount Aspiration, upon whose celestial heights the “Thinker” and the immediately subsequent volumes were written, I gradually began to descend toward the all-glorious Mount HARMONY. It was while I was thus on the journey, from the mount toward the beautiful valley of the better future (in which I now am), that I was induced (or seduced) to embark in high-toned reformatory journalism! In the *Arabula* also in *Events in the Life of a Seer*, the records of these ordeal years may be found. We pass over them.

Your attention, kind reader, is now asked to another psychical phase.

Individuals, after death, if they were deeply immersed in mental and moral errors, and complicated with circumstantial and social misfortunes incident to this sphere, often undergo extraordinary character transformations,—especially, in their moral perceptions and intellectual valuations.

While these interior radical character disintegrations, and subsequent progressive reconstructions, are going forward, the individual looks and acts, oftentimes, like an invalid under heavenly

hospital treatment. They walk about with apparent weakness. They think feebly, instead of with their reputed earthly vigor, and in speaking use the simplest words instead of the charming flow of majestic and magnetic eloquence, for which they may have been celebrated prior to physical dissolution. Again, after death many others become indifferent to, and rapidly ignorant of, terrestrial public and private interests in which, before death, they were universally praised, and courted, and quoted as embodied representatives and highest standard authorities. Owing to these post-mortem psychical facts, which are so little known and comprehended in this world, it becomes oftentimes impossible to establish satisfactorily the *identity* of a communicating spirit.

During my experience in the valley (274 Canal street, New York, from 1860 to 1864) as an editor-in-chief, and as associate publisher of the *Herald of Progress*, I had numerous demonstrations of the truth of the foregoing; but inasmuch as in this volume I am engaged in another department of autobiographical records, I am compelled to relinquish all these and similar philosophical subjects. Frequently, after the suspension of our journal, I received letters — some sympathetic, others sneering, still others sarcastic, over our failure — asking: “Why did not the spirits rally around you? Why did you not, being such a great clairvoyant, *foresee* and avoid the *end* from the beginning?” To them all I truthfully explained thus: I do not believe that any strictly philanthropic labor can be carried forward successfully *without* “sacrifice,” so called, on the part of those who labor, and *without* constant “benevolence” on the part of those who bestow their means to sustain such laborers.

Do not forget that my effort was to establish a catholic, free-spoken, independent paper. I put all my “available force” into the work. Over-work and under-pay were cheerfully accepted as part of the effort. The standard was higher and the plan broader than had been attempted by brethren who had preceded us in similar labor. This I say not to boast nor yet

in disparagement of any other journal, but because it was true in these respects:—

1. To admit well-written articles on *all* subjects deemed *needful* to mankind.
2. To publish papers on divers *political* questions,—on the structure of nations, and the uses of governments.
3. To advocate ideas of *freedom*, in the largest acceptation of the term.
4. To advocate the rights of woman,—the rights of children,—the *rights* of all mankind everywhere.
5. To advocate all the important principles of the Harmonial Philosophy,—including the history of past Spiritualism, and the best authenticated phenomena of the present day.
6. To freely and fearlessly publish, *pro* and *con*, on Bible questions, and to say wholly what we believe to be *the truth* on every point of doctrine.
7. To inculcate a broad and co-operative philanthropy, such as the “Moral Police Fraternity.”
8. To keep our columns free and uncontaminated in every essential,—admitting no free lovers (in the libertine sense of the term),—no quack medical advertisements,—no humbug mediums, if we knew them to be such.
9. To publish a high standard paper in a literary point,—inserting nothing from either the earth or the spirit world, unless it bore the impress of merit and sincerity.

Thus we started on the road of journalism.

Well, what next? Our *Herald* was exceedingly attractive to a few. The rest subscribed, and read it with more or less protest and sacrifice. Our personal friends subscribed for it, of course, and a goodly host of unknown friends took it on the score of their interest in the general questions of Spiritualism. Those who subscribed on the promptings of personal friendship were called “Spiritualists,” with the exception of a very few who are known as “Rationalists” and “Infidels.”

The result was that the high standard paper suited nobody entirely. A very large proportion of our subscribers said:

“You don’t publish enough of the phenomena of Spiritualism.” Over and over again I was informed that our paper could not succeed unless we published every week “communications from the spirits.”

Not knowing of authentic facts enough for every week, we did not meet this wide want. The short of it was, the *Herald of Progress* did not meet the cordial approval of the mass of Spiritualists in America. Our subscription list began to dwindle. Very little income was realized from our advertising columns. Driven by necessity, we began to admit medical advertisements. They pay best of all others. We were tempted to publish a great number of quack advertisements, but we did not admit them; although our financial necessities constantly urged us to be no more particular than was the *Tribune* or the *Independent*.

Not being able to pay for first-class editorial labors in our several departments, we overworked ourselves, and then made the best of a few bushels of prose and poetical communications written by personal friends, who had “no time” to carefully prepare anything for the press.

Gradually our little ship began to sink. The excitement of the civil war had something to do with the loss of subscribers. Everybody was so absorbed in the current events of the hour they could give little attention to the organ that was published to advocate the affairs of eternal life. As often as we deemed best, we urged our friends to take a livelier interest in our enterprise. Every such appeal brought a few extra subscribers, and probably repelled many who had lost nearly all their short-lived interest in our effort.

To keep the paper free from debt, we borrowed money of friends, and we have paid back to them every farthing, but taxed ourselves with a debt of \$2000, half of which was paid by a “New Year’s Testimonial” of last January, and the balance I obtained from lectures and sales of books last winter and spring. Perhaps it may be interesting, as well as doing *justice* to our personal friends in different localities to record that the

citizen Spiritualists of New York gave one dollar in seven of the "Testimonial,"—showing that the largest expression of good will is apt to come from friends farthest from the field of labor.

Now, gentle reader, I have an object in this frank statement, to wit: to impress Spiritualists with the conviction that they were not then ready to support, without sacrifice to themselves, what might be termed "high standard journalism,"—that is, a paper that is wholly independent in its criticism and advocacy of whatever is popular or unpopular in human affairs. The unbounded sweep of divine principles gives a totally free platform,—anti-party and anti-sectarian in every possible sense of the word. We did not wish to be obliged to publish "communications from spirits," either in the flesh or above the flesh, in order to meet the wants of a large class. We desired to print nothing deemed detrimental to a healthy development of moral and intellectual power. There is a desire among Spiritualists for the constant publication of "communications from spirits," and it seems next to impossible for anyone to improve this desire; and yet all advanced Spiritualists *agree* that it is questionable whether any great good is accomplished by publishing what *any* spirit has a mind to put into the mouth of the medium, even granting that many "tests of immortality" are obtained in this manner. And I have another object, to wit: to urge Spiritualists to support the loyal papers now in the field, and not to stray off to other publications with more pretensions and less faithfulness to principle.

And, lastly, I have yet another object, to wit: to say to a large number of kindly correspondents that I cannot be induced to so fully embark in any enterprise in the line of a newspaper. I have something else better to do, at least until I meet a few rich natures ready for a sacrificial support of philanthropic labors. I have no faith in efforts to support truly divine and world-wide institutions by money-making corporations. I do not believe in paying for the use of a temple by renting stores below, and letting offices above.

I am now sojourning once more in the valley ; entirely resting from labors in my favorite fields. My throat is not yet sufficiently recovered to engage in speaking ; hence I now refuse to make arrangements anywhere. During the remainder of this year, 1870, I expect to keep my voice still, and my spirit tranquil. Thus I answered all.

CHAPTER XV.

A PHENOMENON IN THE PULPIT.

“And here, when the world grows old,
 Must the world’s strife cease;
 Humanity’s story told —
 And Truth has won Peace.”

AMID the indescribable discords concentrated upon me, partly because of a general sound of alarm that I had “gone back on Spiritualism,” had openly repudiated mediums, and had “recanted,” and was playing into the velvety hands of popular Christianity, &c.,— at just this depressive time a newspaper came to me which contained the following very comforting and out-spoken assurance that *my life*, so far at least, had really been “worth living.” The reader will kindly indulge me, under the existing discordant circumstances, I feel sure, for the possible breach of good taste in submitting this clergyman’s remarkable sermon to the fair judgment of the large-minded.

A SERMON ON ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND SPIRITUALISM.*

“No course of lectures on the great religious movements of Christendom would be complete without a consideration of that religious development called American Spiritualism; or, as

* I opened the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, dated Chicago, April 6, 1872, and read a discourse preached by the Rev. W. E. Copeland, Unitarian minister of Emporia, Kansas. The fact is itself a phenomenon.

Davis has termed it, "The Harmonial Philosophy."* No one of the sectarian leaders is more remarkable than Andrew Jackson Davis. Spiritualists will deny that Davis is their leader. No embodied being is a leader; many have been used as instruments by disembodied spirits, yet to the outside observer it becomes apparent that Davis has impressed upon Spiritualism the peculiar ideas and phraseology of the Harmonial Philosophy. So far as this religion is orderly and definite, it is through the labors of Davis. He passed his early life in poverty, and surrounded by ignorance. He had none of those advantages which other religious leaders enjoyed. From early youth he was frequently in that passive state peculiar to all clairvoyants. His mind was inactive and sluggish. In his normal condition he was ignorant, ordinarily beneath the average in mental ability; in the clairvoyant condition all was changed. He was by some power illuminated; his vision pierced beyond the matter by which we are surrounded; his English, though peculiar, is good; his mind is active, and he towers above all the minds about him. We may laugh at his philosophy; we may deny his vision, and yet that philosophy has not only become the religion of millions, but has influenced largely all Christendom.

"Davis, like Swedenborg, tells us what he has seen and heard. He does not imagine, but records his actual experience. He had no education; could scarcely read and write when he began his truly remarkable career. His father was, during the early part of Davis's life, a drunken cobbler; his mother, a hard-working, suffering woman, often fell into those peculiar spiritual states which her son all his life exhibited. His father thought the boy an imbecile, not worth his salt. The mother shielded him from the drunkard's violence, and had faith in his future.

"At an early age he was mesmerized, and under mesmeric influence prescribed for the sick, giving exact descriptions of

* Perhaps just here it may be well to say, once for all, that while Spiritualism, *per se*, is almost wholly founded upon and devoted to the authority of "Spiritual Intercourse," the Harmonial Philosophy is founded upon and devoted to the authority of Nature, Reason, and Intuition.

their disease, and with remarkable accuracy indicating the remedy. During this period he heard voices not belonging to mortals, and saw strange but inspiring visions. He not only examined patients present, but those at a distance, describing their surroundings, and then the patients themselves.

“Another peculiar development was added to the medical practice, under the mesmeric power of Dr. S. S. Lyon, of New York. Davis, in the clairvoyant state, delivered the course of lectures published under the title of *Nature's Divine Revelations*. When we remember that the young man could not speak a grammatical sentence, much less write one, this book is one of the wonders of the world. Treating of creation, physical science, mental science and theology, a treatise is prepared, in many important points agreeing with the most advanced thought upon these subjects. I do not say too much when I assert that, considering the source from whence it came,— a sickly, ignorant boy,— that work is the most remarkable book ever written. If a man has ever been inspired, Davis was. Not one theory contained in the *Great Harmonia* could have been originated by the young man in his normal state. If experience is worth anything, it would teach us that Davis was assisted by some power outside of himself; nor were any of his companions better prepared than himself.

“Davis was soon enabled to enter this clairvoyant state independent of any mesmerizer.*

“Other books in rapid succession followed, all marked by their advanced thought, a plainness of speech upon subjects usually neglected, and a keenness of insight unusual even in the best educated. In the clairvoyant state Davis saw plainly the interior of the body, read the thoughts of those present, clearly described localities and individuals at a distance, and finally, like Swedenborg, saw the angels and the spirit-world.

“In his latter books Davis describes the spirit-land with the minuteness formerly applied to the earth. He does not speculate, but simply relates what he saw and heard. I have no

* See *Magic Staff*, p. 386, et seq.

hesitation in declaring that A. J. Davis is the most remarkable man of modern times,—however much we may differ with his conclusions or laugh at his descriptions. We cannot but wonder at the power which enabled an ignorant boy to propound a system of philosophy at once simple and comprehensive, which no thinker, carefully prepared for his work by life-long study, has excelled.

“In many particulars I would amend the Harmonial Philosophy. From some conclusions I would dissent. Much trash is mingled with profoundest wisdom, but the series of books written by Davis contain a compendium of theology and morality which, made a part of one’s life, cannot well fail to make of the disciple a genuine Christian.

“As regards physical science, Davis in general taught Darwinism before Darwin wrote a word. In psychology he approaches Herbert Spencer. In theology he is a liberal Christian of the advanced school. Without study he has become an educated man, and now lectures in the natural state as much as he formerly did in the abnormal condition. The Harmonial Philosophy, which he substitutes for religion,* consists in a knowledge of the laws of God, and an obedience thereto. On all questions of reform he is on the right side. Practical morality is the remedy for all evils, and this he applies to all departments of life, approaching boldly the sexual relations, defining their laws, and demanding obedience. Some have insisted that he was merely an instrument in the hands of some great thinker; but among his friends and associates, we look in vain for said thinker. None of his friends agreed with him.† He shocked their prejudices. Some laughed; some sneered; all objected; and yet he calmly preaches the Harmonial Philosophy. No one at the time accepted his views in their entirety. Today millions are his disciples. No one can study his character, his

* This mistake is very common. The truth is, Harmonial Philosophy is PURE RELIGION addressed (1st) to the Reason (2d) to the affections.

† This lack of agreement was literally true during the delivery of the *Revelations*. There is at all times perfect freedom of thought and expression in our fold.

life and his works, without confessing that they have a problem which they are unable to solve. The Orthodox talk much of the devil, and reject Davis's system as heretical; but it none the less deserves our careful consideration.

"It is not my purpose to consider at length the Harmonial Philosophy. Read the books, listen to the lectures, and you can learn what it is.

"We find all about us, in town and country, in the church and out of it, Spiritualists, or men and women who believe that the spirits of the departed communicate to us who are living on the earth.* This is simply a fact which we may accept or reject; but these Spiritualists claim to have a new religion. We may accept the fact, and remain Christians; accept the Philosophy, and *we must go outside the churches!*

"This wonderful reformation, revival, or whatever you choose to term it, is worthy the careful study of scientist, philosopher, or theologian. Whether the fact of spirit communion be true or false, here are millions of Spiritualists who claim that the miracles of the New Testament are *repeated* today. Reject them now, and you must reject the New Testament record. Indeed, in the admitted facts of Spiritualism, I find the strongest argument for the authenticity of the gospel narrative. I find in them the best weapons to defend the miracles of the gospels from the attacks of those who deny them. The churches, when they reject the facts of Spiritualism, are throwing away the very means ordained of God to firmly establish the truth of the New Testament. But I wish to consider, rather, Spiritualism as a religion, and Davis's connection therewith. The faithful will tell you that their religion is derived *from the teachings of spirits* through mediums. This is partly true; hundreds have thus formed *their* philosophy; and yet, tracing the progress of this wondrous movement, we find its origin in the Harmonial Philosophy of Davis.

"I have for years watched Spiritualism, read its books and

* Here is a definition of Spiritualism, and of Spiritualists, which exactly accords with the author's.

heard its lectures, and I can find but little which Davis did not teach before a medium spoke, and that little is only an amplification of some points in the Harmonial Philosophy. Davis is the father of the religion called Spiritualism. His lectures are the fountains from whence flows the water of life, with which our Spiritual brethren sate their thirst.

“We are more interested in considering the religious part of Davis’s works, and these are mainly a repetition of Unitarianism, differing in some points, but in the main agreeing. On the whole, so far as theology is concerned, Unitarianism and Spiritualism are one. The same unity of God, and humanity of Jesus, continued inspiration, human divinity, eternal progression, certain punishment, implicit obedience, is taught by each. Yet Davis knew nothing of Unitarianism, and his Universalist friends soon parted company with him. I do not hesitate to say that the world owes as large a debt for religious light to Andrew Jackson Davis as to Luther, Wesley, or Channing. To use the language of the Quakers, he has borne persistent testimony against the evil of war, of intemperance, of profanity, of prostitution, legal and illegal,—of slavery, whether civil or religious. He has written extensively on the importance of a careful selection, after close study of each other’s nature, of husband and wife. *He has raised a loud protest against legal prostitution.* He has written plainly and reasonably concerning marriage and maternity. He has fearlessly investigated those evils of society which *others have shrunk from*, and has plainly indicated the remedy. I know of no teacher or reformer who has said so much that is true and philosophical on the subject of social science. His writings have been read far and wide, and have exercised a deservedly great influence on the religious life of America,—contemned by men of science,—persecuted by theologians. No reformer of modern times has done more to advance *the moral life* of the community. A radical he undoubtedly is, but, unlike many of the other radicals, he constructs as well as destroys. His style is peculiar, not easily understood, bombastic and puerile, yet the thought is most valu-

able, and many popular writers and preachers owe more than they would confess to A. J. Davis. Certain is it that no living American has exercised so potent an influence on the religious thought of his country. He has many followers even among those who scorn his pretensions. I do not deny that absurdity and error are found in his books; but truth and sound reason are there too, and no one can read the *Great Harmonia* without benefit.

“The other reformations which we have considered have either been popular movements or more frequently the work of some master mind.

“American Spiritualism, the religion of millions, alone looks to an ignorant, sickly, common-place boy as its parent and inspirer. Andrew Jackson Davis stands today among the wonderful phenomena of this new reformation as the most wonderful. I am not ashamed to confess that he has taught me many things, while I do not rank myself among his followers. I should be faithless to my position did I not place him among the leaders of religious thought; did I not assign to Spiritualism a place among the religious systems. Like the other denominations about us, Spiritualism has crystallized into a sect, perhaps as bigoted as any other. It has confirmed the faith of hundreds of skeptics in the immortality of the soul; is the most effective cure of materialism. It has directed the attention of the people to social science; it has revealed many laws of God neglected by others; it has insisted on personal righteousness; and yet it is, in some respects, a superstition as degrading as Romanism. For an infallible pope it has an infallible medium. Davis has never claimed for himself supernatural powers, though to him and other mediums such powers have been attributed by the multitudes.

“Spiritualism as a religious system is deserving of more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it; both as containing much truth, and as being the faith of thousands of good men and women. While I deplore the creed theories,—the exploded hypotheses of the past re-stated as new truths,—the extrava-

gancies of many Spiritualists, the superstition of others,—I cannot but admit its important contributions to the theology of the church of the future. When Spiritualism lays aside its superstitious reverence for mediums, its fanaticism, its extravagant pretensions, and submits its theories and revelations to the crucial test of reason and common sense; when it is content to take its place among other views of truth as one among many, and *not the only one*,—then, in the study of comparative theology, it will take a high position. When Christians cease to treat Spiritualists as pretenders, and Davis as a false prophet, the movement and its father will be ranked among the chosen agents of God for the perfection of humanity. In forming the theology, the religion of the church of the future, Davis and Spiritualism have an important part to play. Let me say again, that sufficient attention has not been given to a religious movement which numbers more adherents than even Methodism; which, in many respects, has showed admirable adaptation to the genius of the American people; which is progressive and receptive of new truth. But its doom is sure unless it presents to the people some well-digested system of truth; unless the wild vagaries of its teachers are superseded by severe thought; unless it has something to depend upon other than the temporary enthusiasm of its media.

“As regards the basis of Spiritualism,—*that individual spirits speak through human organisms*,—so far as I am concerned, I can only say not proven. As regards the claim of the Harmonial Philosophy to a place among the religions of the world, and Davis to a place among religious teachers, I can only say that to no system of modern times, to no sect or leader, do I more gladly assign a place as a system and teacher of true religion. Spiritualism, with all its absurdities and vagaries, is doing more than all the sects put together to establish a rational religion, and to confirm a true morality and a correct science of society.

“While rejecting the claims of media to possession by disembodied spirits, while deploring their many extravagances, I

honor their courage in fearlessly discussing the most vital questions of the day. I applaud their attempts to reform a corrupt church in society. I cannot forget how, single-handed, amid laughter and contempt, they have probed the festering sores of the body politic, and prescribed a remedy. I cannot forget the workers, while I grieve at their hostility to Christianity. I do not wonder, as I recall the bitter hatred and malignant lies of Christian preachers, and am willing to excuse many of those attacks directed rather against the form than the spirit of Christianity. And I can see that because of those attacks false forms and erroneous doctrines are crumbling, and I can, with certain expectation, look forward to a union between Spiritualists and Christians on the common ground of a rational Christianity or true religion, when the wonders of Spiritualism, with those of an older time, shall receive a correct scientific solution; when the perturbed waters shall settle, the froth and scum blown away by God's spirit, and the true Christ, once more seen and formed within us, shall lead all sects and religions to a common union, and the true church shall be reared on enduring foundations.

“To secure this much wished-for result, I call upon Christians to lay aside their bigotry, prejudice, and superstition, and use their reason, acknowledging the truth by whomsoever revealed; and I call upon Spiritualists in studying Christianity to look to the spirit rather than to the letter, and no longer cherish a sectarianism almost as narrow as that shown by some Christian sects.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A MARRIAGE OF CENTRAL TEMPERAMENTS.

“Thou must be true thyself
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul would reach.

A RETROSPECTIVE view now becomes indispensable.

There are many acts in one's life which never seem reasonable to spectators until such acts are contemplated and interpreted in the light of some concealed, yet all-controlling, influence. Suppose, for example, you have a perfectly *private* knowledge concerning a matter which you feel that you cannot impart *safely* to anyone on earth, by which, nevertheless, your own life is influenced and colored continually, would you not, at times, seem to others to have “something” weighing on your mind?

My own spirit was *haunted*, so to speak, by an ever-present consciousness of a situation which only perfect sleep, or complete absorption in my congenial work of writing or lecturing, would absolutely suspend, and temporarily consign to the delightful realm of total forgetfulness.

But the true time, happily, arrived to impart my haunting private knowledge to another,—to the one most deeply involved, to *Mary herself*,—and it is now also the true time for the reader of these pages to become possessed of the same knowledge. To do this justly the reader is requested to step far in advance of the time indicated by the preceding chapters, and, from the

present position, to look *backward* over the long period intervening between 1855 and the date of the following letter

TO MY COMPANION IN THE WORK.

“HYDE PARK, MASS , Nov. 18, 1884.

“MY DEAR MARY:

“Still I am a spiritual pilgrim, sojourning alone in the valley. I dwell between what seem to be insurmountable and unknown mountains. The fold is broken up; the storms descend; the sheep are scattered. I do not yet see the end of my solitary path along the lowlands. But I yield to the divine injunction, — to write you a long letter.

“For many weeks (in fact ever since I turned my face from my work in New York) I have had very definite ‘impressions’ of the only practicable solution of the situation in which we find ourselves, and which is the legitimate result of the progressive evolution of many, many years. During these years I have never lost an opportunity to utter the *best* things of you. And I have been quick and constant to augment your personal comfort, and to promote your advancement and prosperity. Whenever you have chosen any public position, or elected yourself to any private work, I have cheerfully aided and encouraged you to the fullest extent of my purse and influence. And I acknowledge that you have constantly done the same by me, thus mutually exemplifying ‘the golden rule’ in our everyday lives. Therefore, too, we have been mutual friends during all these years, and loyal associates in public work, accompanied with much quiet harmony and reposeful affection.

“We came together by suggestion and guidance of angels. And I believe that *truth*, and not error,—that *good*, and not evil,—will be the fruit which mankind will gather from the overhanging branches of our life-tree. If, however, in their haste to pluck and possess the fruit, they encounter hidden thorns, and thereby lacerate their unrefined and obtrusive feelings, the pains and penalties thereof must be borne by the individual transgressors.

“For one thing, among many things, I am exceedingly thankful: that you, dear Mary, do not stand forth as a woman alone in the world, unknown and unappreciated. During these many years you have earned and secured for yourself a high place in the world by the exercise of your own noble qualities. You have deservedly attained a sheltered position in the generous affections and intellectual esteem of thousands. And no person on earth is more glad, of all this good to you, than am I. For, by means of this manifold protection, you will be spared much humiliation and pain; you will escape the stinging arrows shot from the full quiver of ignorance and popular prejudice. Instead, upon my head will alight the black birds brooded in the dark recesses of darker minds. Upon my head will fall the stones hurled by an unreasoning and, therefore, *unjust* public. The strongholds of consolidated and plausible Conservatism I must meet and battle with on my ‘march to the sea.’ But you, meanwhile, will be protected and loved, and warmed by abundant sympathy. Of this I am certain; and for it, in advance of events, I am profoundly grateful.

“There is *no* war between you and me. All is tranquil in our camps. Overhead floats the angelic song,—‘Peace on earth, good will to men.’ But we must *seem* (to others) to be willfully antagonistic; to be actually at war with each other. We must seem to be in opposition for the sake of truth and justice; yea, for the sake of the Good which we desire to manifest for the enlightenment and encouragement of mankind. Therefore, all the foregoing being true, we *know* that we are not striving solely and selfishly to accomplish private and purely personal ends. Consequently, the fruit of our life-tree will be wholesome as ‘food’ not only, but may prove eventually to be a *medicine* filled with redemptive qualities, given by the eternal Father and Mother of all, for the ‘healing of the nations.’

“I have said, dear Mary, that ‘we came together under the guidance of the angels.’ This I have never—not for one moment—doubted; for it was knowledge, not belief; and I have never once questioned the wisdom thereof. And know-

ing, also, in addition to this kindly act of Providence, the private fact that our 'central temperaments' were and are harmonious, I drew intellectually the logical inference that, inasmuch as the organic and psychical *foundation* was coherent and consistent with itself, therefore that we were undoubtedly mated for both time and eternity. A temporary marriage is endurable and appropriate for those only whose eyes are not yet open to comprehend any relation superior to current convenience, statute law, and the fleeting gratification of passion. But with our harmonial light, and being actuated by our exalted principles, such temporary marriage is unspeakably repugnant and disgusting.

"Accordingly, at this late day in our lives, in presence of the supreme Truth, I now declare to you my discovery that, notwithstanding the harmoniousness of our central temperaments, and notwithstanding the consequent congeniality of both heart and intellect between us, whereby our association has been rendered at once agreeable and profitable, yet, twenty days had not passed after our legal marriage when I definitely, intuitively, realized that, although I was pleasantly associated with a gentle, loving, and intelligent woman,—all which is so essential to harmonious companionship in work, and to social comfort and peace,—yet I distinctly realized that I was *not* associated with my eternal mate in conjugal life!

"I am exceedingly thankful that I can here, in the retirement of my chamber, write this to you, instead of orally discussing it with you; because, as you well know, in oral contact the feelings too often, in opposition to the dictates of calm judgment, betray the tongue into unprofitable expressions; while, under the rigid restraints of the insensate pen, the impulsive feelings must wait subservient to the master's sober second thought and governing will.

"The interior revelation of the temporariness of our relation arrived, and was fully known in my heart, at the very beginning of our pilgrimage together. There was high wisdom in the postponement of this revelation until that time. There was great

good to mankind to result from our marriage and uniting labors. The knowledge of the interior fact arrived at exactly the right time; and I can testify that it has been of the utmost importance, as a spiritual discipline, to both of us, in all our public and private life together. But unto you, dear Mary, I whispered not a word of my discovery. Did I not realize that *you* were reposing in the calm happiness of a heart perfectly satisfied with me? And, moreover, did I not foresee that, under the guiding angels, our association together, and our united labors in the field, would lead to the blossoming and development of the spiritual qualities of your mind and heart? And has not the sequel proved the accuracy of my prevision?

"In private thinking, my theory of our relation was this: that, notwithstanding that in my *inmost* I could not feel nor intellectually behold you as *my* true conjugal counterpart, yet I prayerfully hoped that, owing to the unity of our central temperaments, and to the primal fact that the angels had brought us together, that our temporary union might, in process of time, be overcome and outgrown, and that an eternal marriage *might be evolved*, by virtue of strict loyalty and undeviating obedience to the sacred laws and delicate conditions of pure conjugal love.*

"You ask, naturally: 'Why did you not at once tell me?' Because, in addition to what I have already said, did I not feel tender-hearted and deeply sympathetic toward you? Did I not

* Thoughtful readers of the preceding volume (*The Magic Staff*), not recollecting the logical chain of events and doctrines therein presented, will at first be naturally surprised and pained at the (seemingly) palpable contradiction. In reality, however, there is no inconsistency from first to last. Let us see: On page 529, *et seq*, you read: "It is an immutable law that, when two hearts feel truly and wisely drawn into *one* embrace, the parties thus united possess the power to render their union either transient or permanent. . . . The married pair may be lovers no longer, nor civil friends, but positive *enemies* of each other's purity and happiness."

I then called these effects *possibilities* within the control of a man and a woman. Mary's first letter to me (p. 494) and my reply indicated not the *slightest* attraction beyond or deeper than what is natural between a teacher and disciple. On page 502 I am informed (from above) that she was one "with whom my spirit *might* (that is, possibly,) form an *eternal* relation." And on page 503 I declared "that they were not mistaken." All meaning (and only meaning) that our adaptation was *favorable* to an eternal union.

know of the great sorrow and bitter disappointment arising from your first unhappy marriage? In truth, it was from profound sympathy with you, and *for* you, that I could not (so soon after the celebration of our legal union) make you the repository of such a painful conviction, the complete knowledge of which fully possessed my spirit. In fact, dear Mary, I felt myself weak and disheartened. And I felt, also, that a candid disclosure to you of my interior discovery, made more explicit by a message from above, would instantly have filled your hopeful life with the feelings of desolation and despair. Wherefore I kept my own secret from you. 'Alas!' you would be likely to say: 'I have loved and striven and *failed* to bind one true heart unto me, whereon my own might find a resting-place.'

"Need I tell you that, as in all former experiences, the Magic Staff sustained me all along the way? that day unto day I leaned upon it? and that it never once failed me? But I realized that I was all (even a Magic Staff) to you; therefore, I never failed you; and I sustained you, and I constantly encouraged you; and I loved you as much as I could, steadily and faithfully, all the way.

"All the time, remember, my understanding of the teachings of our philosophy of marriage — which profoundly encouraged and consoled and largely reconciled me to the situation — was this: that an 'eternal union' could in time be *certainly* unfolded and *evolved* from obedience to the conjugal by-laws written in the constitution of the spirit — that a permanent superstructure might be erected upon and sustained by the known harmony and adaptations of our central temperaments. [That such an evolution or result is possible, in some instances, I fully believe.]

"So passed away a few years. (We commenced our pilgrimage about twenty-nine years ago.) Now there arrived another epoch in my life, namely: to discover and organize, and to make manifest on earth, the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Immersed in this important new labor, I was of necessity

constantly on the look-out for the innate qualities, for the playful fascinating characteristics, for the finest physical organizations, and for the best mental manifestations of children. I loved then, as I now love, the tender charms and the dainty beauty of the immortal spirit of a Child. I beheld then, as I now behold, in the child-spirit, infinite possibilities. And I see in the delightful simplicities and in the true spontaneity of untrammelled child-life a foretaste of the blessedness of the heavenly home.

“More than I can tell you, this (when I was so engaged) was a very critical time with me. My spiritual susceptibilities were preternaturally inspired and extremely wide awake. I was, at times, almost painfully happy when I beheld a fresh gleam of truth; and thus I was living daily, and almost constantly, on the very delicate verge of the spiritual universe, with every *antenna* outstretched, looking and feeling for further impressions — of which I was momentarily in a state of the liveliest expectation. At this time and place, as you remember, there voluntarily came to us a Miss Passon, a middle-aged maiden, full of the warmest and most refined sympathy for children; and she was powerfully attracted to my especial work for childhood, in the discovery and establishment of the heaven-born lyceum.

“Frequently, at that critical epoch, I was in body and soul greatly *tired*,—owing, as I have said, to my constant interior exercises,—*so tired*, in fact, that there were times when, feeling inexpressibly exhausted, I could not but desire and long for the sweet rest of death.

“In these states of recurring prostration, and when most longing for life’s final repose, our friend Miss P. would draw very near, with the laudable desire to confer upon me some healing benefaction. In this act of sisterly kindness there was nothing impure or misleading. She was far removed from the treacherous suggestions of passion. Between us there was not at that time — nor at any subsequent time — anything but the most child-like interest, sympathy, and friendship. Neverthe-

less, one day, to my great alarm, I found that she felt profoundly affectionate toward me; and, what still more alarmed me, was the unexpected development in myself of a *feeling* to which, until that moment, I had been a total stranger! Instantly I felt not only a certain charm arising from the presence of a pure child, but also a *feeling* toward her which I knew to be akin to the great beauty and sweet joy of pure conjugal love. Thus, for the first time in my life, was revealed to my consciousness a thought of love, and a deeper conjugal feeling than you had ever awakened in me. This new and pure and sacred feeling — which, as I said, was wholly free from passion's misleading influence — I, at once, conscientiously cherished and controlled, and gradually analyzed; and, after a period, I eventually subdued it, and finally compelled it to retire into dumb insensibility. I knew it to be only 'a feeling' in the *right* direction; but it was far from being complete. It did not bring the full, joyous rest — the profound, all-absorbing contentment and satisfaction — which is the evidence of a true union. The true marriage is the interlocking of heart with heart; it is not born of outward beauty; it is not an effect of the attraction of passion, however powerful it may be; nay, but it is born of pure, unselfish love, in and of the spirit, — a marriage of spirit to and with spirit, — the meeting of true counterparts in the spirit; and the evidence thereof is wholly *spiritual*. And it is wholly a private sacred truth, superior to the authority of parent, priest, State or Church.

"When I informed Miss P. of my mature conclusion, at which I had at length arrived, to my surprise and regret her suffering was intense. Her hope and her heart seemed broken. She felt her disappointment keenly and mournfully, as if it were a fatal wound I had inflicted. And yet, in truth, I could only say to her: 'What is for thee will come to thee. You will find your true mate farther on in life. We must go apart henceforth, for we are not spiritual counterparts.*

* In my honest, fraternal dealing with Miss Passon — in order to *save* her too fond heart from entertaining, in relation to me, a single ray of hope — I found that I must treat her with unswerving austerity. This rigorous dis-

“Now, you observe, dear Mary, that this passing experience (which I now for the first time fully explain to you) plainly demonstrated to me the degree of the *actual* relation subsisting between you and me. The perfectly contented and constant heart is the conjugally contented and satisfied heart. It is full to overflowing with *its own*; consequently, it is impregnable, inaccessible, to the temptations of any other love. It is absolutely impossible that a spirit, which is conscious of being truly mated, should become either sentimentally or passionately involved in the life of another. The disloyal, the inconstant, the straying heart, is the heart that suffers from disappointment, from a sense of dissatisfaction, injustice, or from constant hunger for the nourishment of love.

“It is woman’s strongest desire to be *all and everything* to the man of her love’s choice, and it is man’s strongest desire to confer perfect protection, ease, and happiness upon the woman of his choice. If the woman fails on her part, she is in danger of perils and dangers of many kinds. She is likely to become heart-broken, and profoundly and funerially religious; or she may re-enter society with a wrecking influence, loving no one truly, but flirting with and misleading many to their destruction. On the other hand, which is most womanly and sublime, she may grasp some sphere of helpful service; she may adopt some profession that is open to her; espouse some ennobling art, or she may fill some station of influence in charitable work for the dear sake of justice, self-support, and to supply the needs of the sad humanity.

“On the other hand, if the man fails in his conjugal life, and if there be children and others depending upon him for shelter and discipline was a sad necessity. She went away to her home among the beautiful hills of a distant State, and I never saw her again. After a long silence, however, I received from her the following:—

“You must allow me to say one thing to you: it is how much, how very *deeply*, I thank you for *all your past wisdom toward me!* Setting aside all view of spiritual development, how much do I not owe you for *the persistent harshness* even with which you have often treated me. You have truly been my guardian angel, for you have saved me from myself. You have shielded me from all wrong. Where should I have been but for your prudence? As I think of it all, my soul swells with ceaseless gratitude!”

and support, he is likely to tramp and flee 'from the garden' to other lands; or he may enter the army; or he may commit the violence of suicide; or he may go headlong into intemperance; or he may become *manly and brave*, and plunge up to his eyebrows into hard, tyrannical, downright WORK which, in a year or two, will save himself, and may save all dependent upon his exertions for comfort and protection. The bravest and most manly man, having failed in being *all in all* to the woman of his whole heart, will wed himself indissolubly to some great public interest; he will concentrate his desperate and heartless energies upon some all-absorbing question in one of the professions, becoming a mighty *worker* in Theology and Religion, in Politics and the Law, in Physiology and Medicine, —wherever you find such a man, you behold a desperate, solemn, sullen, irritable man,—or he will be a man of extraordinary will, and brilliant-witted even to exuberant cheerfulness and frivolity,—WORK (with either will or wit) being his only radical relief, and his only all-saving ordinance.

“It is a remarkable fact (see the *Insurance Chronicle* which makes a specialty of compiling statistics of suicides in the United States) that about *four men* commit suicide to *one* woman. This proportion holds good in all the various private situations, and in all the professions, and occupations, and trials in which men and women are found together. Why? Because, for the most part, women have more sentimental resources, and are provided with prompter physical methods of relief. Men bind and seal themselves hermetically; they adopt an enforced silence and repression. But women have the attribute of *tears*, and the benefits of hysteria. They are full of expression and demonstration, and they *feel* keenly the imperative demands of children, and of all others who turn intuitively to woman for sympathy and help.

“But to return. During years, after all the foregoing had vanished into the dead past, you know that I continued faithfully, and lovingly, and peacefully to live with you in accordance with my understanding of the teachings of our Philosophy,

namely: that, upon the foundation of the known concordance of our central temperaments, it was possible (yea, probable) that our temporary marriage would be overcome in time, and that it could be evolved, and developed, and blossomed into an 'eternal union' which is the *only true* and blessed marriage in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

"The exact truth turned out to be, however, that I had misapprehended the workings of our principles upon the fundamental question. My own error of judgment constantly misled me. It is now plain to me, as is the noon-tide sunshine, that although it is true that an eternal marriage of two spirits (or, which is the same thing, the perfect conjugal union of one man with one woman) is impossible where the 'central temperaments' do *not* harmonize; yet it does not necessarily and unchangeably follow that, because these pivotal temperaments *do* harmonize, the marriage is inevitably eternal. The immovable basis of the true harmonial nuptial relation is *in the conjugal love* of the eternal spirit toward and for ITS OWN heaven-designed and God-ordained COUNTERPART. It is of the spirit, spiritual; even as lower marriage is of the earth, earthy. The evidence of eternal love being of the spirit is also spiritual, and by no possibility can it be made a subject of scientific inquiry and demonstration. But science and philosophy can, and they will, investigate and demonstrate which combination of temperaments, and what kind of organization of body and soul, are *best* adapted to the generation of healthy and superior offspring.

"Sometimes it happens (but, in reality, *nothing* happens) that *one* heart is perfectly satisfied with the personal presence and congenial disposition of its associate, while the *other* is silently dissatisfied and restless in the relation. The reason is that so far as the one is satisfied, just to that degree is the conjugal love developed, disclosing to itself that it is associated with a congenial companion prophetically indicating (by resembling strongly) the *true counterpart* that is to come.

"This *final* meeting of the right hearts may not occur in this

life. But it is as certain to occur at sometime somewhere as is our birth (through death) into the Summer-Land.

“It is now ten weeks since I turned my face from my work in New York. From day unto day during this prolonged absence I have prayerfully sought for an alternative, to find, if it were possible some *other* than the legal way out of our social embarrassment. I see no other way.

“The hardest to bear, for you, will be the intrusive and ignorant *sympathy* of persons not well-informed. But I have meditated upon it profoundly, and I have anticipated very much of the coming storm. I have listened to all the probable talk of meddlesome persons concerning myself. I have listened, first of all, to the surprise and lament of interested and sincere hearts, near and dear, who have regarded ours an ‘ideal union.’ I have listened to the wholesale condemnation of the assumed embodiments of social virtue. I have listened to the prophecies of the seers of evil consequences, and their name is ‘legion.’ I have listened to the timid cry of the superficial, that ‘the greatest work on earth’ (the Harmonial Philosophy) is forever overthrown, or set back an hundred years or so, by the folly and mistakes of its chief expounder! Yea, verily, to all this fleeting, socialistic jargon, and to very much more, equally ‘flat and unprofitable,’ I have patiently listened; and I have deeply reflected upon it all, and (must I confess it?) I have *almost* yielded to these prudential and intimidating considerations—in some of my more feeble moments of indecision.

“‘Better bear the evils we have,’ etc.; and again, ‘guard your public reputation,’ etc.; ‘be wise as serpents,’ etc.; ‘learn to labor and to wait,’ etc.

“And yet amid all questions of policy—above all fleeting opposition—there firmly and immovably stood my fire-clad ‘impression’ that (except death) there is but one ‘straight gate and narrow way’ out of it all under the present combination of uncontrollable circumstances.

“And just here, dear Mary, let me assure you that I know no words which can sufficiently emphasize the degree of my nat-

ural repugnance and reluctance to the present undertaking. My feeling of disinclination is strong. For am I not naturally a 'peacemaker?' And do I not pray to promote on earth 'the heavenly harmonies'? And am I not a builder, and not a destroyer, in the Harmonial Zion? But yet, in the words of the heroic Paul: 'If I build again the things I have destroyed, I make myself a transgressor.' As much as *you* possibly can, I also *dread* the heartlessness,—the unjust, and, therefore, the diabolical criticisms—of the self-righteous, in both press and pulpit, who may also be hollow-hearted and hypocritical. And naturally, too, I shrink from the mortification of the flippant charge that I am the victim of some magnetic infatuation; or that the inspiration and integrity of my reasoning faculties have, of late, become seriously impaired and diminished; or that in conjugal life I have made a profound and irreparable mistake, and so on; and yet more proceeding from the self-styled wise and virtuous ones of the land. And I may add to the rest my natural love of seclusion; my natural desire to hide from the observation and interference of my fellow-men, toward whom I feel only loving kindness. I experience a constitutional *shyness*, so to speak, which frequently threatens to dispossess me of my private comfort, and to deprive me of the right of self-government, and would, were it not *that* I lean upon my Magic Staff. And, lastly, and strongest of all, I dread to be the cause of the infliction of pain; I dread, although I am a 'reformer' in the field, to cause *any* social discord and confusion; exceedingly much I dread to bring disappointment, and even the least transient sorrow, to any human heart. In a word, dear Mary, if I could, I would immediately make all mankind 'healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"A fixed rule of my life has been, and is, in the conjugal world never to favor or oppose individuals in their selection of mates; nor to promote or restrain persons in the marriage relation in their desires for separation or divorcement. Nevertheless, I will be a friend to each, whether they choose to 'remain or go hence.' The truthful history of my life will substantiate

my undeviating obedience to this rule. And of all this, dear Mary, you are my best living witness. And yet (behold the strange paradox of my life!) many, many times I produce pain when I would confer happiness; I destroy when I would build up; I walk in the cloud-covered valley amid the shadows and the sorrows of the sad humanity, when I would ascend the beautiful mountains of light, and gather upon them the heavenly messages for the joy, and the growth, and the happiness of all. Ryan, the eloquent priest-singer hath well said:—

‘It is a truth beyond our ken,
And yet a truth which all may read,—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.’

And I have noticed that, in the most charming private gardens here in New England, the coleus is a favorite plant. It is especially grown and cultivated for its bright colors. It is found in most ornamental parks, and systematically trained in the beautiful grounds in Boston’s unparalleled suburbs. The massiveness and the exquisite evenness of the coleus, and its great precision of sturdy beauty result from—what? From the artistic infliction (or imposition) of irresistible restraints! It is said ‘the more *pinching a coleus receives the better it looks!*’ And the same rule of self-imposed discipline and systematic training—often involving great labor-pains, and intense suffering, for a brief season—are inseparable from the best and highest development of personal life in human society.

“Remember what I am now about to utter: from the beginning until now there has run a river of providential leadings through the garden of my spirit. It has perpetually streamed its way through the consciousness of both my private and my public life. The incessant tide of this ‘river of life’ is irresistible. Man does, and man *must*, obey it! The greatest fool moves with it not less perfectly than does the greatest philosopher. And *why* this universal, and often unconscious, obedience? Because its inherent current—because its irresis-

tible tide—is the omnipotent *will* of God. This deific tidal will-flow is like (or is the same as) the universal law of the attraction of gravitation. Thus, the divine tide in the ‘river of life’ is, in other words, the flow of the potential mind of God! All and everything obey it, either consciously and unconsciously; because, intellectually speaking, it is the almighty power of Eternal Principles. *Within* these eternal principles, by an exercise of our highest spiritual perceptions (and deepest intuitions) we behold the ‘ideas’ (the designs) of our infinite Father and Mother. Thus, in less happy language, the will of God is the decree of Destiny!

“Now, dear Mary, I appeal to you, and I also ask everyone who has longest known and best understood me, whether I have not, under any and every combination of circumstances, and at whatever inconvenience,—at whatever *cost* to my own person, position, or purse,—religiously and reverently, *obeyed* what I have understood to be the heavenly mandates? If I have ever *seemed* to hesitate, or to resist, or to wait idly in the valley for ‘more light,’ it was because I could not conscientiously move forward upon any line of action until, added to the authority of the heavenly mandates, I obtained the sanction of ‘the still small voice,’—until I *felt* the subjective, positive indorsement of my own Intuition and Reason. This providential leading *I cannot resist!* When I hear its mighty tones I *must* listen,—I must bow my spirit in thankful adoration,—and I must *hasten* to ‘do the will of my Father’! In the primitive history there is (see John xviii., 37) a like acknowledgment, in these words: ‘*To this end was I born*—and for this cause came I into the world—that *I should bear witness unto the truth.*’

“The true hero is born a hero. He comes with the *feeling* of courage alive in his spirit. The *Harmonia* and the *Arcubula*, if read with eyes which are not blind to the divine light, impart to the reader a self-evident feeling of the spirituality and supremacy of all Principles. To *feel* these transcendent principles, and, especially, to be governed in one’s daily life by them, is to be inspired and filled with that irresistible POWER

(felt and known always to highest angels) which evolves the noblest manifestation of courage,—imparting a sublime strength which *can* ‘overcome evil with good,’ and whereby ‘one’ may be inspired with an almost omnipotent power, with which to put ‘ten thousand to flight.’

“Many times in my life several self-assertive persons have presumed (without being invited by me) to sit in judgment upon what I should do, or what I should not do. Thus they have planted themselves in my private orbit, and they have arrogantly undertaken to be the chief engineers and the sole arbiters of my destiny. And yet, it should be remembered, these arbitrary persons have been and are ‘total strangers’ to the laws and conditions under and by means of which *my* private and public experiences were and are caused and governed. Therefore, many times in my life I have been compelled, however painful and embarrassing to me and others, to *sweep my path clean* of an assemblage of weak and meddling associates on the one hand, and to repel and remove a group of selfish and quarrelsome acquaintances on the other.

“With these incidental explanations I resume my letter’s main topic.

“Almost three years ago, in consequence of some determined inquiries on your part, I was *at last* (and for the first time) moved to ‘unseal my heart,’ and at once to terminate the protracted era of conjugal concealments. To me (but *not* to you) our relation, during the long train of years, had been perfectly *fraternal*. As such, it was pure and spiritual. We went peacefully along life’s paths loyally, taking sincere pleasure in each other’s society, being mutually interested in the inculcation of harmonial principles.

“At this interview I said to you: ‘The long concealment from you of my known relation to you was because I have never (until this morning) felt strength enough to be frank and outspoken with you. . . . And (I said further) you will pardon my lack of true courage, because my tender sympathy for you (as my constant companion and best woman-friend) has sealed

up my heart, and shut my lips, during all these many years. . . . (And I said) you know me; that I am perfectly obedient to every principle that I comprehend, and that I am not less loyal to you.' And then I pledged myself to stand by you in sickness and in health, in your personal trials, and to do whatever was just, and in my power, to yield you comfort and protection.

"In return *you* most nobly resolved to continue to stand by me in the great work in which we have taken the profoundest and most unselfish interest. In accordance with this mutual understanding — with no conjugal secrets between us — we organized our circumstances, and continued to live and to work as we had, with no apparent disaffection.

"Long prior to this understanding between us the light of this truth emanated from the Summer-Land. At Poland Springs, State of Maine, in the summer of 1877, Galen, from his exalted sphere, spoke to us as follows: 'We address ourselves to you and Mary, to open to you a rule of life. We discover to you a principle, namely, that *only* in the sphere of FRATERNAL LOVE is human life most satisfying and effective; only in this *larger* love is labor productive, crowned with inward restfulness, and the charm of physical health. *Traverse this principle in your lives, and certain injury to each other will ensue.* Both of you have long entertained an intuition of this; and, truth to relate, you both have long and faithfully adhered to this principle.'

"Now this message (and there was *more*, you remember) from my ever-watchful guardian, Galen, I hastened to copy and send to you. In your prompt and welcome reply you said: 'The words privately given by your wise guide, Galen, are marvellous in their beauty and *truthfulness*. . . . I rejoice that *we* have long and faithfully adhered to them.' (Your letter thus concludes): 'How beautiful may our lives and labors henceforth be with this understanding of a pure principle, and our joyous conformity therewith.'

"Frequently, in this letter, I have spoken of my obedience

to principles,—that is, so far as I am qualified to perceive and adequately to comprehend them. Suppose, therefore, in this connection, I reiterate a few of these principles:—

- “ 1. I believe in God, not in a devil.
- “ 2. In Spiritualism, not in materialism.
- “ 3. In Nature, not in matter.
- “ 4. In Life, not in death.
- “ 5. In Love, not in hate.
- “ 6. In Will, not in drift.
- “ 7. In Wisdom, not in mere learning.
- “ 8. In Conjugal Love, not in sexual magnetism and commerce.

“ 9. In Fraternal Love, not in *incestuous* relations between persons unconjugated, whether in or out of ‘legal marriage.’

“ These negatives I neither believe nor practice. On the contrary, these positives I *do* believe and practice to the extent of my power. Accordingly, I hold that, notwithstanding the high sanctions of Church and State, and, notwithstanding the patronizing approbation of His Popular Majesty, SAINT CUSTOM; yea, in face of all, combined, I hold *that all* corporeal intercourse between men and women who do *not* religiously believe themselves to be truly mated—to be ONE conjugally in spirit—is physically and spiritually *incestuous!* Prophetically, I tell you now that the Harmonial Era will bring into men’s minds *a higher standard of morality.* This standard will ere long make itself manifest. Hearts will conceive of a new degree of *conjugal purity.* In the light of a new morning, soon to dawn over thousands of our best minds, I hereby denounce all sexual intercourse, when not based upon the profound conviction of *true marriage of the spirit,* to be nothing less than a transgression of the eternal law of Justice,—an offence against the constitution and government of the Moral Universe,—a crime which will be followed by a just measure of absolute punishment. Yea, all statute and canon law to the contrary notwithstanding, I denounce all such non-conjugal intercourse as *rape, as licentiousness, as adultery, as fornication, as a prosti-*

tution of the holiest, most tender, and most immortal tie that binds together one man to one woman, as natural and spiritual counterparts.

“Now I know, dear Mary, that *you* are no stranger to these propositions and protestations. I know that you accept my positives, and that you reject the negatives. You believe in these principles, and believe that they should be obeyed. Substantially, I have set these views forth in the fourth volume, *Great Harmonia*; also, with more or less distinctness, in several of my other volumes.

“Therefore, when, in our individual history, the hour strikes for you and for me to *obey* these principles, there is no alternative. We must practice what we have courageously taught to mankind. When the interior truth is made manifest, implicit obedience becomes an imperative duty. Believe me that, up to this hour, I have conferred with no human being. I have obtained from no one on earth the line of action to be pursued. But, owing to the providential interposition of Diakka, resident in both worlds, the crisis is forced upon us. In my path a giant of misrepresentation arose,—it divided itself into poisonous serpents; but the sword of truth, double-edged and irresistible, cut them right and left into harmless fragments. The tide of Destiny now runs in a channel between us. We stand upon the opposite banks of an impassable flood. We face each other, nevertheless, not in anger, not the criminating animosities, like personal enemies; no, we stand as friends in the ties of perfect trust and fraternal affection. But so-called friends have hampered us by the accumulation of impediments. These friends are of the earth, earthy. We have celestial guardians who come and go, who descend and ascend, from and to their homes in the Summer-Land. These celestial friends have, ever and anon, whispered wisdom to us; and, recently, they have most urgently spoken to me concerning our relation and situation.

“About six weeks ago (Oct. 4th), I was walking in deepest meditation upon ‘Crescent Beach,’ between old Nahant and the city of Boston. I was walking perfectly alone upon the

sea-washed sands, when suddenly, from above, I heard: '*Nullify — your — legal — tie. The — time — has — almost — come!*' I waited long for more; nothing further was then vouchsafed.

"From that memorable hour until three days since not another word was dropped into my ever-listening ear. But three mornings ago the messages from the superintending intelligences were many, exceedingly important, and minutely explicit in various ways. They insist, with remarkable earnestness, that the time for 'a change' has come; that the period of definite action has almost arrived in our lives. They say that — for the sake of self, fraternal and universal JUSTICE — we shall stand before the world in true legal freedom. One of the messages from Galen I will here repeat: '*You — may — write — to — Mary — nothing — will — tempt — you — to — return — to — New York — until — she — and — you — are — on — the — way — to — legal — personal — liberty!*' *

"Thus, again and again, the voice of the Supreme Will, speaking through the lips of ever-watchful ministering angels, has insisted upon our taking *the only remedy* for the cure of our present embarrassment, to adjust ourselves upon a line with our principles, and to prepare us for the useful freedom and fulfillments of the future.

"Inasmuch as we *know* that we are not conjugally mated, it follows that we should not *seem to be*; that we must do what is right, regardless of consequences to ourselves or others. Not being mated in spirit, we know (upon principle) that *there are* true conjugal counterparts waiting for us — or at least *existing* somewhere for us — in the innumerable folds of this enfolding universe. You and I have been and are fellow-helpers and companions 'in the effective degree.' This perfectly explains and defines our relation to each other. Hence, upon this plain principle we must act henceforth — for the sake of absolute

* It should be recorded that, at the time I received this message, I personally had not the least knowledge or conception of any *legal* steps which were possible in our case. As the sequel will prove, not until many weeks after Mary received from me the above letter did I learn the way out through the courts. And yet I wrote as I felt, that it was all *certain*.

Right — for the sake of true social order and progression — for the sake of purity of life and nobility of feeling — for the evolution of a superior standard of ethics in conjugal love and living. We should not now hesitate. We must free ourselves from all unreality, and overthrow all deceptive appearances. We must, in short, to our own selves ‘be true,’ and it will follow, as night the day, that ‘the world will be the better for it.’ I believe that you will not flinch, nor fail to do what you conceive to be just and true, come what may! And you know that, in all these things of the spirit, I am by necessity straightforward and determined.

“At last, I am near the end of this long letter.

“I know how natural it is to stop to look back over one’s shoulder, and to sadly dwell among the tombs. The graveyard of Memory is filled with ‘regrets.’ The past is in the eternal past. Heaven’s injunction to earth’s children is — ‘ONWARD AND UPWARD!’ Let us waste no precious hours mourning over that past which is forever gone. It is inexorable and unalterable. We cannot ‘afford’ to devote and prostrate our strength to lamentations. Let us turn away forever from the presence (the memory) of our mistakes, the disappointments, the evils, and sins which have come to us, and which have come through us, in the providential course of our earthly development. We are spiritually depressed and *weakened* by even honest compunctions, too long entertained and indulged. Let us keep forever burning the sacred fires of friendship. They are heart-warming and soul-uplifting. Worthily to live is worthily to WORK. Let us practice our own sublime injunctions. Let us be instructed by the PAST; *thankful* for the PRESENT; *hopeful* for the FUTURE. The best will come last. Let us, therefore, ‘MOVE ONWARD!’

“In conclusion, I will quote a truth, finely expressed by Prof. Wilder, in a recent letter from him: ‘There is a thread of Divinity through all the labyrinths of human experience which will certainly guide us to the *day* and to *safety*.’ Believing thus, dear Mary, and in the heavenly ties of Arabula, I bid

you God speed! And I pray that you may have an abundance of health and happiness, and a long life in this world, and with it a large measure of 'that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.'

"As ever, lovingly,

"A. J. DAVIS."

In perfect faith that all things would work together for good to those who love the truth, I mailed the foregoing, straightforward epistle. Not many days afterwards I received the following brave and righteous response:—

"ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 2, 1884.

"MY DEAR JACKSON:

"I have read over and again your long, pathetic, and eloquent letter of November 18th. It is a candid statement, and I thank you for giving me *the truth*. However much I may shrink from confronting the world in the attitude of a divorced wife, and from the obloquy that will be heaped upon us both, I feel that you will act from what seems to you to be *the highest principle*, and I shall say not a word to dissuade you from the path that looks to you *the right one to take*. The graphic picture, given in your letter, of what you will have to meet is not overdrawn. I have looked above for light and strength, and not in vain. Now I stand clear and firm, and with emphasis I say to you: Do not hesitate to let me know your plans for obtaining legal freedom, when once they have been formed, and, rest assured, *I shall offer no opposition*.

"May God and the angels be ever your refuge and consolation. With good-will and affection,

"MARY F. DAVIS."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BIRTHDAY TESTIMONIAL.

“Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.”

THE reader will now swing back upon Time's pendulum to the period embraced in chapters preceding the "Marriage of Central Temperaments." The naturalness of future developments can be best perceived through the chronological course of consecutive events. "If you know a thing is right, *do it*," said a wise reformer. Descartes said: "One thing in this world always depends upon ourselves, and that is the resolution to do what is in accordance with right reason. This is virtue."

We will now return to 1873 when I opened at No. 24 East Fourth Street, in New York city, a Progressive Publishing House. Emotions of amazement and disappointment were written unmistakably upon the expressive countenance of my every friend and acquaintance. An aristocratic and enthusiastic "Captain," who claimed to fall asleep every night while reading in some one of my volumes (!), occasionally called, with a very melancholy expression in his face, to greet me in my bookstore, as he said: "To thank me for what I *had* accomplished." He seemed to contemplate me as a European traveller contemplates "an old ruin,"—as the dead or dying remains of former grandeur and magnificence! But my explanation was: "I am not inspired now to write anything,—there is *no place* in this vast city where our Spiritualist, Liberal, and Harmonial

literature can be obtained,—and not wishing to be idle, I embark in this active, ordinary service.”

Time passed (it always does) and brought me, with its other fast freight and merchandise, to the very bottom of the financial hill. During the three years which I spent in that laudable service, a few most grand and noble-minded persons called upon me; and although in perishable riches my accumulations were all at “the little end of the horn,” yet, in friends and friendship my wealth carried me away up among the millionaires. Some of these affectionate and loyal ones, seeing me as “a spirit in prison,” devised an ingenious scheme for my escape. The chief plotters in and about my book-built fortification were my unswerving friend, Mr. William Green, my long-time friend, Cyrus O. Poole, Esq., and my ever-loving friend, Mr. Frater Amicus. From Boston came the beaming countenance of Mr. Luther Colby, editor, who opened the proposition in the affectionate folds of his *Banner of Light*; and from a distant fair mountain avenue, about eight miles from the elevated Capitol of Massachusetts, arrived written words of profoundest interest in the proposed testimonial. The reliable author of those written words, Alfred E. Giles, Esq., was the *first* to translate his feelings into solid money. He materialized a very large sum (so it looked to me), and thus, by the magnetism of example, started up all the figures in the list of subscriptions. All this occurred in the tempestuous month of March, 1876.

At first Mary and I (like Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant) felt the suggestions of a sort of *pride*, not wishing to be “mortified” (the weather would soon be very *warm*) with the constant publicity of newspaper solicitations. We concluded (in a letter to the *Banner*) to “decline with thanks.” *That* utterly disheartened our genial friend Colby, and it gave a chilling, ice-water pack to every heart.

The financial streams were instantly dried up, and a drouth at once spread over every green thing in our garden. “Of course,” wrote the warm-hearted editor, “due deference to the choicely and delicately worded wishes of the party referred to

as conveyed in the above letter, demands that we proceed no further in the project of the Complimentary Testimonial, the inception of which we announced last week. The amount already attached to the fund, \$228, will at once be sent by us to the address of the gentleman in whose honor it was tendered."

Progression, however, being the next movement after association is realized, I was not allowed to approach my coming birthday without having "my age" told to everybody. For the three or five associated friends had formed themselves into a *working* committee, and the consequence was that the subscription list was opened, and began to *swell* from top to bottom. This necessitated that I should express an interest in what was thus so nobly instituted, which I did in the following

LETTER TO THE TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE.

"NEW YORK, April 18, 1876.

"ESTEEMED FRIENDS: Owing to your perfectly disinterested wishes and acts in my behalf, I feel measurably justified in writing, briefly, in answer to your kindly inquiries concerning my financial situation and other circumstances.

"Having read the *Magic Staff*, you will recall, doubtless, the part so admirably performed by my beloved companion, 'Katie,'—daughter of the Hon. James De Wolf, of Bristol, R. I.,—in securing the publication of *Nature's Divine Revelations*, and in all the *earliest* efforts to spread before the world a true knowledge of our Spiritual Philosophy. Her conversion from the Roman Catholic Church to the Divine Principles of Nature was complete. One of the first fruits of that conversion was her constant, irrepressible desire to promote universal human progress by the bestowal of every dollar at her command upon *my* personal efforts. Her expression was,—'Every dollar left me by my father's will was earned by slaves on the Cuba plantations, and I can *never rest* until it is spent in promoting human Liberty and Progress.'

'But her financial resources (as I well knew) were hardly

sufficient during her lifetime to support herself in the style to which she had been accustomed from childhood; hence, although she greatly simplified her habits and methods, and positively denied herself very nobly in many particulars, yet I never knew what it was to be *free* from pecuniary anxiety and embarrassment. After her departure to the Summer-Land there ensued some ten years of expensive litigation in relation to the division of the limited residuary estate of Mr. De Wolf, which was *the only part* of his immense wealth that 'Katie' could leave to me for my exclusive use. About the end of the 'Great Rebellion' the decree of the court was favorable, and very soon I came into possession of the few thousand dollars which, after the costly litigation, remained to her.

"With these funds I at once proceeded to purchase and gather together all the stereotype plates of my volumes then owned by some three or four different publishers. Some of these plates (in the possession of Mr. Charles Partridge) I found that I could not obtain without legal efforts. The copyright to every volume was my property. These books, therefore, I carefully revised and enlarged, and then re-stereotyped, and thus gradually developed a uniform list. These large expenses, and the payment of debts contracted during our efforts with the *Herald of Progress*, and yet other enterprises in New York, entirely absorbed all the funds received from Rhode Island. I did all this strictly in accordance with 'Katie's' oft-expressed wish, which was also in harmony with my own sense of right. The *last* \$50 of her slave-earned money I handed to Mr. Wendell Phillips, to use in final efforts for Liberty one year previous to the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I mention this merely to emphasize the fact that I was in earnest in executing what I had reason to believe were her strongest wishes.

"A few years since my bodily health became seriously impaired, so that I found myself disqualified for platform speaking, also it was necessary that I should avoid taxing my vocal organs even in conversation. Therefore, I became *silent*, and

have up to this time, with reluctance, and by an exercise of will-power, remained steadfastly 'on the retired list.'

"Thus all income from platform lectures was cut off, and the sale of my works was so moderate as to furnish only very limited means; and my situation rendered it unwise and impracticable for me to write and publish any new books. Hence, wishing to maintain 'the glorious privilege of being independent,' and, above all, desiring to render some service to humanity, we embarked upon the modest enterprise located at No. 24 East Fourth Street, New York. It is undeniable that such enterprises are, in the best of times, far from remunerative. Therefore, we have been enabled to continue our business during the three years of silent 'panic' throughout the financial world only by methods of industry, by simplicity of life, and by the benefactions of certain tried and true and dearly beloved personal friends. Fraternaly yours,

A. J. DAVIS."

It was a bright day in golden-garmented August, when Mr. Isaac B. Rich called, and purchased all the books! On the 20th of the month the doors of the unsuccessful store were *clo.ed*, and six days subsequently the *Banner of Light* editorially said:

"It will be seen that we have purchased the stock in trade at Andrew Jackson Davis's Progressive Bookstore, New York City. We are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and we hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

The time is coming, we believe, when the valuable and exhaustive works of Mr. Davis will achieve a wider circulation than ever before among reflecting minds everywhere."

It is to be justly and gratefully remembered that the *Banner of Light*—which is unfurled and kept week by week at mast-head by the indefatigable Mr. Colby—was, under heaven's guides, foremost in the complete development of the birthday bestowment. When the list was closed, and when the legal title to the sum total was placed in my possession, I addressed the following letter to

THE COMMITTEE AND CONTRIBUTORS.

“ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 20, 1876.

“VERY DEAR FRIENDS: In accepting from your hands all the money and the notes which you have received from the contributors to the ‘Testimonial Fund,’ I experience a thankfulness which I cannot embody in words. Your safe investment of all the available funds is in accordance with my particular request, and meets my entire approbation. The security is ample, and I am certain that the interest will be promptly paid.*

“To you, gentlemen of the Committee, and to each and all of the generous men and women who have made contributions and sent encouraging words, allow me to say that I recognize in your bestowments the beauty of spontaneous goodness and friendship; and my beloved companion unites in returning to you, one and all, to strangers and acquaintances alike, the profound gratitude of our gladdened hearts. The sum accumulated for and given to us—to hold up our hands, and to fortify us in our work for human progress and happiness—is much larger than we dared hope. Industry everywhere was depressed, business almost at a stand-still, and even the exceedingly rich felt poor. Under these circumstances, to say nothing of the many large demands made upon believers in Spiritualism on all sides, it was not reasonable to expect anything. And yet, the responses to the call of the Committee were immediate, sympathetic, and most generous-hearted. We did not before imagine that we possessed so goodly an array of practical friends. We feel deeply enriched by this discovery, and believe that the good of it will live within us throughout our lives. Besides the efforts of the Committee, we remember the loving and frequent service rendered by the editor and proprietors of the *Banner of Light*; also, the kindly and earnest co-operation of the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, as well as the words printed and spoken by our esteemed spiritual friends in England, Ger-

* The principal, which is now as then safely and permanently invested, was \$7000. Exactly one-half of this sum (\$3,500) I have, in due legal form, set aside for Mary’s use and benefit as long as she lives in this world.

many, Russia, and Australia. The result upon us, so far, is we have been enabled to withdraw from the external world of trade, by which, for four long years, we were constantly enthralled; and now we begin, faintly, to realize a degree of mental and spiritual liberty, which in due time may become fruitful. And for this great blessing, and more especially for the good that may grow out of it, we desire to render loving gratitude to all who have united in this Testimonial of friendship, fellowship, and trust.

A. J. DAVIS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

“And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

It was the saddest of days when, on Feb. 22, 1876, Mary's only daughter *suddenly* closed her blue eyes upon this world.

For a long period Mary's health had wavered between partial debility and utter prostration. She had been, and was at that time, struggling with physical and mental fluctuations inseparable from a constitutional change. At this most critical epoch, the darling young mother of four little children (two infants, twin-born, only forty-eight hours old) folded her life on earth and unfolded her spirit in the Summer-Land.

Mary had written eloquently and truly of the inconsequential and immateriality of DEATH; that, to the illuminated mind, having *knowledge* of angel ministrations, it was a slight trial to stand face to face with this cold mystery. But when the dread Stranger entered at the open door, and, in the twinkling of an eye, stopped the heart and took away the “divine guest,” the mother-heart broke, and the eyes rained hot tears upon the dead face. Only a few hours before the now closed eyes looked love and tenderness into the face of husband and mother and friend. It was all over now on earth.

Not many weeks passed ere Mary informed me that she felt that it was her first and highest duty to take her daughter Fannie's four tender little ones into her guardian care. I answered that I would willingly aid and encourage her, day by day. The children's fond and faithful father was rejoiced over the human love and protective wisdom thus voluntarily bestowed upon the motherless ones now playing around his bereaved heart. "The angel of the house" now spreads her affectionate wings over the little family in Orange.*

Three weary years slowly melted into the past. Visiting in Orange one day, and having just left a friend's dwelling where I had been calling, I heard — "*The resurrection and the life*" — shouted at me, apparently from an upper window. I looked up and about, but could see no one. In twenty minutes I was entering our familiar front gate, when — "*They have been mine just three years*" — was sounded in my interior ear; and instantly (and for the first time since her death) I recognized angel Fannie's voice. Immediately on entering, and relating to Mary what had happened, she was exceedingly glad; and then informed me that that very day was the *third* anniversary of her beloved daughter's apotheosis. The reader may imagine my own delight. Inasmuch as I am not given to remembering and celebrating anniversaries of anybody or anything (often *forgetting* my own particular birthday), I was truly pleased to be informed of what in modern days would be called "a test" of a genuine spirit communication,— though of the reality of the

* From the adoption of the children by their fond grandmother, it should not be supposed that, therefore, the *physical labor* which is inseparable from feeding, nursing, and dressing them, in connection with the incessant work of housekeeping, devolved upon Mary. Their industrious and responsible father, although of limited resources, amply provided everything. There was a cook and maid-of-all-work; a most affectionate and judicious foster-mother in the person of Mrs. Sarah J. Ostrander; and, also, mostly for the first two years, an assistant nurse-girl; so that Mary's duties, very properly, were defined as the presiding, protective, and governing mind,— a sort of supreme court to adjudicate upon difficulties; and the court of last resort, whenever any member of the little family appealed from the decision of the lower court.

voice, and of its supernal source, I did not need any *such* confirmation.

In succeeding chapters the reader will find, emanating from this angel daughter, some of the most beautiful and important messages ever given for the encouragement of the mother in her journey upward and onward.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ASPIRATION.

“ ‘Try not the pass,’ the old man said;
‘Dark lowers the tempest overhead:
The roaring torrent is deep and wide.’
And loud that clarion voice replied:
‘*Excelsior!*’ ”

IN the early spring days of 1877, about a year after Mary's adoption of her domestic life-work in Orange, I felt the *attraction* of the all-beautiful, the all-glorious Mount Harmony. A powerful longing for the journey thither possessed me. But it could not be. “In happy homes I saw the light,” but the practical experience of “Harmony” was steadily far beyond my reach. Pathfinder as I had been and was, yet the *way* for my feet to ascend the celestial eminence was not revealed.

Responding to a delicately-worded invitation from a retired lawyer, a graduate of Brown University, a gentleman of finest spiritual sensibilities, I commenced my trip to his home, stopping at the homes of many old-time dear friends residing in intervening cities, in Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester.

Very soon after my arrival, imagine my embarrassment on being the recipient, in common with many others whom I knew not, of the following

CARD OF INVITATION.

“‘BANNER OF LIGHT’ OFFICE, June, 1877.

“Andrew Jackson Davis, of Orange, N. J., who has been rightfully termed the Seer of the Nineteenth Century, is now enjoying a season of repose and recreation as the guest of Alfred E. Giles, Esq., Hyde Park, Mass. Happy ourselves in being able personally to welcome at our office his genial countenance, — with its interior backing of unswerving and manly devotion to conviction,— we have felt that there are many in this community who, either through old-time acquaintanceship or the perusal of his valuable works, cherish a lively recollection of what Mr. Davis has accomplished for truth in the past, and will consider it a pleasure indeed to meet with him socially, to listen to his voice, and to clasp his hand in friendly remembrance or appreciative recognition. In accordance with this conception on our part, we have arranged an informal reception to Mr. Davis, to be holden at the *Banner of Light* Publishing House, at 2 o’clock, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 6th, at which you are respectfully invited to be present.

“Fraternally yours,

“COLBY & RICH.”

Dear reader, what embarrassed me? I may not exactly define what. But I can approximate to an explanation: first, all my mental habits are attuned to noiselessness and absolute solitude. From necessity I am and have been a *recluse* a considerable portion of my life. Hence, to be placed conspicuously in the *foreground*, even of the most congenial picture painted thus by Messrs. Colby & Rich, overcame me like an *autumnal* cloud, and did excite my “special wonder” and fear of— nothing that I could define. Nevertheless, I *tried* to be glad and very responsive to the unexpected and embarrassing courtesies of my loved friends.

The reception was delightfully successful. As always happens with me, on such or other occasions not sought by me, I generally contrive to emphatically say things which I ought not to say, and to leave unsaid those things which I should have said, and so, I fear, it will ever be (to me) “world without end. Amen.” But the resources of the fond, fraternal human heart

are manifold and marvellously diversified, and, therefore, every lady and gentleman present (the room was full) had the exquisite good manners to *act*, at least, as though "it was all very charming."

But, strange to tell, there was in store for me a far more severe trial. A grand *private dinner* was ordered by Messrs. Colby & Rich, to come off that very evening at the popular Young's Hotel! It was arranged sumptuously. The colored attendants had on white vests, whiter cravats, and whitest gloves, and the host, Mr. Isaac B. Rich himself, who sat on my right hand, had instructed the majestic colonel of that miniature black regiment to *notice me*, as I entered the room, *secundum artem*, and to march me in magnificent style to "the head of the table!"

Gentle reader, do *you* understand my trying situation? The gorgeous room was made more picturesque by the gold and silver utensils, by the Chinese and Japanese and Americanese crockeries which were arranged upon the snow-white garment that covered that invisible table. "Oh," I thought, "if now the kind spirits would only *move this table*, as a climacteric test, straight out of my sight!" There was, alas! no such test vouchsafed. Therefore, I *had* to sit and take it! Happily, I was not requested to "ask a blessing,—nor, at any future time, expected to "return thanks!" I had, it is true, *before* attended magnificent dinners, but only under the protection of being "a silent guest." But now — well, it was different!

There were at the festive board a group of distinguished gentlemen. (No ladies, because I suppose they were not invited.) It was a delightful company. You beheld there the rosy, round, friendly face of Mr. I. B. Rich;* the half-spiritual, critical, thought-lined face of Mr. Epes Sargent; the devotional, believing, hopeful face of Rev. Allen Putnam; the inquisitive, sensitive, refined face of Mr. Alfred E. Giles; and others, all most excellent Bostonians and true Spiritualists; and yet, to be

* Mr. Luther Colby informed me that it did n't *agree* with him to attend such gatherings; so he was not present.

true, I was not happy in the effort to eat plentifully of the many rare simples and rich compounds which, in precise military order, succeeded each other in that memorable battle of life, and so was glad when Mr. Giles said: "The carriage is at the door, and we must *hurry* to take the train."

The summer of 1877 was passed in company with my friend Giles. With him I made my first trip to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. But lofty and treeless, and remote and windy, flowerless and rocky, as was Mount Washington, it did not awaken in me a single feeling akin to that sublime attraction which I felt *filling me* from the heavenly heights of Mount Harmony.

But "Not yet," sounded within my auditory chambers, when, leaning upon my Staff, I put forth my foot in the first effort to ascend. "Retrace thy steps," was whispered,— "ascend Mount Aspiration, with thy look toward Mount Harmony, and there, when all alone, write your *Views of Our Heavenly Home*." I obeyed, and thus and there that book was written. *Externally*, at this time, I was without a study. But in the southeast corner of a room in Orange, into which the two older children had continued access, I arranged a shelf against the wall, and wrote that volume.

CHAPTER XX.

EFFECT OF WORDS SPOKEN AT AN ANNIVERSARY.

“I recollect those harsh affairs,
 The morning bells that gave us panics;
 I recollect the formal prayers
 That seemed like lessons in Mechanics.”

ON March 31, 1878, the Spiritualists of New York City, in common with the brethren in other localities, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.* Among others the author made a brief address. In substance, corrected and extended, I discoursed as follows:—

“Spiritualism is now engaged in making history. As a consequence, its external condition is elemental, incoherent, and exceedingly uncertain. It is so far without form and void,—at once substantial and shadowy,—both present and afar off, impressing the common mind that it is compounded of about equal parts of realities and imagination. And yet, looking at Spiritualism from my standpoint, it has already given definite and practical expression to the principles of natural selection. Not only are there distinctly marked varieties and types of manifestations, but there is (at least to my mind) a strongly-pronounced classification of the working advocates in the vine-

* It should be remembered that the *birth* and the *birth-place* of Modern Spiritualism, like the lowly and mysterious natal day and first locality of Primitive Christianity, are clothed in the unsearchable recesses of a heaven-made garment of concealment. Spiritualism externally *begins* with “rappings” heard at Hydesville, Wayne Co., N. Y.

yard of the New Dispensation. And these events have come to pass, as it were, spontaneously.

“The great moral forces of faith and hope acquire augmentation by the additional knowledge of modern physical manifestations of life and happiness beyond the tomb. The facts of today reinstate the miracles of ancient times. The voice of an angel heard today gives tone and music and a delightful reality to every word spoken to the Prophets and Apostles.

“Amid the agitations of modern inspiration and thought there walk forth many most questionable shapes, and many subtle suggestions of possible doctrines. Under the quickening potencies of impersonal spiritual intercourse the deeps of life are sounded, and the marvellous elaborations of the mediumistic mind result in hypotheses the most extravagant and inconsistent. And they result, also, in dogmas the most irreconcilable with the laws and changeless order of the universe. But these thought-agitations *must not be checked*. The wildest vagary and the truest reality must be allowed to flow out together, and to mingle with the elements of the yet unformed body of Spiritualism.

“Spiritualism, of the materialistic type, controls the people in the churches as well as in the circles. It seeks the most evanescent evidences. It depends upon omens of fortune; games of chance; streaks of luck; the benefits of faith; the working of supernatural miracles; and the vicarious atonement.

“Spiritualism of the spirit, on the other hand, gives a man wholly to himself. It maketh him *free* indeed! It confers upon him or her the entire pressure of a self-cultured life. It loads him or her with the sublime responsibility of complete self-ownership. It impresses the precious weight of this new wealth into every atom of the private spiritual consciousness. It insists upon unswerving faithfulness to the divine right of self-possession.

“Among the family of religions, I regard Spiritualism of the spirit as the latest born and the best. It is charged with possibilities of great good to mankind. To my mind it is the true

basis of a perfectly Free Religion, and the sure forerunner of a New Republic.

“Of late a rather ‘questionable’ Magician has appeared in our literature. It is dramatic and slightly farcical. A mysterious magic wand has been waved at Spiritualism — waved to and fro, to and fro, round and round, upwards and upwards, now inwards, now outwards — until the great iron doors of perdition seemed about to shut against every chance for immortality. Sinful and brutalized humanity (it is said) become ‘Elementary Spirits.’ [*Isis Unveiled*, p. 30.] Which term means the disembodied souls of depraved human beings who have lost their chance of immortality.

“The law of natural selection gives the world a conspicuous leader of Magical Spiritualism in the person of Mme. Helen P. Blavatsky. She is mentally and metaphysically adapted to present and maintain the startling inaccuracies which constitute the foundations of this fascinating and pretentious movement. She waves her wand (metaphorically, in a large volume) over Earth, Air, Fire and Water, and lo! forth come gnomes, sylphs, salamanders, undines. [See *Isis*, vol. 1, p. 29.] The Kabalists call these ‘elementals’ the forces of nature which may be employed by the disembodied spirits, whether pure or impure, to produce all the phenomena in dark seances. ‘The earthly elementaries . . . cunning, low, vindictive . . . are the leading stars on the great spiritual stage of *materialization*, which phenomena they perform with the help of the more intelligent of the elemental creatures.’ [*Isis*, vol. 1, p. 319.] These elemental creatures were never human; but the ‘elementaries’ were *once* human,— but now, having lost their personal immortality, they sustain the position of most abject *servants* to the intelligent forces (the elements) who come like birds of prey out of Earth, Air, Fire and Water!

“Co-operating with this magnificently qualified leader, we behold a few persons not unknown to fame; and there are also two or three of great natural powers, and with mediumistic powers combined with accredited inspiration. You first observe

P. B. Randolph,—the author of the *Magnetic Mirror*, *The New Mola*, *The Ghostly Land*, etc. He has departed for the 'better country,' but he left behind him a variety of affirmations in the line of Magical Spiritualism.

"Next you notice the positive and uncertain, but pugnacious, author of *People of the Other World*, Henry S. Olcott, whose adoption and open advocacy of the metaphysical and magical dogmas of his queenly leader is tantamount to (the same in fact as) a complete repudiation of the spirit-origin of the materialization phenomena which he described as occurring at the Eddys' in the state of Vermont.

"It is impossible not to behold, also, in this direction, the talented and widely-popular author of *Art-Magic*, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. In her efforts to propagate Magical Spiritualism, we behold the illumination of her vigorous imaginative intellect.* White magic is presented in all its heavenly whiteness; and black magic is portrayed in all the lurid blackness of its alleged infernal origin. One volume of this character with its *apocryphal authorization* would not suffice. The public appetite was calling for further researches into the mysteries of occult spiritism. To feed this hunger, the talented and too-accommodating lady produced 'Ghost Land,' with extracts from records of 'Magical Seances,' &c. But the unqualified assumptions of this school overweigh the plain probabilities. By the error of not properly fixing the ballast in the hold of this resurrected 'Flying Dutchman,' the first storm of criticism forced it over on beam end, and inasmuch as the ballast, with all the freight, has fallen dead to one side, the recovery of this craft known as Magical Spiritualism has passed beyond the bounds of possibility.†

* The play of the 'Stranger'—a mysterious being who insisted that all the plates and engravings should be destroyed after 500 copies were printed.

† The above criticism was made public in 1878. I remember that Mary, who was also participating in the proceedings of the Anniversary, made a poetic and conciliatory address, in which she tried to extract the *stranger* from the "bee" that I had set buzzing among the sensitives. Mrs. Britten herself was not present. But, evidently, the report reached her, for when (on Jan. 8, 1885,) the *New York Herald* made commendable efforts to publish some scan-

“In Modern Spiritualism, then, there are two very marked tendencies — the gradual formation of two wings,— two forms of perceiving and expressing the new truth,— one Rationalistic, the other Christian. And by the law of natural selection, each body will eventually be surmounted with its true and most appropriate head. Spontaneously, and without the least personal seeking — without pre-arrangement and without premeditation — each movement may have its natural LEADER. If nothing is said to touch the sensitive pride of ‘individualized’ minds, each will gladly join the army to which he is attracted by disposition, by education, and by the force of sympathy.”

Having faithfully borne my testimony without the least feeling of animosity toward any living soul,— and especially toward our genial fellow-workers, entertaining only feelings of cordial respect and affection,— I concluded my address by reading the following synopsis of (1) what I do believe, and (2) what I do not believe : —

WHAT I DO BELIEVE.

1. I believe in one absolutely perfect God,— both Father and Mother.

2. I believe that man, physically, was evolved from the animal kingdom.

dalous gossip concerning me, this distinguished authoress, seeing a good opportunity to deal me a staggering blow, addressed that exemplary sheet as follows : —

“To the Editor of the Herald :

“In your issue of this morning I notice an article headed ‘Andrew Jackson Davis,’ &c. Permit me, in justice to the millions of persons who in this country and throughout Europe hold the faith of Spiritualism, to state that Mr. A. J. Davis has never, to my knowledge, professed to be or allowed himself to be called a ‘Spiritualist.’ On the contrary, during the twenty-five years that I have been engaged in publicly advocating Spiritualism, I have heard Mr. Davis from the rostrum, and read in his writings, repeated protests against the attempt to confound the ‘Harmonial Philosophy,’ of which he was the representative, with ‘Spiritualism,’ which he uniformly denounced, ignored, and frequently spoke of in terms of ridicule and insult. As I am one of those very Spiritualists whose faith Mr. Davis has treated with unmitigated contempt, I submit that it is unjust to confound a belief which I and my associates hold in the highest reverence with the opinions or conduct of one who has uniformly repudiated that belief. I remain, not a ‘harmonial philosopher,’ but a confirmed ‘Spiritualist,’ and yours very faithfully,

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

345 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing frank avowal, I am constrained to say that I am not yet converted to *Magical* Spiritualism. Madame Blavatsky and Prof. Olcott being also critically mentioned in my address are yet to be heard from.

3. I believe that man, spiritually, is a part of the Infinite Spirit.

4. I believe that every person is rewarded for goodness and punished for evil both in this world and in the next.

5. I believe in the universal triumph of Truth, Justice, and Love.

6. I believe in the immortality of every human mind ; in a sensible communion between the peoples of earth and their relatives in the Summer-Land, and in the eternity of the true marriage.

7. I believe in the principles of eternal Association, Progression, and Development.

WHAT I DO NOT BELIEVE.

1. I do not believe in the orthodox scheme of salvation or damnation,— that is, I do not believe in “original sin,” “atone-ment,” “faith,” and “regeneration.”

2. I do not believe in the identity of modern Spiritualism and primitive Christianity.

3. I do not believe in the identity of modern Spiritualism and ancient magic.

4. I do not believe in libertinism.

5. I do not believe in the existence of either elemental or elementary spirits, nor in the existence of anything essentially evil.

6. I do not believe in re-incarnation, nor that any foreign spirit can displace, or occupy the seat of, the mind of any living man.

7. I do not promise to believe tomorrow exactly what I believe today, and I do not believe today exactly what I believed yesterday. I expect to make, as I have made, some honest progress within every succeeding twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XXI.

ESTRANGEMENTS AND CONFLICTS IN THE SUMMER TIME.

“But lying darkly between,
Winding through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.”

THE bleak and bare days of March, 1878, were rendered genial and fertile, internally, by the appreciative and comprehensive discourse of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, printed in the *Banner of Light*.* There was, in the wide sweep of her impartial analysis and synthesis, a congenial weighing and measuring which is rarely met with among one's opponents. It was probably well known on all sides that I had never disguised my opposition to Mrs. Richmond's revelations concerning “re-incarnation.” She herself was certainly and deeply conscious of my outspoken antagonism to her teachings in *that* direction. And yet, behold the calm tranquility and impartiality of her remarkable discourse! The following note, which was not published until midsummer time, was mailed to her in March:—

“CORA L. V. RICHMOND—*Our Beloved Sister* :

the ‘Harmonial Philosophy,’ etc, as reported and printed in

“We have just this moment finished reading your lecture on the present issue of the *Banner of Light*. We thank you first, and next we thank all, everywhere, who were concerned in its inception and preparation. You develop points, make

* See issue March 2, 1878, in which the inspiration is given in full.

discriminations, and suggest vital criticisms which *may*, and I earnestly pray will, lead to more real culture and life. . . . But the brightest spot in the able lecture is what you say concerning the *Children's Progressive Lyceum*. It is, I fear, as a system, too full of premature possibilities, and too empty of immediate practicabilities, to be of much service." [Then follows a portion relating to the lyceum.] "Pardon this lengthy note; I had only meant to 'thank you' when I began to write. My dear Mary joins me in love to you and your husband.

"Ever faithfully, A. J. DAVIS."

The editor of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Luther Colby, a most perfect man in his qualifications and adaptation to the office — which he has filled victoriously during so many years of trials incident to a new field of spiritual individualism and mediumistic merits and irregularities — was, at the time he printed my note, excessively irritated by the persistent attacks of Mr. Poole upon Mrs. Richmond.* The annoyed editor had accorded considerable space to these articles of criticism, in which Mr. Poole (who was known as *my* long-standing personal friend, and as a strenuous advocate of Harmonial Philosophy) took frequent occasion to contrast the discourse and other teachings of Mrs. Richmond with passages selected from my works, invariably to her disadvantage; and, to convince his readers that I was not unfriendly to Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colby printed my sincere note to her. "It will be seen," said the editor, "by the appended letter, which we publish by the express consent of Mr. Davis, that the Seer himself encourages the discussion of his revelations, and assumes ground very far removed from any claim to their infallibility."

But, although it was a beautiful and bountiful summer in the outer world, the storms of the valley were soon to burst upon me. The demon of discord was about to triumph for a season.

It was never in my nature to desire to be promoted at anybody's expense. To be artificially sent into conspicuousness, to become "distinguished," has never been any part of my

* The reader is referred to the *Banner of Light* issued during July and August, 1878.

ambition. "Where *are* my friends?" I said to myself; for I felt certain that my friend Poole's style and spirit in advocating my published revelations would generate ten decided enemies to one friend I had myself secured and attracted. I felt myself in the valley, and wished that it was time for me to ascend to the Summer-Land. With the poet, I said:—

"I am willing to die when my time shall come;
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low."

An impulse came upon me to write to Mr. Colby that, upon the solemnity of my word and honor, I declared myself *free* from any wish that Mr. Poole's criticisms should be either written or printed. But I did not write. The editor, however, addressed me thus: * "I feel decidedly aggrieved at the course pursued by *your* friend † Mr. C. O. Poole." [Here the details of the "course" were given in the order of their occurrence.] "Under the circumstances," he continued, "I desire *you* to inform Mr. Poole that I shall decline printing any more of his articles," etc.

In addition to the above, there was another cause of unceasing irritation, namely: the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, under the editorial management of Mr. J. C. Bundy, was extremely breezy in its allusions to some of Mr. Colby's most honored correspondents. While constantly requesting Mr. Bundy to exercise great courtesy toward Mr. Colby and his excellent *Banner of Light*, I at the same time applauded the management of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* in fearlessly exposing whatever or whoever was *proved* to be chicanery and fraudulent in mediumship. In this particular, emphatically, the *Banner of Light* was not equally entitled to be commended. And Mr. Colby was fully conscious that such was my conviction. His feelings were consequently profoundly stirred whenever he

* Letter dated Aug. 18, 1878.

† The editor of the *Banner of Light* remembered that Mr. Poole was active in the Birthday Testimonial.

noticed a contribution from my pen in the aggressive *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. And at such times, too, he could not but recall the great services rendered by the *Banner of Light* in suggesting and promoting the "Davis Testimonial." Hence it is probable that the following letter, which is all I said in reply to his special request, seemed to him freighted with enmity and ingratitude:—

"ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 21, 1878.

"MY FRIEND COLBY:

"Yours of the 18th inst. is here. Concerning the relations existing between yourself and Mr. Poole, my reply is: I have done *nothing* whatever in opening the controversy;* nothing in directing its growth into varieties on every hand. Therefore you must *not* expect me to inform Mr. Poole that you 'decline printing any more of his articles.' *You* are the responsible editor, and he is your correspondent; and I must leave all matters between you strictly to yourselves."

Would the unimaginative and dispassionate reader of these chapters believe, without my positive assurance, that the foregoing reply was the end of all correspondence between us, and the beginning of an estrangement which continued for seven years? A few weeks ago, however, being temporarily in the Empire City, and feeling one morning powerfully moved to try to melt the ice that had frozen the fraternal stream between us, I addressed the following to the brethren of the *Banner of Light*, Messrs. Colby & Rich, suggesting

A FRIENDLY BOARD OF ARBITRATION.

"NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1885.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"I come to you today in this letter with a heart full of sincerity, with greetings of fraternal affection, and with holy prayers that *good*, and not evil, may result from this plain and peaceful epistle; † to the end that a firm foundation may be built for future friendship between us, and that the highest interests of humanity may be exemplified and promoted.

* That is, Mr. Poole's self-instituted controversy regarding Mrs. Richmond's teachings.

† This letter was forwarded to my friend Giles, who, at my request, handed it to the *Banner* brethren.

“Last spring, about the first of June, I assured my congregation that I should devote the ensuing months to what I was impressed to term ‘House-Cleaning.’ This announcement was thus made public, without threats and without concealments. In pursuance of my house-cleaning efforts, I am impressed to come to you. . . . With your House (financially) I am happy to testify that my relations have always been perfectly harmonious and agreeable. But for a long period an undefinable *difference* has separated Mr. Luther Colby and his *Banner of Light* from A. J. Davis and his mission as a teacher. We stand thus at variance with the noble sentiments which we mutually cherish and inculcate.

“For my part, I frankly say to you that I have had what I deemed a sufficient cause for my reserved position; and I believe that Mr. Colby considered himself justified for feeling aggrieved. Right or wrong, in the premises, the fact remains that, before the on-looking world of Spiritualists, the situation is not in accordance with noble principles. The mischief consists in the perpetuity of misrepresentations, and in the engendering of unbrotherly feelings.

“Let me assure you, brethren, that I am resolved, aided by the over-watching angels, to do my best to annihilate this gulf of difference between us. One of two things may result: either we may agree to stand *apart* in honest good will, and without cherishing antagonism, or agree to stand *together* as co-workers and comrades, in performing our parts in a divine mission for the great world. To this end I offer you the following plan of settlement: That we submit our whole case to a friendly board of arbitrators. Thus, you to name a person to represent your side; I to select some one to represent my side; these two to choose a third to act with them. Let these three hear and adjust our differences. . . .

“And I pray to you, in the presence of the innumerable angels of our Father and Mother, that you may be moved to accept this proposition. If, after due consideration, you decide not to accept, but to suggest the adoption of a substitute; or, if you finally decide to decline to take any action to remove our unhappy differences,—in either case, I hereby solicit you, in all kindness, to hand me your candid decision in writing, so that I may perchance embody the whole in my forthcoming volume.

“With fraternal esteem, ever your friend,

“A. J. DAVIS.”

About thirteen weeks after (Friday, April 10, 1885), hav-

ing submitted the foregoing epistle to the *Banner* brethren, and having on that day some business with the publication department, I visited the attractive establishment, which is pleasantly situated on Bosworth Street, and between Boston's two chief historic thoroughfares, known as Tremont and Washington Streets. Immediately after the business interview, and at the cordial suggestion of Mr. Rich, I called upon the well-known editor, Mr. Colby, whom I found comfortably seated in his handsome, orderly, and picture-decorated office, situated three flights above the earth beneath. My reception was as kind as if there had never been any estrangement between us. I observed that his countenance was radiant with hope and faith and charity. The graces of spiritual affection were in the frank, dignified, yet cordial, welcome which he immediately extended to me. After a few friendly words, he said: "I have something which I wrote and printed in the *Banner of Light*, March 7, 1885, and which I now present to you." He thereupon clipped from the printed page the following, entitled "LOVE," which he first fixed in the centre of a sheet of note-paper, and then affixed his full name, and which I now give to my reader:—

"Oh! Love, divinest impulse of the soul!

When heart to heart doth cling forevermore,
Nor time nor space can reach its final goal,—
'T is wafted hence on the immortal shore.

But Love despised doth turn to bitter Hate;
And vengeance swiftly follows in its train;
Then copious tears engulf the eyes too late,
And Sorrow with its victims doth remain.

Love turned to Hate makes Demons in the air!
Death does not conquer venom in their hearts;
On earth they *live*,—abounding everywhere,—
And thus they subtly play their tragic parts.

The grand sum total of our earthly hell
Is Good perverted,—only that,—no more;
And if we mortals did but heed this well,
No Fiends would pass unto the other shore."

I carefully read the stanzas over, and then we conversed concerning their exact truth. "Love" was thus the first arbitrator chosen, and, without the least premeditation, she was nominated by the gentlemanly editor. [Not a word had been uttered, or was afterwards breathed, concerning my proposition of three referees. And yet, without trying, it all came to pass in less than thirty minutes.] My spirit, unthinkingly, nominated "Sincerity" as my advocate and representative; and these two, Love and Sincerity, chose "Truth" to preside over all succeeding questions, differences, and considerations; and without the slightest controversy or conflict during the hour's interview, the end thereof was mutual love and faith and harmony. Dear reader, in any troubles and misunderstandings which you may experience as arising from your relations with others, do not forget the Friendly Board of Arbitration,—LOVE, SINCERITY, TRUTH!

But the events chronicled in the next chapter, it should be remembered, occurred after the estrangement, in 1878, between which and the foregoing reconciliation, there rolled away many years of important experiences. The logical reader, therefore, will now retreat to the situation and explanation given on page 138. My reflections, in view of the then situation, were these: It hath been written, "sin abounded that grace might much more abound." The all-abounding vicissitudes may, according to this rule, be eventually balanced by the all-abounding beatitudes. I shall not hesitate; I shall walk and work on; and I will *wait* the coming of the new era. "It's all fair and lovely overhead," say the people, when the ways are filled with melting snow and mud, "but it is bad enough *under foot*." Beyond the far-stretching valley of shadows — over all storms and destructive tempests — the bright sun shines beamingly, and the calm blue sky spreads boundlessly in all directions.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONFLICTS AND A CRISIS IN OUR HOUSE.

“He setteth the solitary in families. . . . Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.”

My next step led me into the spacious vestibule of a new departure. My path ran straight into the battle-field. “*Put — thy — hand — to — the — plow!*” guardian Galen whispered, while I was one day walking in the country, near Orange Mountain. I obeyed.

On a cold morning in December, 1878, at a private mansion in New York, the first Harmonial Society was organized, before which I delivered the following

SPEECH IN THE VESTIBULE.

“A turning-point has been reached in the affairs of our House. ‘A house divided against itself shall not stand.’ This is the verdict of immutable principles speaking through intuition. In the history of our movement a momentous epoch has arrived. It is time to weigh and consider the ‘corner-stone’ which the builders have ‘rejected.’ At the gateway of a new departure we pause to interrogate, and to listen. Standing here today upon the mountain of countless generations, what do we behold? Amid the mighty harvests of the ages, what voices do we hear? . . . On the one hand, Modern Spiritualism; on the other, Harmonial Philosophy.

“These embodiments are from the same infinite Parents, and in justice they should appear amid the harvest of the centuries as inseparable and eternal *friends*. Were these great ambassadors from the interior universe to humanity united and interlocked as essential mates should be, with one parentage, and with one mission, what consternation would reign throughout the institutions of error and superstition, and what jubilant songs of gladness would fill the homes of freedom, reason, and progress?

“We stand upon the threshold of our House,—which is divided against itself,—and we hear the conflict of misunderstandings and the breaking of interests which precede disintegration. Clustering around Modern Spiritualism and Harmonial Philosophy we observe philanthropists, free thinkers, and spiritually-minded reformers. Two wings of one Dispensation! Both sides have many things in common. Each party would, if it could, rescue mankind from the pit of materialism. Alike, they each welcome the light and beauty of the approaching day of man’s physical, mental, social, and spiritual redemption. They, equally, aspire toward the discovery and establishment of the immutable principles of truth. They mutually believe in the freedom of reason, in the sacredness of personal life, in the practical results of science, in the ministrations of art, in the unbroken progression of the race, in the triumph of life over death, and in the demonstrated immortality of the individual.

“Notwithstanding all this, . . . we hear dire discords in these two great dispensations. If these powerful movements harmonized in their deeds, and if they confined all antagonism to the sphere of words, some glorious ends might be accomplished. But the reverse is the fact, and it is this very fact that constitutes the turning-point, the memorable epoch, before which we now stand — interrogating and listening.

“While harmonizing in essentials, Modern Spiritualism and Harmonial Philosophy directly antagonize in the sphere of public uses. They stand opposed to each other on the adaptation

of 'means to ends.' Like two rival carpenters, or a pair of unfriendly master-masons, they differ widely, and, it would seem, hopelessly, concerning the tools and materials with which they set out to construct humanity's habitations.

"The harmonies and the antagonisms mentioned, together with their causes and effects, can be best seen through a few illustrations: in 1873 the believers in London, Eng., established an organization named 'The British National Association of Spiritualists.' The objects of this movement, as set forth in the amended constitution, three years after it was instituted, embody the substance of the objects and ends sought by all supporters of Modern Spiritualism. They read in substance thus:—

" 'To unite Spiritualists of every variety of opinion . . . with a view to the investigation of the facts of Spiritualism; to further the formation of kindred societies; to aid inquirers in their researches into certain phenomena known as spiritual; to give publicity to the results of such researches; . . . to take such action as may be considered conducive to the promotion of Spiritualism, and the protection of Spiritualists.' And in order to accomplish these objects, the following, among other means, are named: 'A central institution in London, with branches in the provinces and elsewhere; lecture-rooms, libraries, reading-rooms, seance-rooms, and suitable offices, etc. . . . The distribution of publications on spiritualistic subjects; . . . to collect facts respecting Spiritualism; to hold public meetings and lectures; to facilitate the visits of foreign mediums, to keep a register of mediums, and generally to do all such things as may be conducive to attainment of the above objects.'

"Now, here you observe that, in the wisdom and knowledge of the Mother Country, Spiritualism and its mediums are the sole central object and chief concern of the British National Association. . . .

"What is Modern Spiritualism? In substance it stands as a living demonstration (1) that man's entire individuality exists naturally after death; (2) that he can from the higher sphere

either visit the earth in person, or can communicate with approachable persons called mediums ; (3) and that such spiritual intercourse is actually realized, demonstrated, and established. And to philosophically promulgate this truth ; to multiply its benefits ; to ascertain all there is to be known about it ; and to aid all who desire to acquire similar knowledge,—all this is the beginning, the middle, and the end of every association everywhere, which, in its objects, is distinctively spiritualistic. A learned constitution may be drawn up, with a preamble replete with the most noble and self-evident propositions ; and there may be a statement of objects the most philanthropic, the most philosophic, and the most religious, yet a central, vitalizing, all-controlling *fact* very soon appears, namely : that spiritual intercourse in each and all of its manifold phases is the grand *end* of all spiritualistic associate effort. Very soon it becomes clear, with an amazing distinctness, that the first and last, and the all that goes between, of Modern Spiritualism is summed up in the one word ‘manifestation.’ This with all believers, and with all skeptics alike, is the consummation most devoutly to be wished.

“And here Harmonial Philosophy makes its first unmistakable protest. And why? Because its mission is to the interior life of the whole humanity ; to discover and apply the immutable principles of truth ; to develop the true savior of divine love in each human spirit ; to unfold the institutions until they bloom **with the immortal flowers** of will and wisdom ; in a word, its fundamental objects are two : (1) the harmonization of the Individual, and (2) the harmonization of Society ; which, in the perfection of development and realization, would be an answer, and the only possible answer, to all prayers for the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

“The means prescribed by Harmonial Philosophy for the attainment of these ends are : (1) light and strength and encouragement from the culture and growth of the private spirit ; (2) through the discoveries and progression of science ; (3) through the inventions of deep thinkers ; (4) through the inspi-

rations of artists, poets, musicians, and all sincere writers ; and (5) lastly, through the instructions which may be received by mediums, directly, from the hidden fountains of love and light. These sources of life and intelligence are forever hidden from outward gaze ; for they are inmost, within the spiritual universe, in the home of all.

“If we . . . lift our voices against *excessive* cultivation of mediumship, or protest against *too much* expenditure of time, sentiment, health, and money upon circle-holding, and the ever-recurring repetitions of the ‘seance,’ forthwith Modern Spiritualism starts an outcry to this effect: ‘You oppose all mediumship, do you? You do not believe in circles, nor in supporting our mediums,—therefore you are an enemy of Spiritualism.’

“Now, let us reason together.

“Reason is the exponent of Nature ; Nature is the exponent of God. Harmonial Philosophy is the name given to the latest revelation of Nature and Reason. It stands with its loving arms outstretched toward all science, all philosophy, all art, all literature, all inspiration, all truth. ‘He who has science and art,’ says Goethe, ‘has religion ; but he who has not science and art should have religion.’ Experience and observation seem to establish that the religion of Reason, Science, and Art is possible only to the few ; while mysteries and dogmas, marvels and unnaturalisms, fear and superstition, and craven worship, are the inheritance and the wished for religion of earth’s multitudes.

“Mr. Charles Partridge, the founder and financial sustainer of the *Spiritual Telegraph*,—the first issue of which was dated May 8, 1852,—after eight years of investigation and effort, in his Valedictory, in the last number, said: ‘We have been often surprised and sometimes mortified at the folly of Spiritualists in starting and encouraging new papers, some of which seem to have no better basis than a supposed “*thus saith the spirits*” to an unfledged aspirant. Some persons seem to suppose that if they can only get out a paper bearing their name, they will be somebody at once, and that everybody, and all the sensible

spirits, will flock to their standard. Some Spiritualists try to be excessively amiable, and seemingly think it a virtue to always say "yes," even to flatter everybody, and thus to foster illegitimate ambition. Modern Spiritualism has, naturally enough, attracted people who delight in wonder,—in the mere emotions which are excited by the sight of new things. These want to breakfast and dine on miracles, and sleep on beds rocked by spirits. . . . No matter what the paper is, only so that it claims to be devoted to wonder. These epicures of novelty are equally delighted with a new paper as they are with a new fact or idea. Such men do not seek papers to be instructed, but to be excited; and when they have encouraged a new paper into an existence, they abandon it for another that may come into being. . . . Men who have no knowledge or care for Spiritualism beyond the dollars and cents it will bring them—men who never attempt to unfold its truth or defend its claims—have seen this weakness of the people, and have taken advantage of it.'

"Again, that accomplished editor and conscientious thinker, Mr. A. E. Newton, in his 'Parting Words,' in the last issue of the *Spiritual Age*, Feb. 4, 1860, said: 'I retire with the sustaining consciousness of having labored long, earnestly, and honestly, to the extent of my means and abilities, to furnish a spiritualistic journal which should be creditable to the great movement of our day,—which alike in its literary, moral, philosophical, religious, and practically reformatory tone should represent the best phases of this grand revelation. The failure of health and the lack of that substantial co-operation which might have been reasonably anticipated interrupted these labors. . . . It is surely not greatly to the credit of the reputed millions of believers in Modern Spiritualism that no publication devoted to its advocacy has been able to obtain a competent support without resort to extraneous and sometimes questionable aids.'

"All these testimonies show that Harmonial Philosophy utters its protests none too often, nor too emphatically. The

spirit culture of the individual is abandoned for the attractions of the 'seance-room.' The harmonization of society is neglected for the momentary delights of the mediumized circle. Mr. A. E. Newton, in the *Spiritual Age*, 1860, further testifies thus: 'The facts of spirit manifestation, as we have observed them, have proved to us the existence of untruthful, ignorant, immoral, selfish, impure, and *un-spiritual* spirits as clearly as that of spirits pure, wise, and good. We have investigated for ourselves, and have drawn our own conclusions.'

"But far more important is Brother Newton's testimony further on, in the same editorial, as follows: 'There is another class of spirit manifestations, more common than any palpable demonstration of mischief or malice, which yet afford equally conclusive proof that all spirits are not wise, pure, and holy beings. We refer to the deluge of wild vagaries, subtle sophistries, and un-spiritual doctrines — tending to foster self-conceit, intellectual pride, irreverence, uncharitableness, sensuality, and various other works of the flesh — which have been showered upon this mundane sphere through mediums of various classes, and which show their authors to have arrived at no very exalted plane of spirituality. A large proportion of what is known as Spiritualistic literature, including trance discourses and spirit communications, betrays an utter blindness as to the profounder truths of man's interior nature, often accompanied with boastful pretensions of superior wisdom.'

"All this was written and published eighteen years ago. What harvest do we *now* gather? Over all, and as the outcome of all, what is the fruitage? Brother Newton again speaks, in the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 30, 1878. He had been reading a recent volume of mine, entitled *Views of Our Heavenly Home*; and, in a candidly-written and eloquent 'open letter' to the author, said:—

"'But is there not danger that many may be led, by dwelling upon the glowing pictures of life in "the Summer-Land," (if they repose any confidence in your descriptions) to lose all interest in the improvement of earthly conditions, and to spend

their days mainly in useless longing and sighing to be on that ever green shore.

“This tendency to despise earth, and to long to get away from its ills and miseries into an ideal heaven with its pearly gates, and golden streets, and interminable musical entertainments, has been, as you know, one of the objectionable characteristics of certain phases of Christianity. It has led to an indifference to human and societary improvement on earth that has paralyzed all efforts to practically bring the kingdom of heaven to this planet.

“The same tendency, as you are aware, has already shown itself strongly among *Modern Spiritualists*, who to a large extent are far more inclined to spend their time in gathering in “circles” and “seances,” singing “*The Sweet-By-and-Bye*,” and “*We are Waiting at the River*,” with other like dreamy and languid songs, and to straining their ears to catch signals from, or perhaps their eyes to catch glimpses of, supposed dwellers in that far-off land than to engage in any earnest effort tending to either self-improvement or the elevation of human society about them.’

“Listen! Do you not hear the warning protest? It comes from the over-burdened heart, yet hopeful and laborious brain, of a long-time worker and well-wisher in the Spiritualistic vineyard. In the same ‘Open Letter’ this brother gives free expression to his longings for an earthly realization of *some* of the joys and delights which prevail in the superior rooms in the heavenly mansions. He asks: ‘Cannot you and I do something *more* than we have done to persuade and incite men and woman to adopt this heavenly mode of life *right here and now*? Or have you become disheartened in the endeavor?’

“In reply, I ask: Can we count upon the sympathy and assistance, in any public reformatory efforts, from Spiritualists who believe that holding circles, developing mediums, and getting tests and messages from the unseen visitants, constitute the all-in-all of the *claims* of Modern Spiritualism upon them? Would you have me work for the Children’s Progressive Lyceum, for the moral police fraternity, for unitary associa-

tions, and for co-operative homes, against such insurmountable obstacles? My bodily health is valuable to me; so are the peace and progression of my moral and intellectual faculties of great moment to me; for without these, in good condition, I would be poor indeed, and not able to perform a tenth part of the daily duties that lie under my hand. . . .

“The builders have *rejected* the ‘corner-stone.’ It is rejected day by day, whenever a spirit communication is substituted for the intuitive dictates of reason. The corner-stone is ‘rejected’ every time a practical private or public duty is neglected to listen for tests, or whenever an hour is spent fruitlessly in a dark circle, which hour might have been devoted to some needful friend, or spent with a wise book. Verily, a house divided against itself shall not stand!

“Amid all obstacles to human progress, however, we are cheered by the signs of greater intellectual growth, more spiritual freedom even inside the great walls of sectarian Christendom. We take courage, therefore, and sing the songs of gladness and gratitude, when, here and there, we behold the establishment of such associations as the Independent Society of Mr. O. B. Frothingham; the School of Ethical Culture, by Prof. Felix Adler; the Social Science Associations, by both men and women; the Liberal Leagues of the Free Religionists; the great future promises for our Republic as shadowed forth by the Congress of Woman; the universal agitation of the rights and supremacy of Labor; the equally universal trepidation of the proprietors of Capital; the formation of Co-operative organizations for the protection and advancement of whole communities of toiling men and women,—for these, and for the multiplication of spiritualistic meetings and true mediums as well,—we sing the songs of gladness, and breathe forth our deepest prayer of gratitude. Amid all our discouragements, then, and over all obstacles, the New Dispensation breaks into our hearts with its blessings of infinite hope and promise. Humanity is destined to sweep onward through good and through evil—through wars and through justice and peace—

until the marvellous melodies of the Summer-Land mingle with the sympathies and happy music of mankind." *

The war commenced. Our exceedingly industrious and clear-headed Brother Hudson Tuttle opened battle in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. He objected to and deplored all nominal distinctions. And yet he said: "The Harmonial Philosophy has one advantage: its literature is almost, if not quite, exclusively from the pen of one man, A. J. Davis, and it may be appealed to as a whole, while the literature of Spiritualism is formed by contributions from innumerable sources, both spiritual and mortal."

In answer to this I said: There are many writers and teachers of Harmonial Philosophy, on both sides of the Atlantic, who, probably, have never read (and perhaps do not care to read) a single line written by A. J. Davis. Emerson is an illustration. All the best utterances by Alger, Frothingham, Chadwick, Adler, Beecher, Clarke, etc., illustrate the identity of inwrought truth. And ministers and writers, more orthodox than these, teach Spiritualism substantially whenever they treat upon miracles, supernatural occurrences, and angelic guardianship. Thus both Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy obtain expression through minds and lips that externally may be total strangers to most of our literature and special experiences. Therefore I hold that it is erroneous to affirm that either the literature of Spiritualism or of Harmonial Philosophy is confined to certain lines of books and pamphlets.

I insisted that there was nothing alarming to be apprehended from this perihelion. The Sun of Truth will continue to shine. The solar system of ideas will not be thrown upon beam's end. It is firmly built and truly ballasted.

Climaxes, crises, transitions, revolutions, conflicts, diseases of one kind or another are always here or are just coming, and it is intellectual blindness or moral weakness which causes men to look forward to changes "with fear and trembling." Physi-

* Here ended my speech in the vestibule of the House of Conflict.

cal changes and spiritual changes occur every day and every hour in the universe. Sometimes we know of them by science, and sometimes we *feel* them by actual contact with the moving forces; but in every instance the system of nature goes forward—unfolding, expanding, progressing like an epic.

The perihelion of the planets (within the next half dozen years) will not disturb the citizens of the United States equal to the fearful fits and paroxysms of a Presidential election; and the imaginary evils arising from a loss of equilibrium in the solar mechanism will not send as much pain and perturbation through the ranks of Spiritualists as they have already suffered from 'The Conflicts and a Crisis in Our House.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARMONIAL MOVEMENTS AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TEACHINGS.

“ Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream ;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.”

How shall I depict the long, long, dismal, disheartening storm which, after the delivery and publication of my *Conflict in Our House*, came upon me and my future movements? Unhappy dissensions, derision, bitter intimations of apostacy, all rained and poured upon me from once kind-hearted and loving friends.

True, it had all been perfectly foreshadowed and prefigured. But what disheartened me then (and sometimes *even now*) was the discovery underneath, after a whole generation of harmonial teachings, including once beloved and supposed reliable graduates of the Children's Lyceum, a crude and undigested mass of fragmentary intelligence, discordant social and mental habits, superficial friendships, contentious egotisms, all more or less intermingled with some of the most charming graces of character, and with some of the most magnanimous manifestations of mind and heart. To all the foregoing I gladly chronicle some high and noble exceptions.

Leaning upon my Magic Staff one day, while walking in the vicinity of Orange, the heavenly light suddenly burst through the clouds. I saw beyond the valley. I recognized the *inte-*

riors of a few of my personal friends. They would unfailingly come when they heard the calling bugle sounds. The Harmonial Society, organized Dec. 4, 1878, should go into work. I saw it all with an unspeakable joy, and at once I said "Amen!"

Like a flash of lightning this sentence shot into my ear:—

"Cruz magnum! Let it fall . . . you enter the gate beautiful . . . work, yes, work, dear brother Jackson, and all will be well."

I stood still. A moment afterward, while breathlessly listening for more, I heard the voice of (spirit) Selden J. Finney saying:—

"No wonder, my darling Brother, you have felt discouraged, because you have been, as you usually are, surrounded by a group of chronic belchers of condemnation. All you need do is—GO TO WORK. As a palpable *sign* of certain compensation, I promise you that *your beard shall grow.*" *

Pass now over a few weeks of preliminary conferences and business negotiations, and you behold me filling the office of Regular Speaker in Steck Hall, No. 11 East Fourteenth Street, in one of the most vital centres of the striving and thriving city of New York. This was in the autumn of 1879. My congregation was at no time large in numbers, but there were among them enlightened and spiritually rich (as well as materially wealthy) members, and when in the following spring I asked them to sustain a "Chair of Psychological Science and Magnetic Therapeutics" in a liberal medical Institute which had fearlessly consented to the proposition, the Society and congregation at once appointed a committee to consult with Prof. Alexander Wilder, and to announce to him that he had been elected to fill the important station.

* Of a truth I have a remarkable fact to relate which cannot but be interesting to physiologists. While groping about in the valley, waiting in depressive idleness for my work to once more commence (like a strong-bodied farmer in a wintery season waiting for his glad "spring work" to demand his energies)—at such times, and especially at this time, the beard under my chin had entirely ceased to grow. It seemed to *want* slowly from a loss of vitality. Washing and coaxing with purifying stimulants were in vain. But in three days after the message this beard began vigorously to grow. In like manner, my white hair and beard sometimes return to an almost original black.

Before giving to my readers this gentleman's instructive acceptance, I will say in few words that his *insight* into things not often seen by most minds; his acute discernment of ideas, and his terse revelations of profoundest principles; the purity and refinement of his almost abnormally sensitive conscientiousness; his willingness to devote, almost without a dollar, his manly energies freely to promote the highest ends of the largest justice and liberty; his *burning hatred* of all insincerity, of all hypocrisy, of all superficial scholarship, of all *shams* and chicanery wherever found, whether in colleges or churches, in States or in governments; in a word, from the day when first I met this gentleman until this hour, my impression was, and is, he is a typical (or future) American, but destined to be less known than most men of equal eminence, yet certain *never to be forgotten* by the "few" who have partaken of his intellectual and spiritual bread of life.

In response to the Harmonial Committee, the following was received from this distinguished scholar and gentleman:—

THE CHAIR OF MAGNETIC THERAPEUTICS.

"NEWARK, N. J., July 23, 1880.

"GENTLEMEN: Your communication of July 19th, informing me of my election, under your auspices and patronage, to the Chair of Psychological Science and Magnetic Therapeutics in the United States Medical College, has been duly received. I am more grateful than words can express for the good will and confidence displayed, and accept the appointment in accordance with the conditions and stipulations of your letter.

"Of the responsibility and difficulties which are incident I am fully aware. It is the first example, I think, in this country, that can be cited of a medical or scientific institution including Psychological Science, and especially Human Magnetism in its curriculum. The latter, though having an abundant literature, and an antiquity equal to that of Esculapius, has now no seat in the scientific synagogue. Like the Ebionite Lazarus of the Gospel it has been kept at the gate among outcast and fictitious sciences, but like him it will have its metamorphosis and Avatar as a glorified saint at the bosom of Father Abraham himself. Not only seers and prophets, but sages and philosophers have

predicted that this stone which the builders have rejected with arrogance and superciliousness should have its place at the head of the corner.

“Psychological Science needs almost a reconstruction, so far as recent methods are concerned. It has a rank too subordinate, and is circumscribed to a field too purely physical, to allow a proper evolving of the real knowledge. With the endeavor to eliminate God from the universe, and the spirit from man, I have no sympathy. Nor do I accept the notion that all our knowledge must be acquired from our consciousness by a genesis exterior to ourselves. There is a faculty of insight into the world of causes. The mind is older than the body, and has facts, conceptions, and ideas of its own superior mode of existence.

“In this direction the earnest thinkers of our time are eagerly looking. They are also cognizant of the half-known science which should place the Healing Art upon a higher platform. The behest of Macbeth to be able to ‘minister to a mind diseased,’ should be complied with, or physic be thrown to the dogs. Paul and Plato, Swedenborg and Spinoza, Galen and Paracelsus, aye, Kepila and the Kabala, all contemplated this matter as we do, and we do well to consult them.

“To accomplish successfully what this new department and ‘new departure’ require will be glory enough for the most ambitious. I am diffident of my own ability. I have my full share of timidity, if not of incertitude; but I have sufficient love and enthusiasm for the work to attempt it with earnest purpose. I think I am wary of deception, and not without due cautiousness to restrain me from encroaching largely on the domain of fancy. I contemplate the undertaking with a profound sense of awe, and while fully sensitive to the distinction of being the first instructor selected for the post, I am awake to the necessity to be careful, thorough, and wise. The success of this attempt will mark a new epoch in education. I ask, accordingly, your sympathy as well as support. If love for the work, and life-long study can accomplish aught, that much I will contribute.

“Thanking you once more for your confidence, and desirous to be worthy of it, I remain

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER WILDER.”

For cogent reasons, to be given in succeeding chapters, I was moved to become a *student* in this well-established, exemplary

College. I was already a member of its board of Trustees, and one of my most valued acquaintances had become its President. I was not a "dead-head" then or at any time. The following to the end tells its own story:—

"NEW YORK, July 20, 1880.

"Received of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS Eighty Dollars,—
matriculation and lecture fees in United States Medical College, for season of 1880-81.

R. A. GUNN, *Dean*.

.\$80.00."

We, the students, had an exceedingly busy time of it. There were *twelve* earnest, thorough-going, scholarly eclectic Professors to listen to, a full *hour* devoted to each, and to *six* of them daily. And yet we did not believe in *cramming!* We all took notes, and we all tried to *take* the systematic instructions.* In my own particular mind, though at the time I did not divulge the fact, Prof. Wilder's Psychological Chair was the bright particular star in that medical firmament.

Did you ever, as a spectator and auditor, attend this gentleman's classical ministrations? The experience was, in itself, the basis of a superior education.

His hour was first, beginning at nine in the morning. A large-bodied, strongly-built, determined-looking, high-headed *individual*, full six feet perpendicular, with the appearance of a chief magistrate, a rigid school-master, a politician, an author, a popular Professor, and an unapproachable repository of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and other Oriental languages, and with a solid substratum of *real* learning.

I seldom failed hearing him during the three years of my studentship. He came before the expectant class with a look on his sensitive, yet decided and incisive, face which seemed to say: "What will you have this morning? You all have preferences,—what are they?"

It seemed that he had about one thousand covered dishes just under his hand, all heaping full of superior intellectual foods,

* On another page the reader will find the author's final impressions and conclusions.

of which he invited everyone to partake. We kept still and looked on. Suddenly he would lift the cover from a dish,—it might be *politics*, or the last election,—it might be the abominations of *vaccination*, or it might be the annoying lessons emitted from railroad and other *monopolies*,—the medical class, meanwhile, at a loss to understand what all such affairs had to do with Psychological Science and Magnetic Therapeutics.

Presently, he came straight to the subject in continuation of the systematic course. He never was commonplace. He never failed to utter thoughts learned, historic, critical, profound, and emancipating to the human mind. His superb personal, constitutional independence gave him a look of universal *defiance*. He seemed to say: “Ideas are progressive, institutions are stationary. I am a man of ideas; therefore *war is inevitable*.”

In the morning he was, apparently, a chronic *pessimist*. His face looked anxious and discontented; his nose standing out defiantly; his delicate lips wreathed with irony; his eyes keensighted, critical, almost cruel. He forgot *himself* in ideas before midday. Then he freely devoted himself to any susceptible listener, and was not at all concerned as to “where his next meal was coming from,” or whether it should ever come. Pessimism was now on the wane. As to humanity at large, he was “on the fence,” a sort of occultist, until towards evening, when he would become a witty philosopher, overflowing with the brightest and deepest things, and a decided *optimist*,—hopeful, cheering others, and showing plainly that everybody’s life is worth living. At all times, however, in spite of everything, he stood straight up, looking like an apocalyptic angel, a thorough anti-materialist, a scholarly lover of Plato, a fighting soldier for Justice, a reverent believer in God. And woe to anyone who, in the exercise of a similar intellectual independence, openly opposed him upon these cardinal principles. He related an anecdote, *not* as applicable to himself, of a Scotchman who said: “I am open to conviction, but I defy anybody to convince me!”

The succeeding event, deemed of importance in this autobio-

graphical record, occurred early in the balmy month of May. This event, which I give you in full, was the

INCORPORATION OF THE HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.*

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, and the majority being citizens and residents of the State of New York, do hereby associate together to form a corporation under the laws of said State, passed on the 12th day of April, 1848, entitled "An Act for the Incorporation of Benevolent, Charitable, Scientific, and Missionary Societies," and the several acts amendatory thereof and supplementary thereto, and particularly the Act passed by the said Legislature on the 10th day of April and the 11th day of May, 1872, which especially provides for the organization of societies having for their purpose "Mutual improvement in religious knowledge, or the furtherance of religious opinion, or for any two or more combined," with the name and for the purposes hereinafter specified, and in accordance with the aforesaid statutes, do hereby adopt the following

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

I. NAME.—This Association shall be called "The Harmonial Association."

II. OBJECTS.—The objects of this Association in general terms shall be religious and philanthropic, namely: (1) The Harmonization of the Individual, and (2) The Harmonization of Society; in more specific terms, its objects will be to promote the discovery and diffusion of accurate scientific knowledge concerning things spiritual; mutual improvement in ethical principles, and to make practical the pleasant ways of Wisdom; to cultivate love and reverence for pure Truth wherever found; in brief, to encourage the harmonious growth of the individual character—spiritually, intellectually, and socially—to the end that nobler people, juster laws, sweeter homes, better schools, and wiser governments may be secured, and life now and hereafter, be rendered more worthy, noble, and beneficent.

III. METHODS.—The methods of this Association shall include and be manifested in three departments as follows:—

1. The first department shall be known as *The Department of Popular Instruction*, which shall institute and provide for a

* The constitution and by-laws of this Association were written by the author. My friend, William Green, now in the Summer-Land, was a member of the first board of Trustees.

system of public meetings, Sunday lectures or addresses, and may supply such scientific apparatus, illustrative objects and diagrams, as shall properly serve to develop and advance the ends of a higher education among adults; and the executive service of this department may be extended so as to include a school or children's lyceums, wherein object teaching, oral instructions, physical exercises, intellectual and ethical lessons, by means of books or otherwise, and all demonstrated best methods of education, shall be adopted and applied to the true culture and enlightenment of the young.

2. The second department shall be known as *The Department of Publication*, for the printing and production and sale, or free distribution, of books, papers, pamphlets, circulars, and magazines, in accordance with the principles of this Association; and this department may be extended so as to include the manufacture, possession, and use of stereotype plates, engravings, printing presses, and whatever else may be necessary to fulfill the purposes of this department, subject to the control and conditions of the By-Laws.

3. The third department shall be known as *The Department of Benevolence*, which shall from time to time engage in systematic helpful services for humanity, and which may be extended to include active co-operation, as far as practicable, with any properly legalized society or association which aims to advance the industrial, educational, social, intellectual, or ethical interests of mankind.

IV. MANAGEMENT.—The affairs and purposes of this Association shall be transacted and managed by a Board of Trustees, fifteen (15) in number, to be classified and elected as required by law, and in accordance with the authority and restrictions of the By-Laws; and each of the three departments aforesaid shall be under the immediate supervision and management of a Committee which shall be appointed and designated by the Board of Trustees, and be subject to the rules and regulations specified in the By-Laws adopted for the government and permanence of this Association.

5. MEMBERSHIP.—Any person of either sex may become a member of this Association, and shall be eligible to any of its offices, on conditions and in accordance with provisions set forth in the By-Laws; but no definition or expression of belief, no assent to any articles of faith or creed, shall be required as a qualification of membership.

VI. AMENDMENTS.—No amendments of this constitution, or

of these articles of Association, shall be valid except upon their approval and adoption by the full Board of (15) Trustees; and no alterations or modifications shall be considered unless explicit and full notice thereof shall have been duly mailed to each member at least three (3) weeks before the next monthly meeting.

VII. LOCATION.—The headquarters and principal business office, and the place of the meetings of the Association shall be in the City of New York.

VIII. TRUSTEES.—The following-named persons are hereby designated as the Board of Trustees, who are to manage the affairs of this Association for the first year, and until their successors be duly appointed.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
City and County of New York. } s.s.

On this third day of May, 1881, before me personally appeared (naming the Incorporators) to me known, and known to me to be the individuals described in the foregoing Articles of Incorporation, and they severally, before me, signed the said Articles, and severally acknowledged that they signed the same for the purposes therein mentioned.

WILLIAM P. PARKER, Notary Public,
New York County.

L.S.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
New York County. } s.s.

I hereby approve and consent to the filing of the within and preceding certificate, and of the object thereof.

New York, May 3, 1881.

CHARLES DONOHUE,
Justice Supreme Court.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
City and County of New York. } s.s.

I, William A. Butler, Clerk of the said city and county, and Clerk of the Supreme Court of said State for said county, do certify that I have compared the preceding with the original certificate of incorporation of "The Harmonial Association" on file in my office, and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of such original. Endorsed, filed, and recorded 4th of May, 1881, 11 h. 17 m.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed my official seal, this 4th day of May, 1881.

WM. A. BUTLER, Clerk.

* All names of Incorporators and Trustees are omitted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEATH SCENES IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

“Voices sweeping through all time peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth: *Thou livest forever!*”

THE most materialistic quadrupeds on earth grunt and grovel. The most beautiful organisms on earth sing and soar. We are solemnly admonished in the olden scriptures not to scatter our pearls before the first class. We are at the same time told to behold the birds, and to take notice that not a sparrow is permitted to fall outside the infinite bosom of decree. The mudlings *below*, the starlings *above*. Birds prophetically teach the innate attribute of *flight*, to be unfolded in every human spirit. Mudlings, who belong to what Charles Lamb suggestively called the “H. family,” prophetically teach the downward gravitation of gross and materialized bodies. To the bird-minds what I am about to relate will seem naturally true and beautiful; to the mud-minds the same revelations will seem imaginative, unscientific, absurd, impossible. Nevertheless, I shall briefly sketch a death scene which enlisted my entire attention (interiorly) on my first and only visit to one of the hospitals in New York.

All medical students attending colleges in the city are supplied, through the Dean of the Faculty, with tickets of admission to all wards in the various public hospitals, which are under the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections. Hav-

ing this way of extending and multiplying my knowledge of the diseases which overcome poor human nature; and to observe *how* distinguished surgeons scientifically cut the life out of charity patients; and to learn *how* trained nurses handle, and hamper, and humor the wretched victims of poverty and disease; and to ascertain *how* undergraduates experiment, and test new remedies, upon the old and young inmates of the popular Charity establishments,—wherein an eclectic practitioner or a magnetic physician is not admitted to the patients any more than dynamite torpedoes would be acceptable as wedding gifts,—in a word, being a medical student, and having a ticket to the hospitals, I one day girded up my loins, buckled my shoes on tighter than usual, and entered among many others.

My whole soul seemed in an instant to flow toward the prostrated and moaning patients in one of the north wards. My body obediently followed my soul, and my soul induced my spirit to attend.

Interiorly, from where I was by the nurses permitted to sit unmolested, I beheld two death scenes.

In the first volume (page 348) is an illustration of the final transformation. It gives the appearance a few minutes previous to the separation of the spiritual body from the old productive organism. In this volume, however, the intelligent artist has successfully aided me in giving the reader a picture of the *earlier* stages of the wondrous metamorphosis. Wishing to avoid technicalities, and to be as laconic as is possible with clearness of statement, I will begin by describing the first locality and appearance of the emanation.

Death *started* at the very centre of vitality. The great aorta suddenly relinquished its dependence upon the solar plexus. The arterial blood instantly ceased to flow, then, as a consequence, there was a universal stasis of the venous blood. Oxygen fled from the pulmonary receptacles. Hydrogen, carbon, vital electricities, and the imponderables generally, remained in the different parts imprisoned. Instead of the emanations beginning with the tubes anterior to the pons varolii (the nates



SCENE IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

and testés) in the superior cerebral departments,—from which all the *final* emanations invariably ascend and concentrate above, — I observed that the psychical elements commenced from the first moment to escape from the semi-lunar ganglia, and from the great central sympathetic solar plexus.

The four extremities—the hands and arms, the feet and legs—were deserted of vitality simultaneously. The surfaces gave life up *last* in the case of these two dying men. All reductions in temperature were measured and regulated by the flight of oxygen from the lungs. There was, at first, a broad, ribbon-shaped current arising from the epigastrium. As it ascended, it separated, and expanded into a sort of fleecy steam-cloud, about three feet above the bosom, in the air where the effulgent elements assumed the form of an inverted pyramid with a turbinate envelope, which was, by a strong psychical cord, attached to the solar ganglia, a sort of linea alba tube through which flowed, with lightning rapidity and vividness, the indestructible essences that were hastening to take their appropriate positions in the incorruptible body of the spirit.

Before the outline of the immortal head was visible, I observed that the cloud-like appearance of the emanations, as a whole, manifested several remarkable innate movements. There were vertical motions, upward and downward; lateral motions, like an anchored balloon, from side to side; then rotatory or gyrating motions, like a spinning-top immediately before losing its momentum. These various graceful motions completely subsided, and the whole became absolutely still, when the formation had advanced sufficiently to unfold the head and bust.

Previous to the formation of the head and upper portions of the body, it is to be related that the inverted pyramidal cloud gradually assumed an oval shape externally, and, internally, a representation of the perfect ellipse, approximating to a globular form, with a throbbing sun-bright nucleus, which seemed like the germ-cell from which, in a few moments, the miracle would be wrought of an immediate incubation, rapidly resulting in the production of a full-formed and indescribably perfect

angel man ! The 1st stage is the appearance of the linea alba, capped with a tremulous fleecy psychical cloud ; the 2d, a brilliant pyramidal mass, with lily-shaped flames breathing upward and all around from beneath ; 3d, the definite appearance of a bright sun-golden nucleus, within an elliptical or globular mass of inter-attractive emanations ; 4th, a series of most graceful motions up and down, from side to side, and rotatory round and round ; 5th, lastly, after the cessation of the motions, the rapid progressive formation of the entire body celestial.

It was remarkable, the perfect progressiveness manifested in each succeeding stage of development. The two men patients were leaving the earth together, with only a few feet of airy space between ; yet they were as absolutely without consciousness of each other's existence as though they were departing with the earth's entire diameter between them. In reality, there was no self-consciousness in either during the metamorphosis. One was being born (or, in earthly words, one was *dying*) about an hour in advance of the other ; which interesting difference gave me, as a medical student, an opportunity to classify the successive stages of the marvellous process. It does not appropriately become this work to enter into scientific detail. The analogy between natural parturition and spiritual birth is as perfect, in certain progressive particulars, as it is possible for two inherently dissimilar proceedings to imitate and represent one another. At the proper time, and in some more suitable and agreeable place, I hope the reader may behold the reality.

When I turned away from the hospital that day, not having witnessed any of the scientific surgical operations, I felt like one who had seen the stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre.

CHAPTER XXV.

DIAKKA IN THE VALLEY.

“Feeble natures live in their sorrows instead of converting them into experience; they are saturated with them, and they consume themselves by sinking back each day into the misfortunes of the past.”

A TRUE word, although sown in a weedy soil, will eventually be fruitful of its own seed; even so will a true life, if lived in downright sincerity, overcome disease and all hardships, even old death itself. The mainspring of all triumphant progression is hidden in *forgetting*,—in turning, with the inspiration of the day and moment, from the things that are behind,—in pressing strenuously and hopefully on to the things that are before. “To forget,” said Balzac (from whom I have quoted the above motto) “is the great secret of strong and creative minds.” But, after the fierce battle is over, memory will surely return with its baggage-train of reminiscences.

In the lowly psychical valleys, as in the ordinary departments of society, you are subject to visits from various self-seeking characters. They profess with enthusiasm to act exclusively for *your* immediate prosperity. Their true motives they (for a time) ingeniously conceal. There is nothing on earth or in heaven they would not do to promote *your* absolute happiness. They will be even delicately devoted and reverentially subservient. But, take notice! Ten minutes after you have gone from their presence, they either immediately *forget* you, or com-

mence a merciless dissection of your disposition for the delectation of others. These social hypocrites are often inspired by Diakka.*

A traveller on the continent of Europe, accustomed to all the vicissitudes and tribulations of one who is journeying on foot for pleasure, gives a lively account of this species of Diakka devotion to your personal welfare. "After having walked during the day thirty-six miles, there is nothing so delightful as to arrive at a good, clean country inn. There are not half a dozen COUNTRY INNS on the continent, though there are ten thousand inns in the *country*; and at these ten thousand inns, wherever they are upon the line of foreign travellers, you may generally be sure of finding hords of vulgar white-cravated fellows *thrusting upon you* officious civilities and other garçonisms, and, while making a great flourish about you, really do *nothing* to servé you. One seizes your coat, another your bag, and another your umbrella, and all fly off to opposite points of the compass, while *you* are led in a fourth direction by the host. After great difficulty, ringing and running, you finally manage to collect your little stock of travelling articles together, your umbrella being found in No. 4, your bag in No. 30, and your coat in No. 275. If you descend to take a short walk, one of these *polite* gentlemen offers to carry your cane for you to the door, you meanwhile itching to lay it on his back instead of in his hand. When you are prepared to leave, and everything strapped and buckled about you in pedestrian order, these fellows would have you strip again that they may each carry as far as the door some *one* of all the articles you expect to carry thirty miles. You pay your bill, made out *à la mode de Paris*, with a franc for bongie and a franc for service (although you have been in the house but twelve hours), and then fight your way out through the white-cravated *canaille*, who are all grinning, as a mode of expressing their politeness and the gratitude they would feel at being rewarded for it."

* Read the author's pamphlet, entitled *The Diakka, and Their Earthly Victims*

There is something of all this manifestation of interest for you in the higher walks of life. Sometimes it is heartfelt and graceful, and sometimes it is hollow and diakkal. My experience, like the reader's, includes both sides. If one lives high up in life, whence flow "every good and perfect gift," the weepings and wailings of Hades are not heard. Diakka fly low, and they are delighted with the darkest ravines.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MESSAGE FROM A PHILOSOPHER.

“He who seeks to know too much
 Brushes with ruthless touch
 The bloom of fancy from the brier of fact.”

THE following message was psychophonically received Saturday, Sept. 11, 1880, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, from the personality of Immanuel Kant, the renowned German philosopher, who left the earth in 1804:—

At first the room in which I was seemed full of the most exquisite musical sounds, as if many æolian harps were being swept by the gentlest winds.* But presently, being in the spirit (a state the most interior), and thus wholly insensible to the things of sense, I heard plainly a voice:—

“Immanuel Kant!” it said.

Intently I listened without speaking, not even permitting myself to wish anything; thus passively waiting to hear the next words. Time seemed extended to forty or fifty minutes. (Subsequently, I found that only about ten minutes had passed.) Again the voice sounded clearly, like a sweet and plainly-worded whisper, in my inner ear:—

“One hundred years since the publication of my *Criticism of the Pure Reason*.” Another prolonged silence. “It was but yesterday,” he continued. “My faculties then cried: ‘*Licht*,

* An explanation of this method of hearing spirit voices will be found in a future chapter.

mehr licht;' this moment, and forever now, my cry is: *Leben, mehr leben!*'"

A protracted pause and stillness followed this enunciation. So long was the time now extended that I was enabled to make a complete written record of every word and incident so far. Thinking that perhaps his message was finished, I busied myself with the import and validity of what he had already communicated; for, although I had not had a perception (clairvoyantly) of his personal appearance, yet my whole consciousness was pervaded with a profound conviction that the voice proceeded in very truth from the arisen philosopher. All at once my thoughts reverted to the recently held sessions of the philosophers assembled in Concord, Mass. While thus thinking, a curious question arose in me, whether he (Kant) had been aware of the fact of such a school of philosophers, and also whether he would like to communicate a few words relative to his books, and especially in relation to his particular philosophy taught therein. This question, or rather these questions, had no quicker taken definite form than his voice was once more clearly heard in my ear. And exactly, word for word, this is what he said:—

“The categorical imperatives of the understanding promised me to sustain a mathematical science of pure morals. Practical reason I defined to be the intentional perception of the intellect; fixing definitely the sphere and limitation of the subjective and objective, and disclosing the relations cognizable between the infinite and the finite. This mistake was pivotal. For thereby the properties of Pure Reason were reduced to perform logical labors in the lower sphere of the relativities. Degradation resulted (unconsciously) from the intellectual strife to comprehend the scope and govern the immortal powers. Aristotle, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, Berkeley, Descartes, Fichte, Spinoza, Schelling, Hume, Voltaire, *now* fellowship the same thinkable postulates, while they participate with reverend joy in the same necessary illusion in the sphere of the unthinkable. In superior movements an end is made of all analytical æsthetics.

Synthesis is the immortal white flower of all reason. Law and virtue and morals are immanent. Eternal essentials! Argument is transcended by the ever-present consciousness of the absolute. Before personal translation [*i. e.*, death] it is a necessity, hence unavoidable, that vigorous-minded schoolmen should debate affirmatively the seed-laden abstractions of the understanding and the will. Much that is called 'positive' knowledge is *no* knowledge."

After another long silence, during which I busied myself in making careful notes of his every whispered word, a query arose among my thoughts, and at once I resolved to interrogate him, frankly, believing that he could and would hear me as easily, and upon the same psychophonic principle, as I had heard him. Thus I verbally inquired:—

"You mentioned a 'pivotal error' in your philosophical system; now I would ask whether you recall any other 'error' which you would like to acknowledge?"

Immediately, in answer, I heard distinctly worded the following sentences, which concluded the memorable interview:—

"My practical error on earth was the permitted superincumbence of Königsberg. It possessed me like a magic spell, and shut me away from the objective sphere. And there were consequences. Sorrowed and troubled in the drift of my daily life, and manacled like a prisoner by this self-imposed anchorage, my intellectual activities became uncontrollably subjective. Metaphysical subtleties pearl with apparent beauty every shell that lies motionlessly buried in the soft shining sand. I would not repeat this my yet remembered practical error. In every other habit and action of my earthly life I still am content, and ever over it all my cry is heard—'GOD BE PRAISED!'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MYSTIC POWER AS A REMEDIAL FORCE.

“To honor God, to benefit mankind;
 To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
 Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
 And do it all for love, — oh, this is great!
 And he who does this will achieve a name
 Not only great but good.”

THE reader of these chapters, in order to become fully enlightened upon the author's natural remedy for both physical and spiritual debilitation, should now turn to *Magic Staff*, page 204, and read how he entered, through the mystic magnetic gate, into the boundless field of his subsequent illumination. Unless this fundamental fact is fully appreciated, in all its many and various bearings upon subsequent personal development, the reasonableness of what follows may lose much of its intrinsic weight, and thereby engender in the reader's mind unjust conclusions, to the author's disadvantage.

From the beginning of my experience to this hour I have been, in certain seasons of great central ganglionic depletion, *dependent* upon the magnetic impartations of some kindred nature.* That human magnetism which, by adaptation, belongs to me, is penetrating, sustaining, healing, and is a perfect protection against the encroachments of disease.

* An elective affinity, in the fine sense of the term, presides over all successful magnetic treatment. I have been exceedingly careful, by avoiding promiscuous manipulations, not to mix magnetisms.

Inspired with a true perception of this fact, a clear-minded friend, writing dispassionately in my behalf, said: "Jackson is an exceptional person. His fitness to grasp spiritual realities, his exalted power to arise in spirit 'to the great centre of intelligence,—to the positive sphere of thought,—to that focus which treasures up all the knowledge of the human worlds,'—makes him sensitive to a chilling, or discordant, or unhappy influence to an extent undreamed of by the man of the world, or one engaged in the ordinary business of human affairs."

These philosophical remarks, so intrinsically just, apply with equal force to nearly all involuntary *sensitives*, who are now universally denominated "mediums." These exquisitely impressible natures sometimes suffer beyond expression. Instead of being the best-balanced, self-governed, and harmonious characters,—which is what most persons, ignorant of psychical laws, expect to behold in mediums,—they too frequently are the most eccentric, chaotic, discordant, and miserable members of society. In other volumes I have treated upon these facts, and pointed out remedies.

Soon after the departure of my beloved William Green (I had been his only physician for years), in the autumn of 1881, my physical condition, resulting from long-continued occupations as physician, student, writer, and lecturer, demanded immediate and protracted magnetic feeding. Unerringly, as to adaptation, I recognized in Mrs. — the perfect psychical relationship; and, without a moment's hesitation, I placed myself passively and receptively under her helping hands. The result was that, notwithstanding the impoverishment of my vital forces, I was reinforced sufficiently to continue, without losing a day, to perform all the various and serious duties which constantly accumulated under my hand.

In speaking, explanatorily and appreciatively, of this providential aid, Mary wrote to a friend, thus:—

"After three years of almost solitary struggle in the severe toil of building up a new society (The Harmonial Association) in the heart of the great metropolis, the health of the Seer gave

way. I received a message from Angel Fannie (March 26, 1882), saying: 'Mother dear, *Mr. Davis's earthly career will rapidly close forever* UNLESS HIS CENTRAL SOURCES ARE JUSTLY FED AND RE-CREATED'; and she designated our friend, Mrs. —, as one who could by magnetism help restore his wasted vitality. I asked her to take charge of his case; and before long his improved state *showed the wisdom* of the selection."

Concerning Mary's own condition, something should here be related. For many years, owing to physiological readjustments in the sympathetic ganglia, she was hovering near the boundary line which divides the two worlds. Organic weaknesses were associated with cerebral (mental) disturbances. Sometimes better; sometimes worse. There was a fluctuating, constitutional weariness and exhaustion. Succeeding bodily or mental exertions were distressing feelings of utter lassitude and psychical depression. All this made any labor for the children, or at the Sunday meetings in New York, extremely hard for her to bear. And yet she continued to successfully *grandmother* her daughter Fannie's four darlings, and to visit the city every week, which I endeavored, as far as possible, to render serviceable to her for rest and recuperation. In this connection, to make my imperfect description more self-evident, I give the reader an extract from Mary's own pathetic explanation:—

ORANGE, May 29, 1884.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: You are aware that for some years I have been in a declining condition of health. Owing to physical prostration I lost, to a great degree, my natural vivacity and magnetic vitality. In the midst of this low state of the system, the crushing blow came that took from us beloved Fannie, my first-born, and only, and darling, daughter. Her helpless children dumbly appealed to me for protection and care, and summoning what was left of vigor and courage, I undertook to do for them, not what a mother could, but all that I was able. A brother said last summer: 'I don't think it was your duty, Mary.' But I felt that it *was a duty* to take charge of the poor babes (for the eldest of the four was not yet four years old) and assist their heart-broken father in his noble effort to shield and maintain the little family group unbroken. My dear Jackson cheerfully and unselfishly assented to my proposed plan,

and not only so, but strove to encourage and assist in every way possible. Then came the exhaustion of unwonted toil, for the needs of childhood are imperative, and often I sank into deep depression of spirits."

Under these circumstances, situated and incessantly engaged as I was in New York, and finding my appetite steadily failing because I was compelled daily to seek my food and drinks in those dyspepsia-generators called "restaurants," I consulted with our best friend, and with Mary, and we finally resolved to arrange with Mrs. — to take meals in her housekeeping apartments. This plan would permit me to have regular meals and home-cooked food, and to be magnetized when necessary; and it would, at the same time, perfectly relieve Mary of all care of the rooms when visiting the city, and give her that physical leisure, and the mental repose, which she so much needed and deserved.

In all these things, and in all other arrangements and movements, of whatever name or nature, I most solemnly affirm that nothing was ever concealed from or misrepresented to Mary.* I am explicit in all these personal items and adjustments — omitting many trifling and non-essential events — simply to explain the origination of the *germ* of numerous highly-sensational reports which preceded all the legal and other steps which I was providentially (or by guardian spirits) urged and compelled to take in the valley between Mounts Aspiration and Harmony. And here, the important primal fact must be related, — namely, my present existence in this sphere, and the consequent helpfulness I may continue to yield mankind, must be, with gratitude, credited (after acknowledging angelic aid) to Mrs. —'s undeviating watchfulness, cheerful bestowments, and especially to her perfectly congenial, magnetic impartations. *Twice*, within the past thirty-six months, *she saved my life*, and restored me to health.

* My coming biographer will here please take notice that in an envelope, marked "Documentary Evidence" of statements made in the volume entitled *Beyond the Valley*, affidavits and other confirmatory papers will be found.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DESCENT INTO THE HOSPITAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

“When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,
 We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;
 Tossed on the waves with pleasure others see,
 Nor heed their danger while ourselves are free.”

THE deepest ravine in the far-extending valley of wondrous beauty, between Mounts Aspiration and Harmony, is *higher* than the topmost summits of Mounts Use, Justice and Power. To be in the most sequestered and cave-like recess of this beautiful, picturesque, and clear-streamed valley is to be upon an elevation, in relation to the spiritual universe, to which very few among earth's thronging multitudes ever permanently reach. Mount Aspiration is, psychically speaking, wonderful in its summery beauty. There are terraces upon terraces winding spirally up and up into a height of grandeur and magnificence beyond description.

In our symbolism, these terraces and far-winding stretches are appropriately named; and journeying and dwelling upon and beside these terraces are persons who are ruled by what the name signifies. One of the lowest terraces is named *Ambition*, — and what an army of men and women pilgrims! Ambition to become socially or politically distinguished; ambition for great wealth and its manifold advantages; ambition to attain to distinction in marriage, in elegant housekeeping, in multiplying and replenishing in the earth. Another terrace is

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day, I prepared my external affairs to start for the hospital of friendship. Although it was mid-winter, I thought of the future green fields that were under the snow, of the sylvan scenes, the ever-green groves and musical streams which I might find among some of my friends in the suburban villages. To the never-failing friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Gage, of Vine-land, N. J., my first feelings involuntarily turned. But instantly I realized the words, "Not yet, Jackson!" Then forthwith I went to Metuchen, and *into* the whole-hearted country home welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Poole. They perfectly enfolded me in their watchful, eager hospitalities; and I felt that I had found my place. They seemed instinctively to grasp my state of debilitation; and their attentions and bestowments were timely and constant. They seemed also to know that

"My chief desire was void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life;
A country cottage, near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood."

But, although pressed by my friends to visit in other directions, I felt that an extraordinary crisis in my life, "a turn" in my particular life-lane, that had been stretched out so long, would result from the visit which I was so pleasantly prolonging with these sympathetic friends.

Before leaving the city, I had, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, "made my will,"—for, although I had no fore-knowledge or fore-feeling in that direction, I felt that I might, during my retirement, leave my form forever. To the trustees of the Harmonial Association of New York City, I gave all the stereotype plates, engravings, copyrights, etc., of my entire list of works; simply expressing a well-defined wish that all my volumes should be kept in print, in handsome style, and accessible to mankind.

But I did not die; on the contrary, as the succeeding pages will prove, I continued to live.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

“ Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.”

As President of the Harmonial Association, and especially as the Lecturer-in-Chief, it was my duty, even at long range, to keep an eye upon the business at the Trustee meetings, and to engage competent teachers to interest and educate the congregation. Besides, the incessant United States Medical College financial embarrassments, and the legislative exertions to continue legally its existence, demanded a very considerable share of my enfeebled powers of reflection and suggestion.* These affairs necessitated an occasional visit to the city.

In the psychical valley, one day, an idle zephyr played around me. It surprised me at first because it was chilly ! Plants and flowers in my heart's garden trembled and shivered. Suddenly it subsided. At another time the zephyr increased to a persistent cold wind. But yet, in the hospital of friendship, all was calm. Internally, a ruder blast swayed some of the loftiest trees in the garden of life. The prophetic tempests thundered along the mountains. Blasts of sudden rage, filled with lightnings and sounds of distant earthquakes, startled me from my tranquility. The atmosphere turned black with tempestial

* In a future chapter will be found a synopsis of our efforts.

clouds of dust. I rose up in some alarm; I walked the floor; I glanced at the gentle hostess who was deeply immersed in writing her comfort-laden contributions; I contemplated the face of mine host who had just entered the room; no one seemed to know anything of the psychical storm that was then and there raging frightfully around me; but as sudden as it came, it had gone,—then, by an unmistakable sensation upon my neck and shoulders, I comprehended the fact that the artful Diakka had just performed an act upon the subjective stage. We now pass over three weeks.

An important and universally instructive psychophonic message now came from

DAUGHTER FANNIE TO MOTHER MARY.

About five o'clock Sunday morning, January 13, 1884, suddenly I found myself in the spontaneous exercise of the telescopic clairvoyant vision. The Summer-Land was visible far away over the interstellar sea, and upon this, the earth side, in a grove-like retreat, I saw the well-known, symmetrical form and bright face of Mary's daughter, Fannie. Her eyes were looking *this way*. Near and about her was visible a group of persons of both sexes. Only two of them I recognized. One was the beaming countenance of Gerrit Smith; the other, the kind face of Mary's sister, Eliza Pettengill;* both, like the others, looked beautiful and happy.

Suddenly the vision ended. Immediately, however, my spirit's *hearing* was perfectly opened, and immediately I heard spirit Fannie's voice! Her eloquent words, slowly and distinctly spoken, came slipping down through the aerial spaces, and the following, addressed to me, was then received:—

“My mother darling is covered and concealed away from us; she lives within the cohesive material circlets of the senses; and like every other on earth, she is enclosed and removed from us by the enveloping garments of circumstances. Yet, how happy

* Readers of the *Magic Staff* will recall my first visit to this then prejudiced Eliza.

am I that *my* love for her is not weakened or thwarted by these many-folded coverings. But in another respect I am not made happy; because my willing-power, which is prayerful to touch her, and to lift her, in her seasons of weary toil and tears, cannot penetrate walls so cemented. Mother is, therefore, often left in her sad feelings without so much as the least remedial evidence of our will to give her strength. . . . *All this with her is about to end!*"

Parenthetically, I here remind the reader that my bodily state was debilitated, so that the spirit hearing could not go on long at a time. The dots mean these lapses; the intervals in her message. She would cease briefly, then resume.

"Arrived at the end of a journey," she now continued, "each mind is prone to recall vividly what it did, or omitted to do, before or when its possessor set out. Individuals to the number of millions, after reaching this loved and lofty life over the dividing space, consume the joy of *private* life by mournfully thinking over what they might have accomplished, or what they feel they should have done, for the sake of justice, or to secure others' happiness before retiring from their lowly bodies and homes. These urgent reflections, inspired by memory, often trifling in themselves, delay the flow of the lifting tide in lives both earnest and honest."

Here, again, her words ceased to flow. Naturally, I began mentally questioning *what* she could possibly mean by these singular remarks. Nothing came, however, until about the same hour on the following morning (Monday), when, all at once, I started awake with my spirit hearing opened.

"The hour is speeding," she said; "it is not distant, and will surely strike, when beloved mother and I will stand together *here*."*

Forty-eight hours after the above was received, at about the same hour Wednesday morning, the spirit daughter spoke again. Mentally, I was filled with questionings concerning what she had already delivered. She thus resumed:—

The next paragraph, which I omit, was explicit in practical details, of the utmost interest to her mother, but perfectly personal.

“Beautiful morning is breaking, my fondly-cherished mother!” . . . (A prolonged silence.) . . . “All lower life looks little when the whole tale is told. Rich feelings of gratitude have warmed me, dear mother, because of the purifications you have made to *come to me!* Day by day, but more often at night, you have felt yourself approaching nearer and nearer to *me*,—merging your whole self into this grander, wider, purer life. You have been blossoming to your own beautiful place *with me* in these radiant gardens,—beneath unnumbered suns shining in the far-away upper firmament,—harmonious with unceasing streams of living beauty from abounding solar sources,—melodious with the sacred music which is forever sounding through the realm from the morning stars. Yes, fondly-loved mother mine, you are daily speeding away from earth,—*coming to me*. Look, look this way!”

(Another brief intermission.) She then continued :—

“In the hour that is coming, not distant, mother, you will lock your senses in Sleep’s sable-curtained temple,—descend tranquilly into the still vale of dreamless slumber,—from which, with the kindling glory of sunrise, you will ascend into this higher, happier life WITH ME. Earth-born trials will visit you no more.” . . .

(After a short interval, she added these words) :—

“Arrived and warmed and re-created within this sphere of unbounded Love, mother darling, you will, for the *first* time in your history, understand what is meant by the words ‘perfect happiness.’ An imperishable joy will flow out to meet you, and to nourish you, from the beauty and perfume of these countless, fadeless flowers. This inly feeding, this lovely sweet joy, will shine into your deepest bosom from the splendors of far-off suns,—will flow into your heart from the shoreless seas of peopled stars, which adorn our unfathomable and boundless skies.

“Come to me, mother,—*come!* and you will see that all needed service can be more effectively rendered by us, the larger family, meanwhile, receiving our commingled love and our combined ministrations. Far above the carressing winds *I will come for you*,—watching with unfaltering affection,—welcoming you to the loveliest fulfillment of your life’s prophecies,—praying for the hour to strike,—LONGING TO EMBRACE YOU!”

After the above was received, I every day hoped for a few additional words in regard to the *duration* of my own life on earth. "Can I hear from you again *soon*?" was continually in my thoughts. In reply, at about six o'clock Wednesday morning (Jan. 23d), these words arrived:—

"*Not until after mother comes.*"

And nothing more. Therefore I concluded that it may be months — perhaps many years — before she and I exchanged another word; thus reminding me of many another friend, now living in the other world, who maintains a long silence after imparting a few messages. But my belief is that all these things spiritual are governed by a wisdom superior to any selfish longings of unwise human nature.

As soon as possible, after waiting until Jan. 23d for additional tidings, I copied the foregoing, and mailed it to Mary. But I first wrote her that I knew, from long experience with minds who live amid the beautiful and divine realities of the superior universe, that it is absolutely impossible for anyone there to definitely tell "the day and the hour" when this human body will be given up to "Death." I assured her that what Fannie spiritually *felt* was "soon" might really be *many years hence*. Spirit cannot feel and measure "time" according to earthly standards. With this explanation the reader will understand the following appreciative reply from her pen:—

"MY DEAR JACKSON:

"ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 25, 1884.

"It is with feelings of deep thankfulness and sacred joy that I have read and re-read Angel Fannie's message to her mother. It is a beautiful, holy poem, uplifting and harmonizing to the spirit! Instead of feeling saddened by her assurance that I am soon to leave this world, I am filled with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I only hope and pray that it *may not be delayed*, — that *very soon* may come my reunion with *her*, and my entrance into the Beautiful Land, where, as she says: 'This *inly* feeding, this lovely, sweet JOY, will shine into your deepest bosom from the splendors of far-off suns,— will flow into your heart from the sea of peopled stars which adorn our unfathomable skies.' With this vista revealed to me of the home to

which I am going, I can only say, as did the poetess, Mrs. Browning, when passing away: 'It is beautiful!'

"You ask if my bodily health is not *much better*, that fact giving me surprise at darling Fannie's prophecy. I am accustomed to say, and try to feel, that I am better, but many times I am made aware that my power of endurance is very limited; and the excessive weakness of the *viscera*, the strange throbbing of my heart, the pain and soreness in the back of the neck and down the shoulders, and the metallic ringing in my ears, continue unabated. Still I *know* of nothing that might cause my sudden departure; but, oh, I *hope*, with a longing unspeakable, that the transition which Angel Fannie so beautifully describes may be *near at hand*. When in Washington, D. C., I saw a poem, in which 'Death' says:—

"Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill, before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.'

And in your inspired discourse on the 'Philosophy of Death,' you say: 'It is the fair stranger which conducts the immortal soul to more glorious scenes and harmonious societies.'"

The objection has been urged by certain not over-intellectual opponents of modern spiritual revelations — which revealments rob death of its terrors, and the grave of its victory — that many weak-minded persons would find abundant motives for suicide, and that others would become indifferent to the great duties and interests of this world, and devote themselves to a life of aimless thinking and dreaming. But well-balanced minds see broadly and more comprehensively into the constitution of human nature. Such see that no truth is dangerous; that no error is safe. These minds perceive that the most cheering view of death is an additional joy to the possession of the life that now is; they rejoice when the mystery of death is removed; they do not surrender themselves to idleness, and do not adopt a life of vain imaginings.

The constitution of man is built upon the principles of perfect wisdom. Swedenborg, Jacob Böhme, the beloved John (on the Isle of Patmos), Pythagoras, Mahomet,— did not these

minds *know* of the ineffable attractions of the spiritual universe? Did not Paul victoriously extract death's stinger, and pluck the flower of life from the marble heart of the grave? Were these commanding natures wrecked by their transcendent discoveries? "O ye of little faith!" The truth shall make you free; no error can.

Within man's present constitution is a preponderating attraction earthward and outward. The most sublime disclosures of celestial scenes and enjoyments cannot counteract this wise and legitimate lower-world gravitation, which is the lode-stone or ballast that is inseparable from the plan and purposes of the present rudimental existence. Consequently, most human minds are, like trees, firmly rooted in the material elements. Their heads are above the earth, and in the air,—their limbs stretch freely into the enveloping atmosphere, and the winged songsters alight, and make music among the branches,—but their hold upon the earth is deep and strong, for their roots spread out, and ramify, and intertwine with the solid matter of which the world itself is made. Thus the interests of mankind are naturally imbedded and anchored in lands, in houses, in families, in friends, in great mills, in commerce, in merchandise, in the multiplied facilities of civilization, in the forms of government, in the machinery of courts, in the schemes and hopes of religion. And no sublime revelations of a spiritual universe can invalidate these substantial interests in the hearts of honest earth dwellers. These powerful interests blind men's minds to the spiritual, so that they are constant *doubters*; and, therefore, they fear to trust themselves to sail out upon an unknown sea. Hence, to all such, death naturally remains "a terror," and the vast, incomprehended realm Beyond the Valley is naturally "a dread" in the thoughts of earth's teeming millions. But to all who have an intuitive perception of the truth, and to the happy possessors of these modern evidences of immortal life, how unspeakably sublime, and consoling, and inspiring, is this familiar intercourse between the two worlds!

CHAPTER XXX.

OPENING AND USE OF THE SPIRITUAL SENSES.

“The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward *in the night.*”

IN volumes already before the world, which are familiar to thousands of fair-minded thinkers, the approaches to and the phenomena of clairvoyance and clairaudience I have carefully and consecutively described. Readers of Swedenborg, also, although unhappily imprisoned by their sacred hero-worship, have some knowledge of these interior senses. According to Prof. Wilder's translations, the old-time author Iamblicus was full of illumination concerning themes spiritual, and thus imparted definite information upon this occult reality. Many ancient Sybils, Prophets, Dream-readers, Seers, Poets, Magi, illustrated the opening and use of the spiritual senses.

Instead of using the French term *clairvoyance*, where the superior mental faculties are exalted and correspondingly illuminated, I have long called the state “The Superior Condition”; and, instead of using the American word *clairaudience*, which was manufactured from the raw material of the French term, I have more recently employed the phrase “Psychophonic” (*soul-sound*) as scientifically and descriptively appropriate.

Inasmuch as the physical ear is a materialization, so to speak, of the interior spiritual ear, and as the external eye is but an

outer form of organization evolved from the interior spiritual eye; so the experiences appropriate to the two-fold special senses, external and internal, correspond to the realm within which the exercise of the sense is natural and legitimate. Therefore, spiritual things are spiritually discerned; and material things are materially discerned; for there is no possibility of substituting one for the other; although it is true that, temporarily and invertedly, the superior senses can be used to *see* and to *hear* what is external and inferior.

The opening of the spiritual senses is preceded by the rapid closing in of *night* around the external consciousness. The bodily senses are deserted. The temple is without light. Suddenly, stirred by the consciousness of the presence of a new universe, you feel yourself awakening and unfolding in the earliest dawn of a new morning.

It is amazing that receivers of the Bible do not universally comprehend and believe in these great gifts of the spirit. And yet they will read: "Lo, the heavens were opened *unto him*, and he *saw* the spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting *upon him*; and lo, *a voice from heaven*, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."* If now, my patient reader will turn to the artistic illustration in this chapter, the scene is for him truly embodied: 1st, The heavens are "opened." 2d, The celestial light is "descending." 3d, And the recipient hears "a voice from heaven."

Again, let us reverently listen to the Bible believer, as he undoubtingly reads: "And it came to pass, when ye *heard the voice* out of the midst of the darkness (for the mountain did burn with fire) that ye came near unto me. . . . Who is there of all flesh that hath *heard the voice* of the living God, as *we have*, and lived?" † Other passages ‡ teach the same experience in human nature: "But he . . . looked up steadfastly

* Matt. iii. 17. If this statement is true (I believe it is), then it follows that the recipient's spiritual senses were opened and in use. He *saw*; he *felt*; he *heard*. And he only!

† Deut. chap. v. 23-6, *et seq.*

‡ See Acts, chap. vii, 5; also chapter ix.



RECEIVING A PSYCHOPHONIC MESSAGE.

[with a *fixed gaze*] into heaven [‘heaven’ means above or over your head], and *saw* the glory [*i. e.*, the brightness] of God,” and next he “*saw*” a man “*standing* on the right hand of God.” [God, or Lord, was the name the seers gave in those days to the celestial being they saw, having great personal splendor, beauty, majesty, and power.] Then he said: “Behold, *I see the heavens opened.*” Further on, as he journeyed toward Damascus: “Suddenly there shined around him *a light from heaven . . .* and the Lord said unto him, A rise, and go into the city, and it shall be *told thee* what thou must do.”

These psychophonic and clairvoyant examples are plain as the midday sun. Another instance is equally striking: “The king of Syria warred against Israel,” and he instructed his officers to establish his camp “in such and such a place.” But the King of Israel had a spiritual *seer* and a spiritual *hearer* with him, and was thereby kept informed of all movements of the enemy. “The heart of the King of Syria was sore troubled for this thing.” So he called his servants together to find out which one was the traitor. “And one of his servants said: None, my lord. Oh! king, but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, *telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber.*” *

These innate spiritual attributes attest the immortal nature of the human spirit. How many times, during my various ordeals, have I *overheard*, although in far-distant cities, the exact *words*, and read the most private *thoughts* of men and women! Elisha was not an impostor; he actually *saw* and *heard*. Did not the inspired Lord Byron give voice to this interior truth?

“Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, *and a soul*
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me *watchful!*”

* This instance of ancient psychophonic hearing is recorded in 2 Kings, chap. vi.

The poet, when he is a poet, is spiritually exalted. He is ensphered in a realm that is *unknown* to the materialist. A grand joy swells his inmost bosom. He rises into the solar universe of thought. Sunlight, from a sun not seen by mortal eyes, illumines and enriches and spiritualizes everything. Thus, listening to the sounds of storms, and to the answering echoes of great mountains, he says : —

“ The far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what *in me is sleepless.*”

From what has been written, I trust the reader is sufficiently enlightened concerning this marvellous arcanum of the human spirit. The pictorial embellishments in this volume diminish greatly my labor of writing descriptive details. Only two facts remain to be added. One is that the *linea alba* (or white line) which connects the communicator with the communicant is a kind of celestial electricity. It is positive in the mind of the spirit (above) and is negatively attached to the mind of the receiver (below) ; and, besides, there is a reverse current line, which is positive in the mind (below) and is negative in the mind (above) ; so that, as by the facilities of an induction conducting current, the transmission either way of questions and answers, is delightfully practicable. Another thing is : when the celestial electric current is despatched to some susceptible person on earth, the *first feeling* on its arrival is that of a cool, penetrative, awakening *breathing*, which seems instantly to annihilate the cranium, entering into the inmost recesses, and exposing the brain surface, so to say, to the boundless ocean of the heavenly infinitude.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IMPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS ON RECEIVING MY DIPLOMA.

“What I do n’t see
Do n’t trouble me;
And what I see
Might trouble me
Did I not know
That *it must be so!*”

THE mixed month of March,—which is the cold end of the bridge between the frozen seas of winter and the solar fires of summer,—so far back as I can distinctly remember anything, has been annually, in my history, a sort of Bunker Hill, including the monumental shaft with all its sermons in stones, and memorable lessons in everything. What astrologer, by interrogating the stellar worlds, can yield me a starry explanation? On the 7th of March, 1843, my initial vision was inaugurated, which prefigured my life-work, and foreshadowed its accompanying experiences. If the reader can recollect, it will be found that in all my volumes, including this one, my own special pivotal crises, either light or dark, good or evil, have occurred in the mongrel, and blustering, and face-cutting month of March. In March, 1883, the honored President of the United States Medical College, in the city of New York, presented to each of the graduating class a legal diploma, certifying that the recipient, having attended the full time required by law, and having received the votes of the Faculty and Trustees, is qualified and authorized, both by law and a thorough education, to

enter upon the practice of medicine. This being *the* marked event in the student's life,—the day of his or her entering upon the threshold of a professional career,—the time is customarily called "Commencement Day." On the evening of that day the author also received two diplomas (for which he had attended and fulfilled conditions), one a "Doctor of Medicine"; the other a "Doctor of Anthropology." The last-named degree is designated by affixing the letters A. D., while the signs for doctor of medicine are "familiar as household words." *

Impressions concerning the nomenclature of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Materia Medica, Obstetrics, Surgery, and other branches of essential study, are that, in this late day, in human history the continued employment of Greek and Latin terms, although etymologically legitimate for the most part, are nevertheless as much out of place in this epoch as Greek, and Roman, and Mediæval methods of agriculture would be absurd upon the harvest fields of modern civilization. The foreign terms naturally resist domestication. Ignorant minds fancy that the royal and magnificent *clothing*, in high-sounding words, of their diseases and remedies is equivalent to absolute wisdom. A learned medical man, therefore, when measured by the standard of popular ignorance, is an agreeable man who can, with charming ease and grace of tongue, ornament some disgusting pet disease with Greek and Latin, and who can smilingly write a prescription clothed with unreadable professional abbreviations known only to the astute dispensing pharmacist.

Co-education, a class composed of both sexes, is true education. About one-third of our classes consisted of young and middle-aged women. About themselves, physiologically, women have always, till now, persistently hidden under the sweet flowers of helpless yet ornamental ignorance. The following is a woman's free criticism upon her own sex:—

"It is well for womankind that the old age of chivalry has

* In a coming chapter the reader may learn the *legal contest* we experienced in order to triumph over the Allopathic Goths who tried to render our diplomas worthless.

gone by, with its battle-axes, and tournaments, and wandering knights, and bloody encounters in search of conquest or of gain. The women of that time had to be sturdy, well-built heroines, ready at a moment's notice to command a beleaguered castle, or to share the changeful fortunes of a soldier's life. The chances of war no longer bring us to such straits of endurance, nor call for such manly exhibitions of prowess or of toil. Think what our slender, delicate, weak-framed darlings, with adipose tissue instead of brawn, and nerve-force instead of good, honest, muscle, would do if placed in the desperate plight of the women of Weinsberg, when the victorious Conrad allowed them to leave their captured town, bearing with them whatever treasure was most precious. From the Duchess down to the cook maid, every woman passed the gates in light marching order, with husband, or lover, or son, astride her broad back, and stepped out as easily as would one of her degenerate modern sisters burdened with a hand-valise or a shawl-strap. What a show we would make under the same circumstances, with our narrow shoulders, and small waists, and lank arms, from which generations of disease have nearly obliterated both biceps and triceps? (You do n't know what those names mean? Then open your physiology and find out.) Imagine how much chance we would have to show courage and constancy in a similar predicament. I'm not sure but that in our zeal for strong-mindedness we have too entirely forgotten what strong-bodiedness might mean for us; not the body of the pugilist or the field-laborer, but the active, lithe, cultivated strength of firm tissue and good blood; the alert, powerful action of trained sinews and firm nerves. Not the insipid mass of infirm organs which goes to make up so many women nowadays. I remember an engraving taken from the picture commemorating this famous episode of the Middle Ages. Out through the open gates comes the Chatelaine of the castle, proud, erect, calm, and as scornful as Zenobia treading the streets of Rome; her fine, massive figure is as beautiful in its lines as a Greek statue or one of those early Saxon heroines, Beringeria or Brunhilde, whose frame seems as large and strong

as the imperious soul it carried. Behind her came thronging the women of the city, each one stalwart and straight under the tremendous burden she carries, and each one evidently as proud of her load as is her noble mistress. Good heavens! if they had worn tight sleeves, and humped shoulders, and eighteen-inch corsets, and paniers, and high-heeled, pointed-toe boots, what a romantic interest would have been lost to history forever; for they could no more have shouldered their burdens than you or I could move Bunker Hill Monument.”

Students, often, are a doubtful quantity of agglomerated capacities and motives. In some instances, the young man expects that a medical-college education can *make* of him a physician. But the truth is otherwise. If he is not by mind and temperament and intuitive inclination “a natural physician,” he had better not try (except simply for the pleasure of *knowing*); for he will surely, in practice, *fail* when the time comes for him to suspend his diploma within, and his sign upon the outer wall.

After a three years' incessant, honest, devoted drill, I commend to you the unconditional acceptance of the *Philosophy of Disease*, as set forth in Vol. I., *Great Harmonia*. I fully accept, as thoroughly true, the spiritual origin (*i. e.*, the soul or psychical beginning) of all organic, functional, superficial, or deep-seated diseases known to the human physical constitution. Wherefore, in my Thesis, which I handed in before “Commencement Day,” I gave an outline of the Harmonial Philosophy on the subject, under the title of

“THE REALITY OF IMAGINARY DISEASES.”

I commenced by saying, what I suppose will be universally conceded, that there is a large family of physical imperfections, derangements, and sufferings which arise exclusively from mechanical and chemical causes; such, for example, as malformations, which may originate from either deficiency or redundancy of tissue in development; and all other disorders which result from injuries, wounds, fractures, dislocations, to which

every part of the body is more or less liable, in this extremely rudimental world. These exceptions being granted, I affirm that, strictly speaking, *there are no imaginary diseases*. (I am on the point, here, of saying, also, that *all diseases are imaginary*; that is, but for the existence of mind, and its psychical potencies, diseases would be unknown, because impossible.)

First, then, what is imagination? It is the master-artist of man's mental organization. It is the innate genius or creator, the image-maker, the generator. It comes up and up, from the fountain of Feeling, and descends equally from the sources and throne of Will. It transforms dead clouds into living pictures, and out of lifeless marble it carves statues instinct with beauty. From dismal death it evolves life and the prophecies of immortality. Deprived of this creative intellectual power, man could not *think*; could not form a picture, or living image, in his mind of anything. He would be limited, without it, to the enslaving sphere of the special bodily senses. Abstract reasonings and metaphysical contemplations would be impossible. Memory would no longer serve as storekeeper and treasurer of educational acquirements. The very foundations of civilization — the arts, the sciences, discoveries, inventions, and all philosophical and speculative research — would crumble into nothingness. All happiness and all misery would vanish forever were they not originated and nourished by the supporting presence and enkindling influence of what is known as "Imagination."

In the realm of disease, especially, the imagination is equally a *real* potency of cure as well as a productive cause of all derangements. A memorandum left by a distinguished German physician, who recently died, contained, among other things, his conscientious conclusion, acquired during a large and successful practice of over forty years, that at least *one-third* of all bodily ills, for which he had prescribed medicines, were "purely imaginary"; and from very careful observation and experiment he was assured, beyond doubt, that it was dangerous to his patients to say anything that would disturb "the illusion, or delusion," as the case might be.

A London, Eng., physician, having acquired enough money to afford to tell the truth, said: "Almost every family in the land has some death-stricken member condemned of the doctors, and living, if not in a spiritual sense, bodily, through fear of death, in bondage, with such overshadowing of life by death as is caused by the perpetual consciousness of suffering under or being affected with 'incurable' disease. As a matter of fact, the proportion of persons afflicted with mortal maladies who contrive to live to a considerable old age is considerable. Nevertheless they are for the most part very miserable, and their lives are wondrously tremulous and feeble, not because there is *any real cause* for the persistent depression under which they labor, but simply because they are, or believe themselves to be, — since they have been so informed,— death-stricken, bearing always in their bodies some organic disease which must ultimately kill them. Long and careful observation of what are called 'diseased lives' had led me to the conclusion that, eliminating the depressing and morbid influence of that self-consciousness which is bred of a condemned or suspected life, *a man is just as well as he feels*, taking the average of a sufficient period to cover the cycle of an average mode of existence. Most lives, however monotonous they may be, are marked by a certain rhythmical succession of 'ups and downs.' Take the mean of these, and that will be the standard and base of probabilities as regards the reasonable 'expectancy' of life, let what will be matter with the individual. Disease kills more victims through the mind than by the body."

The great sympathetic or vital system of nerves — not the cerebro-spinal organization — rests *at the very basis* of all physical existence and continued being. The productive energies of all individualization, of all growth, all health, and of all maturity of structure and function, originate in and are perpetuated by this fountain source. This wonderful nervous system excites the admiration and wonder of all psychological investigators. Its inmost centres are exceedingly wealthy in the cell-forms of matter, which generate all the vital forces, and which, in our

philosophy, in totality is called **THE SOUL**. The great primal mysteries of personal bodily existence are hidden within the semi-lunar ganglia and the solar plexus. The numberless cysts of gray matter send out fibres of power to accompany the arteries everywhere. In pre-natal, as well as in post-natal, life, the system of gray ganglionic matter is first and last in the phenomena of organism. It envelops the brain,—covers the white fibrous matter like a mantle,—is at the heart of every sense,—within, and frequently even enfolds every arc in the nerve-system of the spine cord, and especially is ever present and vigilant in every essential centre in the cerebrum and cerebellum. White nerve-matter is inseparable from the formation of the cerebro-spinal organs; and this matter is also inseparable from the discharge of all the functions of sensation and motion, intellection and volition. But in the vast region of involuntary automatic organic motion, life, and sensibility,—in the origination and perpetuation of the phenomena of vitality, digestion, absorption, nutrition, growth, reproduction,—the sympathetic system is *fundamental*, is essential, is primary, and, at the same time, it is the all-comprehending ultimate.

In the potencies of this gray-matter organism we find the spermatic beginnings of all life. All inheritances of health or disease ride in upon the principles of this essential system. These principles are psychical, as I have said, and they clothe themselves legitimately in passing from parent to offspring. What was purely imaginary in the progenitor becomes (or is liable to become) solid *reality* in the succeeding generation. A bad mental feeling in the parent may be organized and manifested as a corporeal disease in the child.

It is not necessary in this volume to describe in detail the sensorium, and to exhibit the offices of its divisions in order to demonstrate my leading proposition. Every nerve-cell, also every molecule which enters into the formation of a cell, is a battery for the generation of vital force. Every cell is multipolar. Two nerves, the afferent (going to) and the efferent (going from) complete the arc of each generative cell

of vitality. "Sensation" moves from without inward, and "motion" moves from within outward. Each force has a private conductor of its own; thus each cell has a duality of function.

Now it is accepted, at present at least, by physiologists, that the optic thalli constitute the governing seat of all sensibility; and that the corpora straita are the centre of all voluntary or willful motion. There are also, within the sensorium, the ganglia of registration. They store away, and lock up, sensations; and they concoct and evolve resolutions; and they make plans (in our thoughts) for future use and realization. Thus they can and do accumulate and concentrate the causes and the dynamics of both health and disease.

Imagination is a term erroneously used to characterize one phase of this function of the registering ganglia. The highest and most perfect combination of all cellular and ganglionic systems is the BRAIN. While this compound of all cell-and-ganglionic structures presides over the special senses, and over the sensory and motory nerves, at the same time the wonderful plexuses and ganglia of the Sympathetic System preside over the viscera, the stomach, heart, lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, bowels, and particularly over all the organs of reproduction. All these organs and their appropriate functions depend night and day—every moment between conception and birth and death—upon the perpetual and faithful performance of the psychical forces within the Sympathetic System. The automatic psychical forces are more intelligent, are inherently wiser, are more endowed with, and obedient to, the laws and conditions of existence than is the supreme brain itself with its perfectly dependent nervous system.

Feelings originate in the *bosom*, not in the brain. Love sweetens; hate embitters. A paroxysm of passion will derange digestion,—engender disease among the hepatic functions,—excite the heart dangerously,—overwhelm, sometimes completely overthrow, the cerebral centre of sensibility and volition. *Anger*, nothing but a feeling, poisons the mother's milk. The

germs of disease at once flow into her nursing child. Passions and appetites — or a low, torpid state of the intellectual and cerebral powers — are equally potent for disorder. They are energetic in producing, organizing, imparting, multiplying, and perpetuating disease. Ignorance is a form of disease. Superstition, another name for ignorance in religion, impairs the blood, and it is certain to beget some *physical* disorders in the next generation. Insanity, murder, arson, suicide,—like anger, and jealousy, and fear, and hate,—are the names of mental disorders and *effects* which, in the succeeding generation (from parents thus diseased), become the causes of physical and functional derangements. And thus Imagination, being a psychological force, is a formidable cause of material discords and misery. 'We must go *behind* the scenes — prior to the existence of physical organs — to find the generative causes.

Structures may not be changed, neither deformed nor transformed by disease which is confined to the brain and nerves. Because the psychical force *itself* is diseased, and *not* the ganglia and nerve-conductors, through which those forces operate. Guiteau's brain, for example, was found unimpaired, weighing forty-nine and a half ounces, thus giving no evidence of his manifest "insanity." But from size and weight of his brain (according to received theories) his mind should have displayed extraordinary strength and intellectual grasp. But this was not the fact. Gambetta's brain, as example to the contrary, was considerably *below* the average in size and weight,—being only thirty-nine ounces,—and yet his mind and nervous organism demonstrated remarkable intellectual power, energy, influence, and vital fire and resource. The **MAN** makes the brain and nervous system, and not the reverse. The corporeal body is the evolutionary *effect*. It is the external manifestation of the productive, invisible principles. The *cause* of all phenomena is psychical and spiritual.

The illuminated author of Homeopathy, for instance — who is now so extensively accepted by the most intelligent physicians — discovered the correlation of, and the perfect correspondence

between, the *potencies of drugs*, and the *vital forces of the body*. Camphor, for illustration, excites feelings of lightness, and the sensation of flying. Very similar feelings arise from the inhalation of chloroform. The insangee of the natives of Natal, like the daka of the Hottentots, and the hashish of the Arabs, produces the most wonderful intellectual brilliancy, the most delightful fantasies, seemingly inverting the relation of the special senses to external influences and objects. Opium, in some persons, exerts extraordinary psychological power,—producing exquisite dreams, luxurious tranquility, enchanting thoughts of music, and conceptions, and the rhythm of poetry. But a corresponding state of depression, sorrow, excitability, and helpless misery is certain to be the final consequence. Alcohol, tobacco, belladonna, stramonium, and all the known medicines, both mineral and vegetable, exert potential influences upon the brain and nerves by disturbing the psychical energies which reside within these visible structures.

Every cutaneous disease, every tumor, every disorganization in the substance or appendages of organs, is an *effect* of disturbed and diseased psychical or spiritual force. Digestion, assimilation, nutrition, the circulation of the blood, the mechanism of respiration, the harmony between secretion and excretion,—all originate in, and depend upon, corresponding processes going on in the mysterious universe of invisible motion, life, sensation, and intelligence.

And these are honestly my impressions and conclusions after obtaining my diploma. I behold still that the ganglionic system (sympathetic) is *superior* to the brain, and ante-dates the birth of the spinal structures. Vitality resides in the former,—in the ganglia; never, primarily, in the latter,—the brain and spine. Pathology, as the word implies, is of and from *feeling*, not from any phase of thought. Emotional diseases, therefore, are *real* diseases. Notwithstanding this, they are derisively called “imagination.” The infernally black *bile* of melancholy; the grotesque *absurdities* of hysteria; the sad, sentimental *sor-*

rows of dyspepsia and costiveness; the sudden emotion of *fear* that instantly paralyzes the strongest heart; the *diarrhæa* which, in some persons, follows rapidly in the wake of any strong emotions (which are certain to out-run the will); the *nausea* and faintness that suddenly arise from the sight or thought of repulsive or gory objects; the irrepressible *throbbing* of the great arteries in moments of terror; the miracle of *blood-oozing* through the capillaries and epidermis in cases of extreme religious ecstasy and exaltation; the *hepatic* and *renal* diseases which lead to suicide, or which incessantly engender mental gloom, moroseness, taciturnity,—each and all, bear the unmistakable likeness and impress of the all-productive *imagination*.

In short, and finally, in all physical disturbances — excepting, as I have said, those disorders which are mechanically and chemically, or accidentally, originated — you will find the *first causes* of all diseases in the psychical potencies; and you need not seek for the primal causes of disease among the visceral organs and their functions, because these same vital organs, together with their diversified functions, originated and emanated from the invisible fountains of life, which are infinite and eternal.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FRIEND IN TIME OF NEED.

“ But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.”

A VERY cold Spring stood heavily enveloped in the portals of March, 1884, with its arms yet full of fierce and frosty Winter, when I was stricken with an extremely acute inflammation of the lungs, involving the plura membrane. Physically weakened, neurologically negative, combined with my constant care concerning our pending college legislation, my whole system felt like sinking rapidly down into a complete dissolution of my objective relations to this world. Indeed, under the circumstances, I rather violated my otherwise enlightened conscience in venturing to wish that I might depart. For days I had premonitory symptoms,—chilliness for a few moments, even by the hottest fire,—*excessive* weariness, in my muscular system ; nerves acutely sensitive to any unexpected sound or speech ; and neck aching, with loss of appetite, broken sleep, apprehensiveness. These symptoms were threatening. Just at this stage, when I was neither sick nor well, important business demanded my presence in the great city. As by a providential leading, I went straight from the cars to the rooms of Mrs. —, who had long before lifted me above the grasp of deadly disease. In less than thirty minutes after my arrival,

while sitting as close to the hot stove as I could get, I was stricken with what (both being physicians) we diagnosed as *pneumonia*, involving the plura pulmonalis (the inside of the plura just over the lungs) instead of the costalis plura (the membrane adjacent to or just under the ribs), which is sometimes painful in combination with that inflammation of the lung-cells, now called pneumonia. No time was to be lost. I must live, for there was important *work* waiting my restoration. Heavenly wisdom guided my footsteps into that abode. [Dear reader, never procrastinate treatment when you are attacked with the symptoms of pneumonia.] So soon, therefore, after my arrival at her residence, my physician, commenced her eclectic treatment. Her prompt and efficient magnetic bestowments, alternated with effective external applications over the lungs, and down the spine; frequent hot-water foot-baths; and a room kept perfectly ventilated, yet even in temperature, about 70°, both night and day; and partaking regularly of limited quantities of very nourishing foods and hot drinks,—all combined, fully restored me in twelve days to a state of constitutional health seemingly superior to what I had enjoyed for many years.

Recovered from the deadly pneumonia, and with my throat weakness wholly removed, I felt once more like resuming my public discourses in New York. Yet, on testing my strength by walking far and fast, I realized some considerable feebleness. Hence, I returned to the country retreat for a few days more of solitude, repose, and recuperation. And on the 16th of April, feeling the freshness and vigor resulting from my recreation, I returned to the great city; and promptly, on the following Sunday, I delivered in Steck Hall my first lecture since the middle of the previous December.

There was present a goodly congregation of intelligent and attentive citizens. Among them, in the remotest part of the room, I observed my old-time friend, at whose residence I had been for many months a loved and welcome guest. My reader will grasp the drift of my initial discourse, which was an intro-

duction and generalization of a series to continue until vacation, which would begin directly after the second Sunday in the approaching month of June, by the following synopsis:—

THE HARMONICAL TYPE OF CHARACTER. *

This was the general subject. Character, I said, was an image cut or engraved in the substance of being. There are three master-sculptors incessantly at work chiselling in or upon the interior substance. One is the SPIRIT, inmost; the second is the intermediate, SOUL; the third is the outmost, EXPERIENCE. Thus all human character everywhere, among all the nations of the earth, is a compound,—1st, natural, 2d, hereditary, 3d, acquired.

Spirit lifts the soul; and the soul lifts the body.

The Harmonical type of character I then analyzed and described, briefly, as follows: he will be,—

- 1st. A working man; not an idler.
- 2d. A healthy man; not diseased.
- 3d. An honest man; not a thief.
- 4th. A thinking man; not a guesser.
- 5th. A temperance man; not a drunkard.
- 6th. A rich-spirit man; not poor in spirit.
- 7th. A wise loving man; not a sensualist.
- 8th. A spiritual man; not a materialist.
- 9th. A progressive man; not a stumbling block.

A man with these noble and attractive characteristics, all in a harmonious and practical state, would be a human phenomenon. It is an ideal to which to aspire.

“Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,
 Ever level and ever true
 To the toll and task we have to do,
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
 Will be those of joy, and not of fear.”

* See *Penstralia* for a description of the origin of the three-fold character.

Twelve days subsequently, and after I had delivered the second discourse of the series, I called at the business office of Mr. Frater.* He received me with his customary courtesy and cordiality. Yet, to my quick perception, he was deeply and intensely troubled. Some wandering arrow had penetrated and scathed his sensibilities. He appeared wounded and perplexed, yet kind and resolute. While looking into his face, a passage soothingly floated into mind: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

We were soon seated, and in earnest conversation. We had long been united by ties of mutual affection, respect, and confidence. In replying to my question as to what was troubling him, he described the visit of a gentleman whom we had both long and favorably known. With intense excitement this visitor, he said, had presented *me* as a fallen man; as having become intellectually weakened by my mental pursuits, etc.; as having deserted my lawful wife, Mary; and that I was infatuated by one who had been treating me magnetically. These statements concerning me, according to the communicative gentleman, were not mere suspicions and surmises. The visitor said it was all *certain*; and said, moreover, that positive evidence was available, if required. He did not, however, assume complete originality in the discovery. He did not fail in giving his talented wife ample credit for primarily penetrating to "the bottom facts." †

"What was his object do you suppose in coming to *you* with all this?" I asked.

* My spirit-friend, Wm. Green, soon after his arrival in the Summer-Land, sent his love to this gentleman, and called him, "*Frater Amicus*."

† Some two weeks after this report was fully in circulation, the following letter was by Mary voluntarily written and addressed to the lady and gentleman, dated "Orange, May 12th, 1884." This extract explains itself: —

"I do not think I made the truth sufficiently plain when with you that Jackson has always treated me with confidence, openness, and candor, and that he has done nothing in the matter of which we talked *without my knowledge and consent*. Let me say also that I am perfectly certain that you are mistaken in your supposition that he has been living in what is called a state of adultery. Such a proceeding would be abhorrent to both his nature and principles."

“To protect the glorious Harmonial Philosophy, and to devise some plan for rescuing and restoring you,” returned Mr. Frater; “and he seemed also very anxious that no New York gossipers should get hold of it.”

Naturally, although not alarmed, I was filled with amazement. The first thought, however, was that, in pursuing my present journey down into this cloudy valley, I was not without a few loving and loyal friends in this sphere; and, all at once, the following very true, but not very poetic lines (by some unknown writer) ran through my thoughts:—

“I have met with a good many people
 In jogging o'er life's varied way;
 I've encountered the clever, the simple,
 The crabbed, the grave, and the gay;
 I have travelled with beauty, with virtue,
 I have been with the ugly, the bad;
 I have laughed with the ones who were merry,
 And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey—
 Ne'er to judge one by what he appears.
 The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
 Oft battle to keep back the tears;
 And long, sanctimonious faces
 Hide often the souls that are vile;
 While the heart that is merry and cheerful
 Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
 In one of our frail human kind;
 In hearts the most gentle and loving
 Some blemish or fault we can find;
 But yet I have ne'er found the creature
 So low, so depraved, or so mean
 But had some good impulse—some virtue—
 That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.”

“Well, Mr. Frater,” I said, “what reply did you make to all these alarmingly positive allegations?”

“I utterly and unqualifiedly *refused*,” he replied, “to believe anything so entirely inconsistent with your writings and well-

known character." "I said to him," continued Mr. Frater, "that, if the facts *were* as affirmed, I should at once have you arrested as a man of unbalanced mind, and would move for the appointment of a *commission lunatico inquirendo*."

"My health is perfectly restored," I said, after a long silence. "It must mean that I have *more work* to perform before I go hence. One hard, disagreeable job I now see,— that is, *I must clean house!*"

"Clean house!" he ejaculated, somewhat amused.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Do n't you remember that, in the fourth volume of the *Harmonia*, I disclose the fact that "*Fewer and Better Children*," as a rule, for the regulation of human reproduction, would lessen the army of unfortunates and monstrosities, and improve the race generally?"

He smilingly assented.

"The same selective rule," I said, "is applicable to the question of one's associates in general human society. Over the front door, opening into 'the house I live in,' I am resolved to fix this notice: '*Fewer and Better Friends!*' From this hour, Mr. Frater, I shall commence to clean my pathway into the future. I shall cut down and dig up almost all the fruitless vines,— shall endeavor to remove all the social thistles and clinging burdocks, — now occupying valuable space and obstructing the growth of beautiful trees and delicious berries and flowers in my garden, which, until now, has been thrown freely open to the incursions of the entire world. Yes, sir! Mark well what I say: I shall begin *now* the Augean labors assigned to the ancient Hercules; and, of necessity, there will be stamping of feet and some fretful snorting, but I shall not stop because of tumult and remonstrance. When it is finished, you'll see a goodly group of better, wiser, truer (but *fewer*) friends near me; and these will be hard at work for humanity's advancement. And there will be joy in an upper chamber — in Abraham's bosom — wherein I shall hereafter set up my tabernacle."

As I went forth from Mr. Frater's office, I enjoyed thinking gratefully on the goodness and beauty of unchangeable friendship.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THRESHING AND WINNOWING.

“What might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they write
In love and light,
And cease their scorn of one another.”

VERY soon after this stirring conversation, out-lined in the preceding chapter, the Harmonial Association held its annual election for Trustees, and for the appointment of the Lecturer-in-Chief.* The very limited number of legal voters present plainly told (what I privately well knew was the fact) that the gentleman had (undesignedly, I think) succeeded in planting the germs of the “sad story” in the most fertile centres for rapid and vigorous propagation. “It is all just as dreadful as it can be,” whispered one anti-gossiping lady to another; yet, to maintain and testify their interest in the Association, they came and voted promptly and cheerfully.

Events now hastened into small lots of *sub-rosa* biographical experience. One charge was that I had not treated Mary kindly and justly; another, that I had too long absented myself from the city, and from *her*; yet another, that I had not even desired her to visit me in my friend’s suburban residence.† In reply to all this, I took from my pocket and read the following, which

* May 6, 1884.

† It should be remembered that her physical state was extremely feeble, and that I was in a similar condition, so that all visiting was hurtful.

was written fully one month prior to these recent disturbances:—

“MY DEAR JACKSON: This morning I attended Steck Hall meeting, where it was pleasant to meet friends, and to hear Prof. Wilder, who gave an excellent discourse. I read a poem (John Keble’s ‘Morning’), and prefaced it with *your message* of good will, and some words of cheer and hope with regard to your improved health, and desire to return as soon as a ‘good Providence’ allows. I noticed a change in the *spiritual* atmosphere,—less enthusiasm, and hope, and warmth than when you were here, and all were very desirous to see and hear you again. I now wish to tell you that during this long period of solitude there has been going on within me a course of self-discipline, and the result is that I have arisen to a clearer view, and have attained a new and truer state of feeling. I feel that the day of strength and *impersonal* aspirations and activities has dawned, and toward *you* my whole nature has arisen to the *right* attitude. Come and be one with us, and all will be well.

“What I have written is a mutual assurance that we stand ready to *unite* in the heavenly mission of good-will to which your life is devoted, and we feel that in the strength of the All-Powerful and All-loving, *we* can go forth ‘conquering and to conquer.’

“We cannot but wish you were here at this sacred hour to confer with us, so that all together our hands might be strengthened, and our hearts cemented by the present, holy, hovering Guest,—the Divine *Arabula*.”*

The succeeding Sunday morning, in the handsome place of meeting, I delivered my fourth discourse of the series. Subject: “He will be a *thinking* man, and not a guesser.”

This type of character was delineated with some analytical precision. When I urged that he would be a *just* thinker,—not a hap-hazard, impetuous, uncharitable *retailer* of the opinions of others who might be as ignorant as himself,—there was naturally felt and manifested some sensitiveness. Then, quite unexpectedly to everyone except myself, I proceeded to make a *personal* application. I said that “I had been preaching; now

* This letter was written to me during my final retirement at Metuchen, N. J., endeavoring to become sufficiently strong in body to resume my mental labors in New York. It is dated Sunday, March 23, 1884.

let us look into my practices." In order to make testimony memorable, even by taking the risk of rendering it somewhat painful and embarrassing, I addressed my questions from the desk directly to Mary, who occupied her accustomed chair nearest the platform. I said, in substance, this:—

"1st. I have advocated the complete individualization, and the largest possible independence, of every woman and man. Now, in practice, I ask Mary: Have I not, in every just possible way, from the first until now, *encouraged you and aided you in the freest and largest living of your own life?*"

She unhesitatingly answered, distinctly, in the affirmative.

"2d. I have taught that the 'angel of the house'—that is, that every married woman, whether a mother or not,—should be the sole proprietor of her local residence, together with all its accessories of comfort, and the furniture. Now, in practice, I ask Mary: Did I not, as soon as it was possible for me to do so, *purchase and present to you the house and lot, and all the furniture, in Orange?*"

And she replied, so that all could hear, in the affirmative.

"3d. I have taught that a man and a woman, mutually associated and co-operating in any serious work, whether for the lesser family at home, or for the larger family of mankind, should live, *transparently* (so to speak), concealing nothing of the least vital importance from each other. Now, in practice, I ask Mary: Have I not, from the beginning until now, frankly and fully *imparted to you whatever concerned me, or either of us, in every essential particular?*"

And she answered affirmatively.

Then I continued: "But there is *one* matter, I must confess, which has never quite satisfied my conscience.* At this point, when every hearer's feelings were aroused, Mary arose and gently claimed the floor. I ceased speaking. I at once invited her to the desk. She accepted, and addressed the con-

* What I intended to express was that, restrained by my wish not to give pain, I had for so many years concealed my *fraternal* relationship to Mary. In my past, I can remember that my principal errors have been committed under the sway of sympathy, even against my knowledge of the right.

gregation with unconcealed emotion. What she feelingly and eloquently said had the effect of exciting intense interest in the situation. Of course, there were persons there who had not before heard of it. But I did not complete my sentence; and, therefore, what it *was* that had so troubled my conscience was left to everybody's fertile imagination to conjecture.*

The next steps taken in the threshing and winnowing process will be related in the succeeding chapters. The thing now to be done was, to write the following letter to the gentleman and lady who had (perhaps, without at all *intending* it) been instrumental in producing changes in my history.†

NEW YORK CITY, May 17th, 1884.

TO MR. AND MRS. HELPER :

Dear Friends,—This letter may be the last that I shall ever address to either of you; and I desire you to understand that its contents are neither private nor confidential.

Various pressing engagements have, until now, deprived me of a fair chance to acknowledge your peculiar efforts to save and shield the "Cause" from falling into the abyss into which I hear (you being my authority) I myself have hopelessly and forever tumbled. It almost seemed—I say (for I do not blame you) it almost *seemed*—like a desire, suddenly kindled up within you, to protect the "Cause," and to rescue me from such a disastrous fate, at the most exorbitant price,—at the enormous expense of *first* attacking and overthrowing me in my only external stronghold in human society; that is, by making an effort to unseat me in the white temple of friendship,—to dislodge me, so to speak, from the sheltering love and esteem of

* Every Doctor of Anthropology has observed certain social phenomena. For example, when Mrs. Stowe discovered positive evidence of Lord Byron's infamy, and when Mrs. V. C. Woodhull discovered positive evidence of the infamy of Henry Ward Beecher, there was a group of men who immediately accepted the discoveries as *facts*, and seconded the motion; then they all together voted unanimously that they *knew it*; and that there was no further need of a trial by jury, no necessity of a Judge, or of the expenses of the legal Court. And, again, why is it that men are *slower* than women in exploring and making these intensely-thrilling discoveries?

† Only the substance, not the entire letter, is given in these pages.

some of my best beloved and most important friends. This method of overcoming evil is itself an evil, and is in time both self-punishing and self-destructive.

You did not come to me; you did not write to me.

But you went in person straightway to some of my friends here, and to one of them (I am informed) you telegraphed, soliciting a conference, in which you were successful.

And yet, happily, I do not cherish a particle of ill-feeling toward either of you. Notwithstanding your injury, which fills me with a painful soreness, I yet cherish in my heart a feeling that would prompt me, at this very moment, to render either of you any good which I may have the power to confer. You were chosen agents, under a superintending spiritual influence, in helping me out of bondage.

At first, when the news of your exertions first reached me, I was very naturally astounded; next, I was sadly and sorely grieved; lastly, I became and I remain resolutely *indignant*.

I was startled and saddened, but am now very deeply indignant, because you, my familiar friends,—souls to whom I supposed my life and my work stood transparent and safe,—should have audaciously ventured to overthrow my domestic situation. Freely and unrestrainedly you attempted to encroach upon affairs which are exclusively and sacredly personal,—affairs of the interior life, which are, or should be, eternally the most delicately *sacred rights of the individual spirit*. You volunteered to sit in judgment upon the needs and deeds of my most private inner life. This offense is a transgression of a divine law which cannot go unpunished. In different ways you intruded upon private grounds,—trespassed upon the holy possessions of an owner whose title is eternal,—which intrusion, among all just and honorable and self-respecting persons, is regarded as more evil than good, more wrong than right. By mutual consent, I believe, among all spiritually enfranchised souls, these inner-life possessions are held as strictly sacred and forever unapproachable. And the good God has so “made

me" that it becomes well-nigh dangerous for any person to take such a liberty with me.

You have, though unconsciously to yourselves, been actively forging links in a providential chain of causes which revolve the immeasurable wheels of Destiny. (Another name for this destiny, is Deity; and the omnipotent power thereof is called "the will of God.") You have been induced to take steps concerning me which were instigated by watchful intelligences who are wiser and truer than your own individual judgments or inclinations. You have been influenced, by yielding to a mass of mixed motives, to march beyond the line of fraternal love. You even seemed (to yourselves) to act superior to all selfish suggestions; and you certainly failed to estimate the public consequences which might result (to me and to my work) from your energetic external interference. In short, I easily discern that you felt justified by a feeling that you were moved by true sympathy, by a right principle, and by a sincere love of the world's best good. Thus I credit you, in the book of Destiny, with self-justifying motives, and that you felt that you were really acting under the impulses of friendship.

Here let me remind you: "There is coming a Coujugal War, though bloodless," see (*Great Harmonia*, Vol. IV.); and I think it may be *hastened* by what at first looked like an intrusion and a perfidy. But a deeper view of your feelings and acts has satisfied me that, "wiser than you knew," you have quietly volunteered as combatants; and that as soon as "the new *civil war*" begins in earnest, you will be likely to gravitate to the side of society and custom against the private rights of the individual. In this I hope that I am mistaken.

The meddlesome Diakka, too, have already performed an important part.

If your theories respecting me were confirmed, it was evident that "a shadow" would settle down upon me and my work. I have personal "rights" which you, and which mankind generally, are bound to respect henceforth. Like your individual selves, I am an immortal. You seemed to forget,

in an impulsive moment of tender (yet mostly unenlightened) sympathy for beloved Mary that *I am entirely another person*, — a very differently constituted nature, — with a psychical history totally unlike hers and unlike yours ; in short, you seemed to forget that I am a perfectly responsible person, accountable for my interior experiences to no earthly power ; living as I have and do, to the best of my knowledge, in strict harmony with immutable laws of the Father and Mother of All.

And yet, for all you have said or done concerning me, I am sincerely grateful. You behold a great shadow upon me. But I do not ; although I do behold a “lonely valley” before me. And I feel, prophetically, that I am journeying thitherward. I am very grateful, too, because magnetic ministrations have rendered my health nearly perfect. My spirit is tranquil, and reverential, and deeply happy. The discords are of the earth, earthy. *I am erect in the Right!* I do not boast of anything. I speak the truth ; and I *fear* — nothing. I enjoy the high inspirations of immutable principles. And, while expressing my gratitude for these blessings, I also thank you both for your intrusions upon me, notwithstanding it was during the epoch of my greatest bodily weakness and private mental trials. I thank you, also, for bestowing your sweet sympathies upon Mary in her time of need. And lastly, seeing what is likely to flow from it, I thank you for giving away to an impetuosity which, from lack of wisdom, inflicts a lasting, yet wholesome, injustice upon me as an individual.

Be comforted. The “Cause” will not suffer. It did not originate on earth. It is not founded upon Andrew Jackson Davis. Neither is my happiness or prosperity dependent upon the applause of mankind. I have every reason to believe that your action and private speeches will aid greatly in precipitating the war of Progression in the world of marriage. Again and again I have been necessitated to listen to the shocking discords and verbal cruelties engendered in many social domains. And it is a part of true friendship to keep all these disclosures concealed from the world.

And now, to speak of myself: I make no admissions, and I make no denials. But I hereby give you and all mankind due notice that, when I get ready in spirit, and then only, and then in my own way, under the heavens, *I will protect and emancipate myself*. Heaven's ministers will aid me. I have no dread of the world's fleeting condemnation; neither do I hunger for anything the world can confer. Remember, therefore, in the right time, and from the right place, mankind will hear from me. I shall then *obey*, positively and unflinchingly, the first law in true Religion,—namely, SELF-JUSTICE. At that time, and in the manner I may be moved to adopt, I shall, I trust, be able to render humanity a high service. I shall then publish what my "impression" from the interior fountains may sanction. My war is of the Spirit—against time-honored errors. My battle is the battle of Progress; and my victory will be a victory for all mankind. The fruits of the struggle will benefit all men and all women, whether born or unborn, whether friend or foe, married or unmarried, bond or free. *You* have compelled me to take an active part. I am now like a spring which, bent by an external force, is constantly endeavoring to restore itself. I will in time commence the battle, and I will leave my case to *twelve* good and lawful generations to examine and decide.

In concluding this epistle to you, my helping friends, I request you to *suppress nothing* which you think you may know against me. "Keep still" is not my policy. Do not withhold anything you take the liberty first to imagine and then to affirm against me. Speak out freely about me as teacher, practitioner, friend, lover, seer, author, citizen. Fear not. Believe me, I shall never disturb you, legally, for anything of *this* nature which you may feel disposed to utter or print. I shall keep a copy of this letter to include in a possible sequel to the *Magic Staff*. I am now like a bee,—busy, busy, busy,—making the honey-comb of history, to be filled, in the "Sweet Pretty Soon," with essentials from truth's fields and flowers.

Once more I am called to enter the field to fight "the good

fight" for everybody's largest and best personal freedom. Not in an Indian style of warfare,—no ambush assassinations; but honestly, "face to face." And I do not forget that, owing to the ignorance and immorality, and the consequent cruelty and barbarous injustice of modern society (which is credited to Christianity), women *do* suffer and *must* suffer far more deeply and painfully than men can from any radical alterations and reformations which directly involve their clinging affections, their home associations, or their reputations among their social peers and acquaintances. Remembering this, I shall never willingly (not even in the performance of my severest duty) bring suffering to any human heart—especially not to the heart of any living woman—unless Self-Justice shall command me to a vindication of myself in the interests of righteousness, and for the advancement of the common humanity.

Henceforth, you will not behold me walking in any path leading into your local habitation. In the sacred ties of *Arabula* I remain fraternally,

Your friend,

A. J. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A NARROW WAY BETWEEN MOUNTAINS.

“There are those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.”

It is essential that no wheel in life's mechanism be left out. Each is indispensable in every true mill of God. The letter to Mr. and Mrs. Helper, given in the preceding chapter, is a link in our chain of truthful autobiography. It gives the *point* (long before I had prescience of coming events) for a new departure,—the *pivot* on which certain wheels in my destiny commenced to revolve. Therefore it is given to the reader. Little words, harmless in first utterance, if fanned by misconception, or by an evil impulse, sometimes become the *causes*, like a vast consuming fire which, starting from a single match, results in a widespread and irrecoverable desolation.

About five o'clock in the morning of Sunday, May 11, 1884, a peculiar breathing, warm wind, passing over my face and forehead, awakened me into a state adapted to the discernment of symbolical representations. Notwithstanding the storm of disaffection and unpopularity with which I was overwhelmingly threatened, I awoke with a glad, light-heartedness and light-headedness, which seemed as inconsistent as it was unaccountable. Everything external seemed propitious, and internally beautiful.

But, suddenly, I was led through a symbolic scene which taxed all my powers of self-possession.

It was almost eleven o'clock (I thought), the time for commencing my meeting in Steck Hall. Hurriedly I dressed and prepared myself, and walked down to the front door, which I opened, and stepped out upon the broad stone which was at the top of the eight stone steps leading down to the sidewalk. Before descending, however, with admiration I looked up at the cloudless, rose-tinted sky; then downwards at the strange, unnatural, and repulsive appearance of the streets, which, as far as I could see, in every direction, were thickly paved with some very filthy-looking substance. Another fact, but of a totally different nature, now attracted my attention, namely, that the streets of the great city (the dwellings seemed familiar) were deserted. For long distances, up and down the straight thoroughfares, there was not the least sign of anything human. Utter desolation and sad solitude; and yet, somehow, I seemed to *feel* that the dwellings were densely tenanted.

But, it being so near the time for meeting, I must hasten. So down the steps I proceeded, and was about to plant my foot upon the sidewalk, when lo! I recognized the nature and quality of the substance with which the street was paved. It seemed an indiscriminate conglomerate mass of vipers,—serpents, all perfectly black in color, and *all cut into about four-inch pieces!*

Horrible and loathsome as was the disgusting pavement, I felt that fidelity to my duty and to my teachings made it imperatively necessary that I should begin to walk. But, before taking a step, I *kicked* aside the serpentine stuff, and continued to kick, until I saw the solid stone-flagging beneath. On the somewhat slippery, yet firm, foundation of rock I now carefully and squarely planted my foot; then, having *kicked* away the viperous mass in another spot, I advanced one more step toward the distant hall. Oh, imagine the labor and tediousness of that proceeding! Step by step, kicking my way each time down to the solid earth, I went forward. As I remember, I did not see one uncut nor one live serpent during my slow journey through the streets.

So ended the angel-made symbolism. When I returned to my natural state, my recollection was that I had been, and would be soon, walking among viper influences which *could not bite*; and that I was about to enter upon a long, lonely, toilsome, difficult pilgrimage, through a straight and narrow-covered passageway, between the mountain of Aspiration and the gorgeous, heavenly, celestial mountain of Harmony.*

The two-edged sword of loving and wise TRUTH, wielded by the celestial warriors, enlisted in the battle of human progression, had and would *cut into harmless bits* the serpents of error and misrepresentation, which the changeful and whimsical and evil inhabitants of earth would evolve in the social organism. And the symbolism has been in my experience, since that awful morning, perfectly and progressively verified.

A repetition and fulfillment of my first vision, March 7, 1843, is here again manifested in my history.

The flock of sheep, for a time peaceful and fat and contented in their delightful harmoniousness, suddenly begin a life of individualism. They disregard each other's personal rights, as being equal in one body, each with the other; but, heedless of the admonitions of either Use, Justice, Power, Beauty, or Aspiration, they set out fighting and condemning one another. The lambs attempt to be full-grown sheep; and the sheep assume to be competent leaders, and the rams arrogate to themselves the prerogatives and authority of the shepherd, whose name is TRUTH.

Contemplating this disordered condition of my New York congregation, and feeling the overmastering intimations from on high that I must at once set out upon a valley pilgrimage, I publicly informed all of my approaching extended vacation. To beloved ones within, as well as to strangers and a few faithful friends without, I whispered that I was about to enter upon another vale experience.

* The reader will now comprehend the author's position at this time, May 11, 1884, which is illustrated in the frontispiece to this volume,— five mountains on the left, Mount Harmony on the right.

It is a clouded vision that does not see a God-Design in the grand outline plan of each individual life. Even the skeptical Miss Martineau, in a moment of poetic exaltation, said —

“All things hold their march
As if by one great will;
 Moves one moves all,—
 Hark to the foot-fall!
 On, on forever!”

The near contemplation of the unknown and darkened recesses of the valley of shadows—the to me, as yet, unexplored and uninhabited vale-country separating Mount Aspiration from Mount Harmony—had the effect to remove me from all that was faulty and feeble and evil in those who had impulsively arrayed themselves against me. Turning my back squarely upon them, and facing the immeasurable universe *Beyond the Valley*, all of them instantly *vanished*, and I was thus left there, at the very first step of my pilgrimage, at the base of Mount Use, standing alone, leaning upon the Magic Staff, seeing with indifference the scattered sheep in the foreground, but feeling meanwhile high-hearted, and spiritually ready to *live* a life of joyous obedience to the Divine Deific Decrees.* I saw that every path before me was labyrinthine and endless; that into the infinite stretched all the untrodden ways before me.

Standing thus in the light of eternity, the trials of time became light afflictions. In the serene glory of this holy radiance—within the embrace of which looked out the affectionate face of my guardian angel—all ordinary trouble seems welcome, though painful, as is the enkindling air of heaven to the new-born babe. True, I had official duties to discharge as President of the Harmonial Association, and there was considerable work external for me as chairman of the auditing committee of the still struggling college.† These engagements would render an early retirement to some country retreat

* The reader's attention is once more called to the symbolic representation embodied in the frontispiece.

† A future chapter will embody the nature and variety of these struggles.

impossible. Although still in the city of strife, and with my hands full of daily duties, my actual psychical valley journey commenced on May 13, 1884. A little previous to this time, I received from Mary the following:—

“MY DEAR JACKSON:

“Accompanying the beautiful messages which you sent me in January* from angel Fannie was *your* explanation that ‘what she may feel to be *at hand* may not be nearer than months or even years.’ With my improved health this seems likely to prove *true*.”

(After a few sentences concerning her serene and improved mental state, she continued):—

“But the beautiful and sacred poem, wonderful beyond compare, that came from the sunlit spaces to you from angel Fannie will be a comfort unspeakable to my waiting heart until the glad hour when I may be privileged to descend, oh, so tranquilly, into the still vale of dreamless slumber, from which, with the kindling glory of sunrise, I may ascend to the higher, happier life *with her!* Under the caption of one of your chapters in the *Magic Staff* is the following stanza, striking in its application to my own state:—

‘When the struggling heart hath conquered,
When the path lies fair and clear,
When thou art prepared for heaven.
Thou wilt find that heaven is here.’”

Philosophers, when they *are* truly philosophical in their meditations, *know* that the solid world’s progress was preceded and accompanied and succeeded by belchings and burnings, by jerks and spasms, by convulsions and upheavals. But these same philosophers, when the same irresistible law of Progression knocks at their front door for admission, to announce to them that a new epoch has “arrived” in their own affairs,—in their polities, theories, finances, society, or religion,—forthwith they set up strenuous arguments and facts and hypotheses against the invasion of Progress in their own particular case; but these same philosophers have no difficulty in being magnani-

* See chapter xxix.

mously and majestically and tranquilly reconciled to *others* going through the inevitable ordeal of upheavals and convulsions. "They first pity,—then endure,—then embrace."

Remote persons, during my stay in the city, would considerably write letters to me, asking whether others, equally remote, had *correct* knowledge concerning me, which they pretended. Many, in whose society I had not spent twenty-four hours, professed to others to know all about my disposition, my character, my habits, my whole being's end and aim. The most of these social pretenders usually imparted information not strictly complimentary. One day, while earnestly wishing that some *one* who really possessed correct knowledge of me would impart a friendly word, the following letter arrived. "How opportune!" I exclaimed. "Here comes from Mary a testimony not designed for the public eye, yet which is not too private for publication, written under the inspiration of justice by a sincere person, who has known me all the time during the past *twenty-nine years*, and this is what she writes":—

"ORANGE, N. J., SUNDAY, July 13, 1884.

"MY DEAR JACKSON:

"I am most grateful for your letter received last evening. 'I would not have you live a lie' for anything in Heaven above or on the earth beneath. And I believe you will do, and have done, whatsoever in your sight is *right* and *just*.

"I am pained that you are thrown by 'evil agents' into a state of war, and are made to feel that you must 'live and *work* alone.' Among the 'few' that you count as 'friends,' I wish, dear Jackson, ever to be reckoned; and I pray you call upon me in the hour of need for any assistance that I can render.

"I repeat to you with heartfelt earnestness your words in the letter to me of July 8th: 'I am sorry — deeply sorry — for the pain I have unwillingly caused you'; and *I* thank God if I have ever done you any good. Pardon me if I have *seemed* to 'sit in judgment.' Truly that would ill become me, for *your* 'spiritual experience' is beyond my ken, even as you say, and 'Self-Reliance' is your strong fortress.

"I thank you for recalling to me 'how to bring the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.' The lessons conveyed in your books, and the divine instructions I have heard from your lips, are 'a

lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' I, too, believe that I shall be happy in perfect trust and obedience,—that the everlasting principles of 'Father God and Mother Nature' will sustain and guide and comfort me. I am very grateful for the countless acts of kindness and affection by which you have enriched my life, and pray that you may have your reward.

"May you succeed, dear Jackson, in securing the '*personal freedom*' for which you strive; and may length of days, and all that makes life sweet and beautiful, be yours to enjoy."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES VOUCHSAFED TO HUMANITY.

“Dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.”

AT this time, just as my practical mission to and with the college is about to close, I will record the facts concerning the beginning of my connection therewith, and explain the various developments during our legal struggles to live, and to show how the end was reached.

About four years ago, 1880, while delivering a discourse before the Harmonial Association, I was impressed to explain the nature and remedial importance of Human magnetism. At that time Allopathic Medical orthodoxy had succeeded in obtaining a proscriptive law, bearing heavily, and with wide-spread tyranny and injustice, upon *all* Healing Mediums, Clairvoyant Physicians, and Magnetists generally, who were practicing in the State of New York. If they had not a regular orthodox diploma, and if this was not properly recorded in office of the County Clerk, then the unlicensed practitioner was liable to be openly stigmatized as a “quack doctor,” and was also liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

In explaining the principles and therapeutic application of human magnetism, and advocating the employment of intuition and induced clairvoyance in the treatment and detection of dis-

ease, I urged the desirableness of *trained faculties* on the part of mediums and magnetic physicians. Hence I suggested and urged (as I have already fully explained) the establishment of a Chair of Psychological Science and Magnetic Therapeutics in some College of liberal medicine; and the United States Medical College was designated by me as the institution most likely to entertain such a novel proposition. This College accepted our proposition, with the understanding that the salary of the Professor should be paid by the Association.

Thereupon I commenced exerting my influence among mediums and clairvoyants,—counseling them to avail themselves of practical instructions in each of the essential branches of a medical education; especially to become educated in physiology, chemistry, pathology, psychology (of the brain and nervous systems), and, lastly, to understand the history and uses of magnetism,—the whole effort in the College to be crowned with a *legal diploma*, which would give each a firm footing independent of the proscriptive medical law instituted by Allopathic orthodoxy. In substance I said: “Come with me! I will go into the College myself; I will become a fellow-student with you, and if I can I will graduate.” Thus encouraged, and thus companionated and stimulated by my personal example, a considerable number of magnetic healers, mediums, and clairvoyants matriculated and became students, and finally they graduated creditably, and with much satisfaction to themselves, being thereby armed with a legal right to practice as physicians with an authority equal to the most orthodox in the profession.

During the collegiate term, the old school opposition to our Eclectic corporation commenced in earnest. First, the enemies induced the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, who had legal management of Bellevue and Blackwell Island Hospitals, to *refuse* to the United States Medical College the bodies (of paupers, etc.) for purposes of dissection. We were at once all in great trouble. The other Colleges could get their *quota* of cadavers without difficulty. The President of our College one day asked me if I could discern a way out.

One morning, about daybreak, I observed a group of faces in the air. These faces, let me say in passing, are artistic productions. They are symbols and prefigurations of coming events. They are placed before the vision of "seers" and sensitives out of the mental energies and will-power of superintending intelligences. Among the faces that I beheld were two which beamed encouragingly into my eyes; one was the kindly countenance of ex-Judge F. J. Fithian (then of New York, now of the Better Country), and the other was the energetic face of my old friend Mr. C. O. Poole. Immediately I visited the President of our College (saying nothing to him of what I had seen), and said: "I think there are two men who can overcome our troubles with the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections." I named them. Together we went to the office of Judge Fithian, and made an arrangement to put our case in his hands. At once I notified Mr. Poole, and he did not need urging, for he proceeded immediately to write and visit our counsel, and to encourage him to take hold of the case,—giving him hints from his own ample store-house of legal knowledge and practice. In a word, in due course of some legal transactions best known to lawyers, we obtained all the dead bodies required for purposes of dissection.

Our College was duly incorporated under the general law of 1848, as amended in 1870; and we had no reason to doubt our legal existence. But the Allopathic New York County Medical Society instituted a suit, which was decided against us in the Supreme Court, Special Term. The ground taken by the other side was that the law of 1848, with its subsequent amendments, was not broad enough to include a Medical College. From this interpretation we appealed to the general term of the Supreme Court, arguing that the additional law of 1882, which provided for the incorporation of "Literary and Scientific Colleges," did cover, and was meant by the Legislature to cover, a Medical College, inasmuch as the very foundation of all physiological, anatomical, and pathological knowledge is based upon what is, and has been, scientifically demonstrated.

But just here, dear reader, in order that you should understand my own private and personal relation to all these struggles in behalf of the most perfect medical principles, ideas, and practice—a system as broad, and a plan free as the best liberal institutions which grow out of our American Government—I must relate to you another *symbolic* vision, which the providential guardians artistically constructed in the air, early in the morning of July 4, 1883.

The vivid scene was this: amid a rushing and crushing flood of many waters was a brick building which was shaken and tottering almost to its downfall, while the volume and terrible energy of the tides increased every moment. Meanwhile, I seemed to be standing upon a higher strip of ground, a little elevated above the raging, roaring torrents. And beside me, both to the right and to the left of me, I saw many persons who also were looking at the threatening flood. Some of these were acquaintances living in this world,—officers of the College, and members of the Faculty,—but others in the group whom I also recognized are citizens of the Summer-Land. Suddenly, and while looking at the building which was seemingly about to fall and disappear in the overwhelming waters, I saw one of the front windows quickly thrown up. A man appeared at the window. He looked out with great anxiety written upon his face. He leaned partly out, as if looking for some means of escape. His eyes looked squarely into mine. He gestured toward us all appealingly for relief. Again his eyes came back to mine, and they said plainly: “You can *save*, if you will.” I now observed that this man was our respected Dean, Prof. Robert A. Gunn. Recognizing this fact, and taking in at a glance the entire situation, the vision ended.

When this symbolical representation was given me I was in Orange, N. J. I had nestled down in the family circle, enjoying the first few days of a very much-needed vacation. But what did I do? At the breakfast table I related my vision. Next I prepared myself as soon as possible, and took an early train into the city. Then I proceeded straightway to the office

of the Dean. Knowing him to be intellectually a full-blown scientist,—with a decided agnostic tendency to gravitate away from things and symbols spiritual,—I said to him nothing of my vision. But he was very glad to see me. He handed me some important papers that a gentlemen had left with him for me. Instantly I saw my work,—and, in a word, I gave up my entire vacation to engage in its accomplishment.

Pending the decision of our appeal from the Special Term to the General Term of the Supreme Court, I proceeded to do all in my power to raise an endowment fund of \$50,000, with a view (in case of an adverse decision) of going before the Board of Regents of the State of New York, and asking them for a charter for our College under a new name. By much personal influence, some travelling, and a good deal of writing and visitation, I succeeded in obtaining (with Prof. Gunn's indispensable aid in some instances) the amounts which each friend of the College had subscribed to the purchase of the handsome property, No. 9 East Twelfth Street, for the uses of the College. The amounts for this purchase were originally subscribed as an investment for a profit at six per cent per annum. But in obtaining from each subscriber the full amount of his subscription as a *free gift* to the endowment fund, the Trustees received a property which a prominent real-estate dealer in this city estimated at \$25,000. This work was proceeded with during July and August of 1883. Thus was *saved* the College building, which could be appropriated to the uses and benefit of the College; but which, otherwise, would inevitably have been upon the market and sold, and the money returned to the original subscribers; for this proceeding was the avowed purpose of the three Trustees to whom the title was conveyed, in trust, for the College.

The decision of the Supreme Court sustained the Court below. It was entirely against us. Our only course next was to appeal to the Court of Appeals; and, in the meantime, to work hard to procure a charter from the Board of Regents. We hoped that we should obtain a charter with our \$50,000,

which had been partly paid in, and the balance subscribed. Pending these efforts, and not wishing to be "shut up" by the dominant Allopathic County Medical Society,— which seemed to hold the Supreme Judges under its thumb,— we resolved to keep the College open, which we did, with a small class, during the winter, and until the usual time of Commencement.

In the meantime the Board of Regents met in solemn session. They duly received and acknowledged and considered our application. They lifted up their hands, and substantially said: "We require the \$50,000 shall be, not in property, but in *money* or its equivalent; therefore, as your money is already invested, except \$7000 represented by a bank certificate, *we decline.*" It was like an acknowledgment that the Regents, like the Judges, live and move and have popularity among the magnates and nabobs of the distinguished Allopaths, with a Homeopath thrown in now and then just for the sake of spice, pellets, a show of liberality, and for the pleasure of good fellowship at the clubs.

But now a new trouble confronted our Board of Trustees,— namely: If we were not, and if we had not been, duly incorporated as a College, then we could not confer upon graduates diplomas of legal value. The Clerks of the Counties in different States would not recognize our degrees as legal; hence our one hundred and twelve graduates (truly educated women and men) would have *no legal standing*,— would be subject to arrest, and liable to be thrown headlong out of practice.

To meet this exceedingly serious trouble— which, if not remedied, would lead both Trustees and graduates into endless conflicts— we resolved to introduce a bill into the Legislature, asking for the legalization of all degrees and diplomas granted by the United States Medical College. But we did not wish to introduce this bill until our case had been argued before the Judges of the Court of Appeals. In order now, dear reader, to understand the force of what follows, you should bear in mind that the situation was this: (1) The Board of Regents had refused us a charter; although we had the required \$50,-

000, for the most part in money and in property; (2) the case of our final appeal from the lower Courts had not yet been reached and argued by Judge Fithian and Senator Clinton in the Court of Appeals; (3) and, although, we had a bill prepared (to legalize our diplomas) to go before the Legislature and Governor, we hesitated, waiting and hoping the Judges would decide *in our favor*, and thus settle with one stroke all our troubles. And yet it was already a late day in the session of the Legislature to introduce a bill with any reasonable hope of getting it passed.

This was the situation when the following communication was vouchsafed. It was imparted psychophonically: * it occurred on Sunday and Monday mornings, between five and six o'clock in the still hour before sunrise, March 2 and 3, 1884. The reader will please observe that I place quotation marks only around the language imparted by the communicator.

"A word with you, beloved Jackson,—from your no longer old friend, William Green."

Why no longer my old friend, I mentally whispered.

"I am now living *youthfully*, in the fullness of that unparticled life which, changing perpetually, is itself unchangeable."

After a prolonged silence, I asked, mentally: What is the *word* you would speak to me?

"Educational interests have greatly perplexed you of late. Too deeply they have stirred beloved friend Filley.† Others associated with you suffer needless anxiety."

Why needless? I thought.

* An explanation of this process will be found in chapter xxx., entitled "Opening and Use of the Spiritual Senses."

† This gentleman was well known to the departed Mr. Green. Notwithstanding the incessant demands upon his time and thoughts, by the Suburban Rapid Transit Railway Company, of which he was and is the President, his deep interest in the progress of liberal medicine induced him to accept the Presidency of this College. Its internal economy and the legal contests drew heavily upon him, mentally and financially. At Albany, with prominent members of both branches of the Legislature, he was potent for good. He everywhere exerted a commanding influence, owing to the well-known excellence and unwavering loyalty of his brave character. Mr. Green, it will be observed, cautioned him not to be overcome with anxiety.

“Forecasting wisdom sees it is needless, except only as all agitation is educational to the agitated.”

Will all our efforts end in defeat?

“Jackson, believe me,—you are on the wrong path. It is ancient to deal with the people through their judicial rulers and legislative agents. These, representing the stability and respectability of the repressive class, will continue to blockade your efforts. By *private* conference Regents concur in a decision not to grant your charter.”

Friend Green (I thought), how can the Regents refuse if we turn our property into money, and thus fulfill the *very letter* of their specified conditions?

He answered: “They can and they *will* evade all fulfillments on your part, so long as (by you) the people are kept in ignorance of the superior ends contemplated by your College. They have the legal power to circumvent your compliances by declining to ‘approve.’”

Mentally I said: I do not understand you. Please more fully explain.

“Regents (he replied) have indefinite, and, therefore, unlimited power, embodied and concealed in these words: ‘*If it shall appear to the satisfaction of the Regents,*’—also in these: ‘*In such manner as the Regents may approve.*’ With these phrases they can keep you out,—standing a life time at their closed door,—returning for answer, *not to our satisfaction*: therefore, *we do not approve*. Yes, believe me, Jackson, you are walking in the wrong path.”

Mentally I asked: Shall we, then, take no further steps to become legally organized?

“It may be done in the wise way,—in response to the wishes of the people. To the people explain all the superior educational ends sought by your system; and exhibit to the world all the trials you have encountered. You should know this: Judicial and Legislative functionaries, when they meet in social conference, agree with one another to oppose the inception and the multiplication of more *ordinary* medical Colleges, of any

school or class. Many institutions of medicine now existing they desire to obliterate. I sympathize with them in this desire."

Do the Judges regard our College as of this *ordinary* class? I asked in thought.

"Do you not, all of you, mean that, in ultimate developments, your College shall be superior to those existing?"

I answered: We certainly do mean exactly what you say.

"Then," he rejoined, "Why do you not explicitly and fully *educate the people*,—teach them to grasp and to adopt your plenum of meaning. Before Regents you appear asking them to institute (what they regard as) *another ordinary College* of medicine and surgery; and they assume that, seeing nothing in your avowed purposes beyond selfish and ambitious interests—nothing out of the usual path of collegiate education—(in which they wisely conclude too many medical schools already exist), they easily find something in your application which they do not approve." (Mr. Green was silent here. Next morning the subject was resumed as follows):

"Jackson! I say to you now, fear not. Clouds of injustice have gathered over your chosen word—'Eclectic!' Nevertheless, retain it. You mean that you (all of you) have discovered *new light*—freedom of choice—liberty of judgment in prescription. The new light—your higher liberties—your better ends in medical research—these you should offer to the people in public assemblies. In free conventions called for the purpose, you (Eclectics) all should combine to signalize and emphasize your superior system and purposes. Instruct the people. Go to them. Tell them how, at what time, and by whom, you have been and are opposed. Explain the principles of universal selection in the making and uses of medicine. Inform the people fully. Explain to the people the well-ascertained principles you adopt. Expose the errors of your opponents. Conceal nothing. Secret things shall be revealed. Say your College is needed because it is really *Eclectic*; because it is, in all departments, *Co-educational*; because it is vitally

Progressive, and will eventually overthrow the elder corporations in its onward march. Do you not see that such a College cannot be at this time incorporated in the State of New York? And yet the people are ripe for a positive step with determination to *Light*. Take the advance step without concealment. Move openly among the people with perfect faith. Consult no policy born of fear. Love your fellow-men. Appear in no disguise. Instruct the people. They are ready and willing to be instructed. At some time the Legislature of your own State, influenced by the people, will give you an act of incorporation approved by the Governor. Take the path I show you. Do not turn either way. Your troubles for your graduates will terminate in a pronounced victory. Your successful work for them will be the first triumph over organized and influential opponents. They are strongly entrenched. Your own scattered forces will be far stronger, and become more united, as you advance."

In thought I asked here: Shall we go before the Legislature with our bill for our graduates?

"Yes," he said. "But do not appear with arguments in Court of Appeals pending efforts in the Legislature."

What do you say about our money efforts of last summer? I asked.

And he replied: "Do you not discern, Jackson, that you all possess a property of value, which, as you all will decide, can be disposed of or held to promote future uses?"

So ended the psychophonic interview.

Since the reception of the above communication the Court of Appeals decided against us; settling our legal contest, that we were not, and that we never had been (in law) an incorporated Medical College. But since Mr. Green's message was received, another event of very great importance has transpired. By virtue of hundreds of dollars paid for attorney work at Albany, our bill for legalizing diplomas *passed* both branches of the Legislature. The Governor (now President of the United

States) signed this Bill on the 23d of May, 1884. Thus (in fulfillment of Mr. Green's words) the people of the Empire State in Legislature assembled declared, and the declaration was vitalized by the Governor's signature, that all degrees and all diplomas conferred by the United States Medical College were and are of equal legal value to the diplomas conferred by any other college in the Union. Thus, by this special act of the Legislature, which became a law by receiving the Governor's signature, *all our graduates are henceforth protected by diplomas signally legalized!*

But I did not divulge a word of Mr. Green's message to any member of the Board of Trustees or Faculty. They were, I well knew, of all shades of belief (and doubt) upon almost every vital question; and more especially they were skeptically mixed concerning the possibility of spiritual intercourse. I was, perhaps, the only full-blooded, thorough-bred Spiritualist connected with the College; although among the "all shades" already mentioned there were several well-known half-breeds, or indefinite believers. So, intentionally, I concealed from them all the words that had descended to me from the supernal realm. But, as to my own conduct in the premises, I confess to being mainly guided by the instructions I had received.

In justice to the members of the Harmonial Association — to show the world that they were true practical friends of liberal medical education — I will say that to sustain the Psychological Chair in the College, they paid the Professor the annual amount promised; they also purchased and paid for \$1000 of College stock; they subscribed \$12,000 toward the endowment fund, of which sum they paid in cash nearly \$8000; and, besides, they generously and cheerfully sustained the meetings from September to June for several years.

Candidly speaking, for personal uses and benefits, I felt that I had no need of the college discipline of study; but I *had need* of just such a schooling for the sake of more effectiveness in matters which, in the near future, may engage much of my time and energy.

A farewell word to collegiates,—past, present, and to come: A higher civilization will discard all legal enthrallment, and all external authorities,—either to prevent or to promote the practice of medicine.

There are five high “gifts” (to use an ancient form of speech) which no college can impart,—namely: Preaching, Teaching, Healing, Painting, Music. These are *from* the spirit, and they *go to* the spirit. All other professions or pursuits can be *acquired* in greater or less degree of perfection by educational methods. Even the “gifts” may be potentially improved by systematically *training* the faculties, and the person through which and by whom they are manifested. But what college or legislature was it that authorized a certain “good physician” to *heal* a woman who had been sick fifteen years? Did he get his diploma registered in the County Clerk’s office before he attempted to expel seven diseases (or devils) out of another woman? The devils were the only objectors.

The true physician is *born*. He is not made by either college or legislature. Law may serve as a method of recovering compensation for damages inflicted; but it will not, in an enlightened age, undertake to curtail the inherent rights of the individual. You have a natural right to employ any person you desire to serve as your physician; and every person has a natural right to act for you in that capacity. It is said that unless the physician is educationally qualified, and legally diplomatized to serve you, your life is in danger. No more so than when you purchase a ticket and start out upon any railway or ocean steamer. *You*, in your freedom, take the risk. If you are injured, the law may be of service. Let the largest liberty be born in your heart. The spirit of God is boundless liberty. All tyranny is diabolical. Hell is a prison. Heaven is infinitude!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MORALITY CONTRASTED.

“HAVE FAITH! and thy faith shall sustain thee;
 Permit not suspicion and care
 With invisible bonds to enchain thee;
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.”

MY psychical (or soul) relation to the sad humanity,—my researches into the constitution of the spirit's inmost inner life, —my familiarity with the ever-flowing death-flood which is perpetually sweeping beloved persons away into the (to them) unfathomable abysses of mystery,—my insight into *causes*, or into the spring-motives of human action,—how the human Loves,* which are so perfect in themselves, become so horrible when thrown into either an *inverted* or *extreme* state of feeling and manifestation,—all, and yet other considerations combined, have the effect to bring to me letters from some of the most wretched and hopeless and desperate members of the human family. They come personally (sometimes), imploringly, pleadingly, prayerfully,—wishing for “salvation” from the wild, revengeful, ungovernable persecution of their once-loving acquaintances, or parents, and once-fond friends,—seeking for sympathy and for protection, like a drunkard who *knows* that his disgusting habit is “a disease,” or like the savagely insane man who, in moments of calmness and rationality, realizes that his ravings and violence and wrong-doings are really nothing

* “The Reformer,” *Great Harmonia*, Vol. IV., embodies the author's inspirations upon these wondrous Loves.

but the "symptoms" of a disorder in his magazine of forces, at times far beyond his power of self-control.

These and such come to me, dear reader, while I myself may be contesting and battling with analogous disturbances in my own special sphere. Not from earth only, but they come from *Beyond the Valley*. After death, by murder or suicide, the perturbed soul gravitates downwards to redress wrongs committed, or to obtain vindication in the world where personal life began. Tears and lamentations in this world can be suppressed by resorting to stimulants and to fierce excitements. But the soul and the spirit say, as one voice: "I *despise* this depraved life; and I will not live in it another day." But in an hour the old life is resumed. To the parents or friends of such a son, or daughter, this sudden "return to the evil ways" seems to be *willful*, and they therefore turn away with mortification, and they allow the hell-fires of anger to burn up all their sympathy and forbearance. A young woman committed suicide in her nineteenth year. She was always in good health; had been well-educated; retiring in her manners; fond of music and poetry. One day her artless, impulsive soul was captured by a man with some fascinating influences. They were married. Very soon she found that she had become intimately associated with an evil companion. She contemplated her situation with indignation and horror. Instead of turning away from her chosen husband, which virtuous society does not approve, she fulfilled the popular expectation and requirement by heroically clinging to her lawful husband; for had she not (a pure, true, honest girl) *promised* God, in the awful presence of an ordained clergyman, that she *would* "love, honor, and obey"? Therefore, in obedience, as "a dutiful" wife, she soon found herself among disreputable characters. Suddenly inverted in her love, she was changed into a fury. She drank, allowed every passion full play, became violent, and killed herself in less than thirty-six months. Who cares? Only the wise angels above know that she is still an innocent, noble, pure girl. Here, on earth, she despised herself as she was despised by others.

In one of her last letters to a lover, she wrote: "When I look back upon the various changes of my existence, and behold the wreck of what was once pure and good; when I think of the time, only three short years ago, when my life's young blood ran high, when I was happy, so happy, in loving and believing myself beloved by a man who had it in his power to advance my future interest and make me a woman of truth and virtue, one to be loved and respected; but how has he used his power? By making me the guilty thing I am. He dashed my fond hopes to the ground, thrust me in the midst of vice and infamy, led me where I shuddered to walk, placed the wine cup to my lips, and bade me drink. I was then but sixteen years old. He called me green, foolish, a child, and said he would educate me, which he has done,—yes, which he has done, and at what a cost have I served him! I have sold my hopes of heaven for a share of hell. I have made my life a curse to me; oh, I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs, and now, behold the consequence! You see in reckless me a proof of what might have been, and then blame me. But I will have my revenge. What care I though confidence be betrayed through me? So have mine suffered; though hearts may ache, so has mine ached; though lives may one day be wrecked, so has mine been seared and chilled. *Some one shall pay for my lost happiness.* Why not the world? Must I, who have such a keen appreciation of the good and beautiful, such a perfect sense of what is pure and lofty, see others revel in their midst, and myself an outcast? No, never. I will yet enjoy all this, though it has lost me my honor, and may eventually cost me my life."*

Oh, the profound uncharitableness of popular virtue! It is conceived in the deepest ignorance of the interior nature of the

* My prudent, proper-minded, "sinless" (therefore uncharitable) interrogator asks: "Well, you say that in everybody's life is a plan of God. Now, sir, pray tell me what *good purpose* or end do you see in this girl's evil life and suicide?" I answer: My knowledge does not extend into all the uses of her life, but I know of *one use*, that is, her life and its tragic end caused this chapter to be written, and this chapter may *save* a thousand sons and daughters.

soul. To inflict *punishment* is the remedy prescribed by the old-school ministers and their ignorant supporters. Let society *protect itself* in the spirit of loving kindness, not with cruelty and in the spirit of evangelical condemnation.

Wise-hearted persons see similarities and harmonies, and they enjoy them with a joy that is unspeakable; but the foolish and thin-hearted are quick to discern differentiations and unlikenesses, and they engender discords day by day.

Contrasts, however, are indispensable and inseparable from every perfect picture. The dark background brings out the illuminations. The sunshine is vividly enjoyed after days of darkness. Let us apply the rule of contrasts to modern (even so-called advanced Spiritualist) methods of promoting "morality," and compare it with the ancient method, introduced by the pale-faced man of Nazareth. The strong points only, in this beautiful scene, I present.* The story begins thus:—

He left Judea, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs go through Samaria. He went to Jacob's well, and, being wearied, sat there about the sixth hour. A Samaritan woman came to draw water. Jesus opened the conversation. He was entirely alone with her at the retired spot,—a parcel of ground that the Patriarch Jacob (hundreds of years before) had given to his son Joseph,—his bosom friends being absent in the city Sychar, to buy some meat and groceries.

"Give me some drink?" he said, appealingly, to the stranger woman. She had an eye to the lines of physiognomy, and replied: "How is it that thou, being a *Jew*, asketh drink of me, a woman of Samaria, for the *Jews* have no dealings with [such outcasts and disreputable characters as] the Samaritans."

She addressed a large-minded, and, therefore, unsectarian and just-minded man. But she did not know it, the poor, blind soul. She had been *so used* to being snubbed and shunned by the virtuous Jews. He gently assured her that, if she only

* See *John*, chap. iv., from the third to the twenty-ninth verse. I omit many wise sayings.

knew his innate feelings of universal and impartial love for *all* God's children,—Gentiles and Jews, black and white, bond or free,—she would not have hesitated a minute. On the contrary, he assured her, that she would have felt like asking him to dip down deep, and give her an all-healing drink.

But, although he was charming her with his beautiful metaphysical allusions to spiritual waters of life, she noticed that he had not any tin-cup or other vessel. The well was very deep, and she said to him: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with." The man of universal good will said: "Whosoever drinketh of this [Jacob's Well] water, shall thirst again."

The interested woman's own every-day experience said to her: "Certainly, he's right *this time*." But she was completely dumbfounded at his next remark: "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*; it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life!"

The utilitarian notion at once seized her practical mind. What a saving of time and strength! It was a hard task, so often, to run away down to Jacob's old well after pots of water for cooking and drinking. So she said, in her sweetest tones of persuasion: "Sir, give me this water [which you have been describing] that I thirst not, neither come here to draw."

The situation now became intensely propitious to the impartation of spiritual truth. His bosom friends, too, who had gone into town after some fresh meat, might return at any moment, and find *him* absorbed in conversation with a tabooed woman. He knew that many of his so-called disciples were thin-headed and foolish-hearted. The stalwart, plumed-knight, Peter, was an impulsive, headstrong, half-traitorous sort of follower; and Iscariot, although faithful when within the magnetic circle of the truly faithful, was half-inclined to misrepresent and to *betray* whenever talking with positive skeptics.

So, to be protected, he said to the woman: "Go call your husband, and come hither."

She was, at this request, more dumbfounded than before. Her situation was decidedly embarrassing, but she plucked up

courage (for she felt she was talking to a man who was not ruled by either popular opinions or the notions of his friends), and candidly and truly answered: "I have no husband."

She stood trembling, expecting from him a *crushing* discourse on immorality,—about breaking down the superstructure of the State, and that her conduct was ripping up the very foundations of all social order and virtue,—but instead of this, he only answered: "Thou hast well said: 'I have *no* husband.'"

She instantly felt more calm. As soon as she could get her feelings in a receptive condition, he added: "*You have had five husbands!*" She was perfectly astounded—that this interesting, beautiful, white-faced, unpretending stranger could see the *facts* in her case. But she was still more astonished and alarmed when, suddenly, he told her another secret, in these words,—"*And he whom you live with is not your husband.*"

Immediately after this alarming disclosure, he began educating the woman's spiritual faculties; urging her to give up her contracted ideas,—to take to her heart the truth of God's impersonality and impartiality; that "God is a *Spirit*"—without flesh and blood and bones; that one place or habitation is just *as holy* as another, so long as the person occupying it was spiritually-minded. In which case, the enlarged soul would naturally worship and obey the laws of the INFINITE ONE "in spirit and in truth."

The woman was now dumbfounded for the third time. While talking with the fascinating stranger, and just as he had anticipated, back came his disciples (about as spiritual as the average salvation-army managers), and, *of course*,—"they *marvelled* that he talked with the woman!" But they had learned, by some former rather severe rebukes from him, that they had better mind their own affairs, and not undertake to regulate their own business and *his* "father's business" also; in which, with all due deference to the average ignorance and stupidity of self-sufficient followers, he gave them to understand that he was entitled to be called, and duly respected, as their "Master."

Therefore, not one of them interfered; not one said, "What

seekest thou?" to the interesting woman; neither did a man among them attempt to investigate the case, by asking him, "Why talkest thou with *her*?" But they, doubtless, *felt* duly "mortified" on finding, on their return from town, that their Head man had been familiarly conversing with a strange woman, — and a Samaritan woman, too! "What will people say?" What *would* they (the disciples) have said, or done, had they *known* that she had been living with five husbands, and was *now living with a man* "who was not her husband"? Luckily, they were as ignorant of these social facts as they were ignorant of spiritual ideas in general, — or they would have instantly called him to give an account of the precise nature and severity of his language in sufficiently *condemning her*.

But she, utterly overcome with the truthfulness of his clairvoyant disclosures, combined with his tender manner and loving kindness, left her water-pot standing by Jacob's well, and hastened back into town, saying to everyone enthusiastically: "COME, see a man which told me [without *scolding* a word] all things that ever I did."

My kind reader is now prepared to appreciate what, in these modern days, — nineteen hundred years *after* the foregoing method was manifested, — is called the true, virtuous, Christian style of treating the religiously and socially *tabooed* woman at Jacob's deep well. The scene is this: —

A wearied gentleman approaches and takes a quiet seat near the stone steps. He takes out a cigar, and begins to smoke. A woman noiselessly walks up to draw some water. He feels annoyed. But politely says: "Give me a drink." While in the act of drinking from the cup, which she gracefully offered him, he glances over into her face, and instantly recognizes her as Mrs. Fracus, "a message woman," living in Egypt Flats, top floor, front room, "come in without ringing." But alas! she does not know him. So she ventures to utter a few pleasant words. He now recalls, also, that she is an attractive speaker on the Spiritualist platform. He had himself experienced delightful mental elevations when, years ago, he frequently

attended her poetic and oratorical ministrations. But *now*, having acquired a more virtuous mind, he would not encourage any such woman!

Handing the cup back to her, he blurts out: "Where 's that man, Fracus?" She answers that he is at home, in her office, to receive her patients.

"Madame," he says, "I know who you are, root and branch. You've been married *five* times; and now, you're living with that contemptible Fracus, in defiance of all law and order and decency."

She is naturally filled with consternation. Here is a spiritual *stranger* telling her "correctly" all about her domestic affairs. She is silent. But he goes on:—

"Let me count. Husband No. 1 was young, gladitorial *Æsop*. He died. No. 2 was that adventurer *Bartemius*. He ran off to sea. If he should return, there'll be another Enoch Arden case. No. 3 was that long-haired, half-witted *Cicero*. Pneumonia soon laid him out. No. 4, John Dorcus, ran away into Indiana, got a divorce from you, and he's now doing well as a Magnetic Doctor. No. 5, old Joe Eversole, you got a divorce from on the ground of adultery. No. 6, that contemptible Bill Fracus, you are living with illegally, in spite of what anybody says."

The tabooed woman is now naturally too confused and frightened to utter a word in self-justification. But, still puffing his cigar, he virtuously continues:—

"If the surnames of your successive husbands, madame, with that of your present paramour, be affixed to your maiden name, and printed, *in extenso*, in the *New York Herald*, wherein you deserve to be exposed and shown up, it would read thus: *Mrs. Amelia Æsop Bartemius-Cicero-Dorcus-Ever-ole-Fracus!*

"No, madame,—you need n't talk to me in your fascinating style about the 'sweet waters of truth!' You need n't solicit me to help you financially to get a spiritual artesian well sunk, whose sparkling waters you say will 'spring up unto everlasting life!' You need n't come to me with any of your

enchancing metaphysical obscurities! No, madame! — I am an out-and-out high-standard Spiritualist, pure and simple, and don't you forget it. There is not much good in you, or you would n't have been married *so much!* You aint worth saving to Spiritualism. What did Jesus say to the woman taken in adultery? 'Go, sinner, go! away, woman, into everlasting infamy and discord,—away into pandemonium prepared from the foundations of the world for the hosts of diakka, and for all disreputable spirits and fallen angels!'

"Phew! woman,—just hear how it sounds when read out in true oratorical style,—*Mrs. Æsop-Bartemius-Cicero-Dorcus-Eversole-Fracus!*

"Begone, madame! know that *I* am a clean, virtuous, Christian Spiritualist!"

An associate of spirit Galen, one day, alluding to the experience of many in the evils of society, said: "*Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici; cum cedit, turpi vertilis ora fuga,*" meaning that some friends, so long as your fortune is propitious, will smile upon you; but let your good circumstances change, and *the same friends* will desert you, and consign you to disgrace.

Let the kind reader of these pages contrast the foregoing virtuous strut of the hypocrite with the child-like sublimity of that "charity which thinketh *no evil.*" Solitary and alone was the pale-faced man of Nazareth. Noisy and fussy are the professionally virtuous. Into the sky soar the prayers and the person of the soul which said to the stricken, adulterous, misdirected woman, "*Neither do I condemn thee! Go, sin no more!*" But down into oblivion forever will drop the memory and the sayings of persons who, with assumed indignation, pronounce social ostracism and its hell-punishments upon even the least, and lowest, and vilest of mankind.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VACATION-VISITS TO THE COUNTRY.

“The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves ;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.”

HAVING completed my official industries for the college, I felt free, for the first time, Aug. 26, 1884, to accept an invitation from a resident of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, to accompany him on a vacation-tour among the unrivalled hills of New England.

Arrived at this gentleman's highlanded-home mansion, far up Fairmont Avenue, from the Providence Depot, I realized that a “turn” in my long valley-path would be found in a few months. “You appear to be in good health,” he said, “but you seem to be unusually *depressed*.” He had heard that there had occurred some misunderstanding or misrepresentation in New York, but of the nature or extent thereof he had no definite information. I did not make any answer. I resolved that I would not make my disturbances a subject of conversation. Therefore I remained hermetically sealed to him for many weeks, until the twelfth of November ; so that, if it were spiritually designed that this gentleman was to take a part in my history, he should not be in any manner influenced by my personal views and wishes.

Of the individuality of Mr. Giles a few remarks are deemed appropriate. His contributions to the literature of Spiritualism have not marked his profound and long-continued interest in the subject, because, for the most part, his pen and influence have been exerted in behalf of *Liberty*,—in conscience, in theology, in medicine, in politics, in manners, in marriage, in all departments of individual life; but even upon these vital questions his writings are confined to a few logical, legal, and thoroughly-thought-out essays, which have been published in pamphlet form. He was a pains-taking, conscientious, successful student in Brown University.* Under the majestic influence and intellectual force of President Wayland, Mr. Giles became deeply impressed not only with the wondrous researches of science and literature, but with the profoundest doctrines of orthodox ethics and theology. The great learning, sincerity, and high-mindedness of Dr. Wayland carved ineffacable characters upon the impressible talents and temperament of Mr. Giles, and when he graduated from the University, his mind held a decided education in the direction of the most invincible theological conservatism.

Subsequently, however, after Mr. Giles had adopted the profession of law, and become a well-known and highly-respected practitioner in the city of Boston, he commenced a course of readings and investigations in Harmonial Philosophy, and into the facts of Spiritualism. The usual result followed: he was perfectly emancipated from the fortifications of orthodox theology. In proportion as he unfolded in this new freedom, in the same proportion he turned from and unsparingly denounced the popular chains that had so long held him in bondage. He retired from the practice of law several years ago, owing to his inadequate physical constitution and enfeebled health; and, having acquired a fortune sufficient for the enjoyment of a quiet life, became a citizen of one of Boston's many beautiful villages.

* Francis Wayland, LL. D., was for a whole generation President of Brown University, located at Providence, R. I.

Pictures, portraits, and divers mementos of art and friendship, literally cover every appropriate space on the walls of this modest dwelling. Sandwiched between pictures and numerous shelves (the latter loaded with best prose and verse books, dictionaries, cyclopedias, and volumes of lore in English, French, Latin, and Greek) are Japanese panel-paintings, decorative lanterns, and yet other arcana of Chinese art and artifice. All this is near Boston,* — the acknowledged capital of literature and art; but it is far from New York, the known capital of all available capital, and the progressively coming head-centre of the future United States.

His home-life is simple, elegant, and orderly. Mrs. S. R. H. Giles, his esteemed wife, is a lady of superior education and fine tastes. Her contributions are valued by many editors. She is fond of painting and penciling from nature, and her love of music is the mainspring of her rare execution on both the organ and piano. In religion she remains firm and faithful to her earliest evangelical impressions. So that, although she invariably gives *me* a kindly welcome, and never cools off in the exercise of her graceful entertainments, yet I am evidently *his guest* during my sojourn within their habitation. But they perfectly harmonize in extending to me their bountiful hospitalities. They together, one day, furnished and appropriately decorated an upper chamber in their pleasant mansion; and, on my return from a brief absence, I was shown into the lofty apartment, which I found combined at once the comforts of a bedroom and the accessories of a study.*

In giving you, dear reader, these few sentences concerning

* A pie, if circular, represents, like every other circle, 360 degrees. In Boston or vicinity, while dining under æsthetic environments, the question has been put to me: "How many degrees?" If fond of that particular pie, I answered: "90 degrees, if you please." But, usually, I limited myself to 45 degrees! In New York, you just say you will "take a piece," and you will be served with the same mathematical exactness! The Diakka named "Notsob" as a remarkable city identical with Boston.

* My friend Giles, who is given to poetic phraseology, at once named this "The Prophet's Chamber." In this sky-parlor this volume was written, and here, too, heavenly communications have been received.

Mr. Giles, I explain to you that I was wisely led into *the very* local habitation wherein, during my approaching period of retirement from all public work, I could find needful protection, perfect repose, and a complete personal independence.

The following brief note from Mr. Giles, which exhibits his true and faithful heart, was received by me at a time of great conflicts (see chapter xxii.), and when the tenderness of its utterances seemed like balm given to a wounded pilgrim:—

HYDE PARK, MASS., Dec. 31, 1878.

“BELOVED A. J. DAVIS: Expecting that this note will reach you on the first day of the coming New Year, I, though absent in body, yet as present with you in spirit, greet you and yours with cordial and loving salutations. If it were in my power, not only this New Year’s day, but every subsequent day of your earthly sojourn should be serene, and happiness should be your lot. But far clearer than I, do you know, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, much less to fix the happiness of others.

“To your writings, to your counsels and suggestions, and to permitted familiar intercourse with you, am I indebted for improvement of my spirit, mind, and body,—more, far more, than I can express. I feel grateful, and I desire to express and materialize to you my gratitude. I should be glad did I know how, and were I able to, to do as much good to or for you as you have done to and for me.

“In the hope that I may in the future, as in the past, be favored with familiar correspondence and friendship with you, I remain as ever,

Your friend,

“ALFRED E. GILES.”

In the foregoing the reader will find the true foundation of the many delightful vacations I have spent with this scholarly and widely-known citizen of New England. He never hesitates, when an occasion offers, to emphasize his convictions, and to array himself in defence of individual liberty. Sometimes I have seen him misunderstood, to his disadvantage. But from a long and intimate association with him, at home and abroad, I am certain that his spirit is reverential and truth-loving, and that his physical and mental habits and life are honorable, wholesome, and pure.

My cordial friend, in the plenitude of his generosity, desired me to look over the maps, guide-books, excursions for tourists to the White Mountains; and to fix upon *any* route which impressed me as most likely to yield the greatest amount of comfort and entertainment. Thanking him, I said: "My inclination is toward a farmhouse retreat, surrounded by fruitful fields, near apple orchards, where we can have plenty of fresh milk, butter, berries, vegetables, fruits, and the grains."

On the 3d of September, just a week after I left the hot metropolis, we arrived at the comfortable country home of Mr. George Brooks, a substantial farmer, not far from the historic Concord, where Emerson opened up to mankind the high walks of truth, and where the free philosophers have recently assembled and spoken. But we sequestered ourselves, and lived the country life in good country fashion, for one week. Then we went (September 9th) to the so-called "Wilder Mansion," near Bolton, wherein I was given the bedroom said to have been once occupied by General Lafayette, but which more interested me when informed that it was the birthplace of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Thence we journeyed to Princeton, a high-up historic town, from which a picturesque scene of mountains and valleys is everywhere presented. We left this attractive elevation and arrived at Hotel Wellesley, September 23d, where we were joined by Mrs. Giles; returning to their home in Hyde Park, on the 31st, where Mr. Giles and I remained one week.

Throughout all these weeks my spiritual senses remained sealed. No feeling, no sound, no thought, out of the ordinary life. This is the life that most persons live from birth to death. A few miles out of Boston, on the narrow-gauge railroad to Lynn, is a seaside resort, called "Crescent Beach." Mr. Giles proposed a day and a night there. We went. The salt sea breeze was a delightful refreshment and contrast, after a whole month of country air. Alone, I wandered up and down the shell-strewn beach, looking at the exquisitely fine-fibred network of some marine plants which had come in upon the tide, when, lo! a voice sounded down from above, saying: "*Nul-*

lily the legal tie; the time will soon come."* It was given on the 4th of October. After long-continued listening, but without obtaining anything additional, I returned to the hotel.

Mr. Giles readily discerned, for I did not tell him, that I was not ready to return to New York. In truth, I did not perceive any possible change in my position or circumstances. I was still his visitor, and I gave him no opportunity to "speed the parting guest" in my case! Accordingly, acting upon his arrangements, we arrived at Deacon Wilson's farm boarding-house on the 8th of October. This retired country home is located on a perfectly picturesque elevation, about two miles from Wilton, amid the manifold mountains of New Hampshire. October was busy painting the foliage of the maples and beeches; they blazed and blushed with every possible brilliant tint and color; and, far and wide, along the hillsides and upon the great eminences, beauty and the glory filled the landscape. Every day I walked to the postoffice and back, up and down hill, flanked by these blazing beautiful trees. We returned to Hyde Park on the 22d of October. Still, to his surprise, perhaps, I made no move toward departure. Then I candidly explained to him that I was groping along in a dark valley; and that I could not yet perceive my path, nor any distinct work demanding my energies. Next day he generously and very tenderly invited me *to remain with them*, and for as long a time as I felt inclined; that I should be at liberty to go and come, to associate with them in the parlor, or to remain in my own room; that I was perfectly welcome to continue to be their guest until I felt an attraction calling me in some other direction.

This invitation to remain was in perfect sincerity expressed to me in the morning just after breakfast, November 8, 1884; and an hour afterward, while meditating in my own room, guardian Galen's well-known voice said: "*You may write to*

* The reader will recall this message; recorded in the long Letter, chapter xvi.

Mary that nothing will tempt you to return to New York until you and she are on the way to legal personal liberty."

The significance and practical import of this remarkable message, given me immediately after Mr. Giles had expressed his generousities, will be better appreciated by the reader when the circumstances are explained. My vacation period, since 1879, had been fixed by the trustees to begin on the second Sunday in June, and to terminate on the second Sunday in September. Accordingly, procrastinating my return without assigning any intelligible cause—my health being unusually excellent—occasioned among members of my congregation considerable uneasiness, and many of them by letter commenced urging my return and the resumption of my discourses. They did not understand the nature of my seclusion,—that I was groping my way through a covered psychical passage between high mountains,—and, this experience being intrinsically a mystery to most persons, I could not intelligently explain to anyone my position. The bridge spanning the way between the commencement and the termination of my vacation was not visible to my best friends. At this juncture, when I could not give any definite reason for prolonging my absence and silence, the heavens opened, and, lo! *a voice* descended with a practical explanation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

QUESTIONS OF TIME AND ETERNITY.

“Why this longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?”

DAY unto day, by letters, or directly from the mouths of earnest persons I chance to meet in the valley, come innumerable questions.

Human nature naturally asks questions from all departments of its organization. *Physical* questions arise from bodily sensations,—such as heat, cold, hunger, thirst, weakness, heaviness, wants, passions, appetites. *Intellectual* questions proceed from mental sensations,—such as ignorance, curiosity, inquisitiveness, desire to know, ambition, pride, power. *Affectional* questions emanate from the sensations of the various loves,—filial, fraternal, parental, conjugal, and self-love. And the variety and number of the questions will exactly balance with the number and variety of the sensations of which these loves are susceptible. *Spiritual* questions spring, like white-winged doves, from the sublime sensations awakened in the beautiful recesses of the superior faculties.

Sometimes a person who is capable of both putting and understanding a profound intellectual question is, at the same time, incapable of perceiving and comprehending a *spiritual* answer, because of his inharmonic development,—giving him,

perhaps, a superior intellectual grasp and power, while he may be blank and stone-blind in the spiritual faculties. This rule is equally and invariably applicable to all other parts of human nature. Nothing can be more unsatisfying, for example, than an *intellectual* answer to a question which took its rise from among the spiritual faculties. Questions signify the fleeting wants, or else the deep-seated desires, or perhaps the absolute necessities, of that portion of the human organization from which they emanate. Much of the bitter animosities, and senseless quibbles, and cruel persecutions in the sad tragedies of human history is attributable to this one cause, namely, to misunderstandings arising from the fact that questions were asked by one set of faculties and answered (perhaps *correctly*) by another set of faculties, in which the questioners were undeveloped, and therefore deficient, and from which they drew unjust conclusions.

The intellect requires argument, illustration, facts; the spiritual faculties only need clear affirmation, and the virtue of truth. If you would make progress in the ways of truth and wholeness (holiness), you should learn to discriminate between the sources of questions and the sources of their answers. When the old Roman official put to the spiritual, pale-faced Nazarene the intellectual question, "What is truth?" he was not answered intellectually. Because the divine reformer well understood that the intellect is not capable of comprehending the truths of the immortal spirit, which speaks, and hears, and sees only from the coronal portions of the human mind. The old saying that "spiritual things are spiritually discerned" is as true as ever; and not less so is the other ancient record, "everything after its kind."

Among a large swarm of questions I select and answer the following:—

What is clairvoyance?

The sight of the internal eye, which may be opened by the subjection of the bodily organs. This subjection can be accomplished either by death or by the profound magnetic slumber.

How do spirits converse ?

Vocal discourse is an invention of the intellect. Speech is spiritual only when it flows from the motions and emotions of the inmost. For these feelings there are no possible sounds, no written language.

Do spirits breathe ?

Flux and influx, or respiration and pulsation, are modes of bodily life in the spirit.

What is the Resurrection ?

The rising of the spirit above the body. This experience is certain at death ; but, to the spiritually pure, this exaltation may occur during the terrestrial journey.

How do spirits eat ?

They eat and drink not with teeth and throat, but by inhalation, respiration, and absorption ; exactly as you hear the sound of the *soul* of music, and feel the beauty of the *heart* of the beautiful.

Is memory immortal ?

The recollection of physical sensations is perishable. Imperishable memories are *changes* that occurred in the progress of spirit.

What is the Summer-Land ?

The heaven where spring-time and harvest-abundance are perpetual. It encircles and outshines an immensity of inhabited worlds ; each of which is a spiritual vestibule to the infinite temple "not made with hands."

What is the earth ?

An earth is a planet where the immortal spirit first permanently receives the "image and likeness" of the Infinite Parents.

What is truth ?

Truth is the immutable and eternal integrity of the Infinite Parents. He who lives and speaks in harmony with this integrity, lives and speaks in unity with the unchangeable will and love of God.

Who are the Infinite Parents ?

The infinite wisdom is called "God," and the infinite love is called "Nature."

What, then, is matter?

Material substance is the outmost and slowest expression or condition of spirit.

What is spirit?

Spirit is the name we give to the highest and most sublime expression or condition of substance.

What is life?

When the immortal essence begins to clothe itself with the first forms of animation, we call it "life."

What is love?

Love is the perfect flower of life. It is superior to life, because it is conscious of its own consciousness,—the SUN that shines into and over everything; and which *warms* everything until it blooms with immortal beauty

Can love control itself?

Yes, ultimately; because wisdom is the perfect flower of love. Whatever is conscious of itself is capable of self-government.

How does a spirit appear?

Invariably a spirit appears in the human form, but with a face and in habiliments exactly indicative of the condition and state of the affections. Highest angels never appear in surface habiliments.

Can a spirit deceive?

A true and pure spirit cannot. But the fine arts, as well as the magical arts of psychological psychometry, are practiced by certain intellectual spirits upon the susceptible on earth.

Is spirit intercourse beneficial?

Yes, when it is maintained upon a pure, unselfish basis. Nothing can be more productive of injury when it is sought for the promotion of worldly advantages. The penalty may be tardy in coming, but it is sure to fall upon the evil doer.

What is selfishness?

That which promotes *your* own personal power and your welfare at the expense of the rightful possessions of your fellows.

Is it selfish to seek development ?

No ; for an improvement of your condition is a benefit conferred upon mankind ; and, especially, is your higher development a kindness bestowed upon all who associate or have dealings with you.

Who are true Spiritualists ?

They who seek first the kingdom of truth that is in the spirit.

Who are the materialists in Spiritualism ?

They who exclusively seek the wonderful demonstrations, which performing spirits and their mediums are fond of exhibiting, with no noble ends or purposes.

Do you oppose these demonstrations ?

No, when they are sought as positive *proofs* of a natural human life after death.

Do people seek them for any other purpose ?

Yes ; thousands of persons, who were long since delivered from all doubt concerning immortality, continue to visit the materializing circles as a sort of religious duty or pastime.

What is the penalty ?

All triflers are punished, at last, by encountering deceptions and perplexing tricks enough to cause them to *lose all* their previous delightful faith. In the end, therefore, all their so-styled "positive knowledge" concerning immortality slips away from the mind like the quicksand that was under the great house by the sea.

How shall we become spiritual ?

By seeking wisdom concerning the import and significance of eternal principles ; and by living, as far as is possible, in this world, in harmony with such principles.

What are eternal principles ?

Truth, Love, Justice, Beauty, Liberty, Growth,— these are principles, and also the fruition of principles, which would overcome all evil, and fill the world with brotherhood, joy, peace, happiness.

Another, and a totally different series of questions comes up from the darkened valleys. Some of them (like the following) are of the highest importance to human progress: —

Does insanity continue to afflict minds after death?

As a fundamental principle, by which to understand the origin, nature, and *duration* of error, disease, evil, and crime, you should keep this in mind, namely: health is right, disease is wrong; good is positive and permanent — evil is negative and fleeting; justice is inherent and eternal — crime is adherent and temporal; and this is all true because the absolute and unchangeable God (GOOD) lives in all centres and comprehends all circumferences, against whom and against which no demoniac influence or personality can long contend with success. Accepting the foregoing as a principle of judgment, the reader is fully prepared to answer his own question — to this effect, that, although mental defects and disturbances may survive the grave for a time, they do not, because (from their very nature) they cannot long continue to afflict the individual in the Summer-Land.

Are not insane persons possessed by evil spirits?

The evil spirits which cause and feed insane conditions are simply and only those deranged and disturbed psychical “elements” which exist in every individual, between the spirit inmost and the external physical body. What these elements are I have elsewhere explained; also what function they perform during life and after death.* That these elements are the potential devils, *the evil spirits*, the depraved mentalities, which are the immediate cause and support of insanity, may be demonstrated by analytically studying the various remote and approximate causes which result in mental derangement. Examples will illustrate my meaning: —

First example: A lady, noted for delicacy of speech and refinement of deportment, suddenly became obscene in her language and vulgar in her conduct. And why? Because of the disturbance of the spiritual principles (or “elements”) through-

* See the volume entitled *The Temple*.

out her entire organization,— caused by a burning puerperal fever, which supervened very soon after giving birth to her first child. Her insanity was sudden and violent, and it seemed like the infestation of diabolical intelligences. It immediately inverted the manifestations of her sweet, refined, and spiritual character. And out of this inversion there issued forth obscenity, blasphemy, and some shocking conduct. But in three weeks she was cured by magnetic treatment, which fully restored her lost equilibrium. Had she died in that condition, then the wonderful chemical transformations of death would have as certainly cured her, so that, on her arrival in the Summer-Land, loved and tended by her gentle guardians, her only remaining symptom would have been *febleness*, caused by her illness; for, it is impossible that disease, or other evil, as to its productive and perpetuating causes, should survive the *radical* chemical and psychical changes which invariably occur at the final separation of the wedded soul and spirit from the earthy formative organism.

Second example: A man of middle age and fair education was thrown violently from his horse; striking his head, the skull was bruised and depressed upon the brain slightly. But the cranium was not fractured, and in a few weeks he was apparently as well as before. Suddenly, however, one morning he startled his devoted wife and family with an entirely different exhibition of character and disposition. Before his accident his disposition was affectionate and gentle and kind, to a marked degree, and he was forgiving and charitable towards all. But now his feelings were cruel and embittered, and his thoughts were filled with the blackest suspicions. In a few days he became estranged from his most intimate friends; he treated his wife and children brutally; and he hastened into the most disgusting intemperance, although previously he had conscientiously abstained from all beverages containing alcohol. He became determined, combative, and unmanageable. "Evil spirits," he said, were following him, and torturing and tempting him, both night and day. Also he complained of hellish

influences pervading his whole body. He was reluctantly taken to the asylum, and was regarded by the physician as hopelessly insane. At length, however, through the urgent solicitation and influence of wealthy friends, the surgeon trepanned the cranium, relieving the "slight depression" which had been made by the accident, and, lo! in less than a month, this so-called "evil-spirit-haunted man," this vindictive, brutal, embittered man, recovered the best of human blessings,—he recovered his former well-balanced reason! Other blessings soon followed,—for, with the return of his natural goodness of disposition, his loving wife and family were restored to him; and the home, too, was perfectly regained, which his mental misfortune and savage brutality had rendered so dreadful and desolate.

What lesson do we derive from these two examples?

These two instances are given as examples of brain-hurts. Hundreds of cases of such *traumatic* insanity are known to enlightened physicians. These two cases illustrate the ruling principle. That *any* disturbance of the spiritual principles (*i. e.* the vital or psychic "elements" between body and spirit) is certain to be succeeded by diseases and insanities either physical or mental. And the further lesson is that such diseases and insanities are, or may be, caused by accidents (discord) arising from the derangement of life's functions, or they may be caused by an unfortunate inherited predisposition. In short, insanity, either physical or mental, is of the earth, earthy. And it is little less than downright superstition (or willful ignorance of terrestrial causes) to affirm and believe that spirits of evil originate these personal troubles.

But are not insane persons often mediums?

Yes; nothing can be more certain (and physicians cannot afford to be ignorant of the fact) that insane persons are "sensitives" to a most exquisitely painful degree. And this very high state of *nervo-impressibility* develops in the sufferers what I term "psychological mediumship"; whereby the insane person experiences (in an exaggerated form) the actual spiritual, mental, social, and physical *conditions of individuals near them.*

And the horrible suggestions and sensations and mental personifications arising from these *conditions*, the insane person frequently calls evil spirits, devils, witches, etc., which (he fully believes) come with dire purpose to tempt, to torment, and torture him in his bound and helpless condition.

What, then, is the true treatment for the insane?

This question I have fully outlined and covered in the volume already referred to; but here I will add that, because of the intense psychological impressibility above explained, it is an unpardonable inhumanity to confine and treat the insane with violence; and it is, for the same reason, the highest exhibition of learned brutality to compel a mentally-diseased person to pass the horrible hours in close contact with minds similarly inharmonious. The true principle of cure is *magnetic* and progressive in detail. This curative magnetism may be communicated in the form of foods and drinks, and administered, as invisible medicine, through the friendly healing of the congenial human hand.

But do not other forms of insanity extend beyond the grave?

The principal cause of very much of human insanity is *Abnormal Individualism*. But the remedy is born with the disease. *Healthy individualism* — a well-balanced, truly-enlightened, self-poised, reverent mind — is in time (after death) certain to be evolved. You are taught this by the unflagging principle of progression. A man may die in the insanities of abnormal individualism; so, also, he may die with the paroxysms of hydrophobia riding through the entire molecular constitution of his bodily fluids; but do you imagine, therefore, that he ascends to the Summer-Land raving with either of these disturbances? True, the *effects* and the *defects*, consequent upon, and arising from, the spiritual disturbances will accompany the individual in his after-death journey, and these will, for a period, be a part of his weakness, and will mark him with imperfection; but the Divine Order — the great positive Goodness — is progressively triumphant in all the spheres throughout eternal years, and

health, and wholeness (holiness) eventually reign supreme over the myriad forms of earth-born disease and wretchedness.

But what become of the spiritual "elements" which caused the insanity?

The vitalic and psychic elements, at the moment of final resurrection,—which occurs over every death-bed,—instantly leave the corruptions beneath, and directly enter into the constitution of the spiritual body incorruptible.

Do they not carry the germs and causes of the disease into the spiritual body?

This question is best answered by asking another: Is disease or insanity *innate*? Are atoms essentially depraved? Are elements intrinsically corrupt? If not (and you should intuitively know they are not) then it follows that we must search for *causes* in the sphere of relations — *i. e.* there must be something *wrong* in the relations of solids and fluids, or there is a *wrong* in the functions of the organs and forces. For example, in hydrophobia the disturbances exist in the "elements" or (in our language) in the spiritual principles which connect spirit and body; but, when looking deeper for causes, we find an actual alteration in the molecular constitution of the patient's bodily influences. Looking deeper still, we find that this alteration was caused by *a poison* which was superficially introduced and superficially absorbed. And slowly working its way to the roots of the membraneous and nervous systems, this poison rapidly reconstructed (altered) the fluids and forces relatively; then, unexpectedly, the horrible symptoms of an insanity appear, — half-nervous and half-mental; and this insanity rapidly changes the feelings, inverts the thoughts, and transforms the character-manifestations of the unfortunate individual. Thus the *spiritual* disturbance is profound. What was the cause?

My answer is, *first*, an animal generated, by a long-continued indigestion, an alkaloid, spermatic poison which filled its bodily fluids to repletion. *Second*, in a moment of insane frenzy, this animal, spermatic alkaloid, through the instrumentality of the saliva and the teeth, was, for example, injected into the circu-

lating fluids of one of our gentlest, most cultivated, and best of citizens. *Third*, this poison pervades and penetrates all the vitalic and psychic "elements" which exist and work momentarily between the outmost body and the inmost spirit. *Fourth*, the previously existing harmonious relations are broken up,—the molecular alterations occur silently and progressively,—and, lo! suddenly you find that your hitherto quiet, amiable, refined fellow-citizen is *changed* into a howling, snapping, dangerous human animal! Do you say that he has become a *medium* for manifesting the brutalities and wickedness of evil canine? Hydrophobia is nothing, at last, but a paroxysmal insanity,—just as every form of insanity (with few exceptions) is only a kind of protracted psychophobia. And at death when the poison becomes powerless,—when the abnormal changes in the molecular constitution of the fluids and elements can no longer disturb the relations of the body and spirit—at death do you not behold that the *causes* of the insanity *die* with the body? Do you not observe that only the *effects* and the *defects* of the sad experiences—not the perpetuating potencies thereof—go with the individual beyond the valley into the life which he is to live above the earth? And inasmuch as the terrestrial causes do not, because they cannot, enter the Summer-Land, so the effects and defects, being without the causes which would keep them alive, also begin to decompose and finally to disappear from the individual life and character.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

“To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature’s incense rise!”

SWEDENBORG’S interior eyes penetrated to the profoundest secrets of heavenly beatitudes contrasted with the dismal wretchedness of the infernal state. He imparts the true philosophy of the opposite mental and spiritual conditions.

One day a sweet, sad-minded gentleman sought my impressions concerning Heaven and Hell.

All along the valleys, day after day, I meet melancholy souls. Some sorrowing over the Past; others dreading the dark Future.

Mankind have suffered more from imaginary ills than from all the actual causes of sorrow combined. In Christendom the most solemn subject is “damnation and the dead”; or, what will be the eternal fate of a large part of the human family? There is “evil”; therefore, there are evil doers. There is “vice;” therefore, there are vicious characters. There is “sin”; therefore, there are sinners. There is “crime”; therefore, there are criminals. Heaven is too good a place for such persons; therefore, there is an appropriate place for the wicked, and it is called “Hell.” It is most important to escape the Lord’s eternal penitentiary; and it is quite natural to desire

the safety of one's children and kind relatives; therefore, men build churches, obey the fundamental rules of salvation, as written in the catechism, hire preachers, and practice religion, and morals, too, as far as it is possible.

Instinctively, every thinking mind believes that everlasting happiness is the just destiny of the alleged "virtuous," the "pure," and the truly "righteous." It is distinctly written in somebody's Bible that "the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment;" while, at the time, the just and perfect shall "enter into life eternal." In the same Bible it is as distinctly written that the Lord taketh "no pleasure in the death of him that dieth;" which, viewed in the best light, is nothing but a negative and helpless kind of interest in the fate of the wicked. Preachers give us the most solemn assurance that, in his heart, the Lord desires the perfection and happiness of every human soul. "Turn yourselves and live," is the friendly counsel of the Creator! He practically says: "My child, I do n't want you to go to hell. No! no! On the contrary, my dear soul, I would prefer to have you at home with me in heaven,— in the evergreen gardens of perfect joy and blessedness,— but, what can I do about it? The best I can do is make a way for you, and point you to the straight gate."

These imaginary ills afflict hundreds of thousands of honest, weak-minded, hopeless, naturally despairing men and women. And he is mankind's true lover and wisest friend who will help to strike these horrible doctrines to the earth. Let all the world of good people unite their strength in the effort to overthrow the prodigious temples of error.

And yet, as spiritual philosophers, we must contemplate the fact that there are evils, sins, wickedness, and crime; and, as philanthropists, we cannot repress feelings of sympathy and solicitude concerning the sorrowful condition of a large portion of the human race.

The personal existence of a human being is a fact which involves and evolves a world of perplexing problems. When did this human fact begin? No mind can in detail fully com-

prehend when or where, or by and through what chains of causes and effects. In man's body we find the vestiges of all the myriad masses of instrumental organs through which he was physically evolved; and we find in his mental possessions, and more obviously in the details of propensities and appetites, distinct traces of the positive preceding mentalities and vital potentialities which have served as his progenitors. A man's personal existence stands as a fact upon the mountain of countless causes. He is the immediate result of the marriage of a man and a woman; but who can count the innumerable forms and forces which, acting in and through father and mother, culminated in his individualized life?

This perplexing problem, found at the very front door of individual life, is the basis of all the existing temples of error and fear. In these temples the hired priests, ministers, and mediums of superstition rule among the weak-minded inhabitants as with a rod of iron.

The Bible-carrying Swedenborg — patiently striding like a loaded camel across the arid desert of old theology — fixes the yoke of despair upon the misdirected individual. He solved the riddle of hell, as he supposed, without involving the attributes of God. He taught that the Creator had endowed the human soul with "freedom" and with "rationality." This is well enough as a doctrinal dogma; but it will not bear the light of science and fact. The poetic doctrine that—

"The soul is its own place, and can make
A heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,"

is philosophically false; and yet this false conception of man's freedom of will, and of his inwrought power to create and perpetuate evil, is deemed very sound doctrine in theology!

Very close reasoners in theology will admit that man's power to act in this world is limited; but they hold that *the power to choose* — the election of either good or evil — is an outcome of the individual rationality and will. And upon the last assumption all the profound theologians of Christendom, including the

followers of Swedenborg, have founded and architecturally constructed the endless mansions of hell.

But I tell you that man *is not free*,—he is not free even to choose, except so far as his faculties are cultured to see, and his heart is intuitive to understand; but such culture and such intuition, for the most part, are effects of his inheritance, and of his surrounding circumstances. The angels are not the forms of pure affections, and the devils are not the forms of evil affections. The truth is “angels” are the names we give to persons who live in the higher walks of life, and “devils” are the names we give to persons, wherever they may exist, who evolve more discord than harmony. And inasmuch as we each give out in our daily lives an hundred discords to one harmonious sound, so it would not be an unjust use of language to call one another “devils,” and not angels at any time. We are, in truth, neither angels nor devils; for we are children of the same Central Fountain of Love and Wisdom,—just born, exceedingly juvenile in everything, over-flowing with un-governed impulses,—mere promises, hardly golden; yet we are all growing older, and irresistibly progressive along the great highway toward the better and the best.

The foundation of hell in man is his mind,—his affections, his passions, his willful propensities to generate discords; so, too, man’s heaven is founded upon his mind,—upon his love of truth, his purity, his justice, his peace, and his universal good will. But it is not true to hold that man is individually the creator of his misery on the one hand, nor that he is the author of his happiness on the other; for if you look closely, you will observe that “no man liveth to himself,”—that he does not live alone among causes and effects as their lord and master,—but that man is but a part of a stupendous whole, and must move with the whole. In the yellow-fever tornado at the South,—what was the individual, man, woman, or child? A mere straw in the breath of the pestilence. New Orleans was loaded with poison from the sources of corruption; so was Memphis, and so were the other localities which caught and entertained

the deadly visitor ; and the individual hell — the great mass of the suffering is beyond speech — was an evolution of the season, the situation, and the circumstances, all combined.

So in cities. The *hell* of the individual is the accumulated discord of the causes and effects in society within him and without. He is a part of the irresistible, social machine ; a part of the positive political life ; a part of the endless river of human life, which ebbs and flows in every good as well as in every evil channel. And thus man, as a part, and not as a creator, as a medium, and not as an original force, experiences all the hell that reaches into his consciousness ; and thus, too, man enjoys what little of heaven may succeed in pressing itself between the meshes of the discords into his waiting heart.

Therefore, if you let your reason carry you intelligently into the higher realms,—beyond the tomb into the vast spiritual spheres that glitter beneath the stars,— you will behold a truth : it is, that the individual is in hell or in heaven to some extent just in accordance with his actual condition, and his surroundings. His faculties of will and of rationality are important factors, but they are not causes — are not the projecting creators — of his companions and scenery in the Summer-Land. Man's rationality and will-power, I repeat, are inseparable agents and factors in unfolding and fixing the condition and experiences of his present and future. The perpetuity of hell on the left, and the duration of heaven on the right hand, do not depend on the individual ; but whatever is true in these terms depends upon the system of the Divine Mind, which is "harmony not understood."

Dear reader, permit me to impress you that our common humanity has been, and is, made unspeakably miserable by the influence of false doctrines concerning the nature and extent of individual responsibility, and concerning the possible existence of a hell in the future world. Let us, therefore, resolve to do all in our power to remove from man's mind these false teachings ; and thus do our part toward lightening up the human heart, and so freeing the millions from these sad anticipations and imaginary ills.

CHAPTER XL.

BIRTH OF A TRUE SAVIOUR.

“ O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the storm blast,
And our eternal home ! ”

“ You see what a failure the race is ! ” said a truly religious neighbor, as he extended his brotherly hand, on Christmas Eve, 1884, near the residence wherein I was still permitted to sojourn. “ Unless the millennium,” he continued, “ which is promised, *comes*,—when the Lord will gather *his own* from all the nations of the earth,—I do n’t see any *end* of strife, war, disease, and wretchedness.”

“ My whole soul,” I replied, “ is praying for the era of peace on earth. I wish the Lord’s almighty spirit would come immediately. But, my friend,” I added, “ it is my impression that the ‘era of peace’ comes only to and within the private soul; that it does not come, and that it will not come, by and through any *literal* advent of the personal Jesus.” My earnest friend, I thought, did not enjoy my impression. But it being Christmas time, it seemed to me appropriate to consider the subject comprehensively. Accordingly, to treat the theme fairly, let the reader go with me along this line of meditation. Let us understand one another, and thus avoid mental discord and the consequent strife of feelings.

While wishing for your unconditional emancipation from

superstition, I would not deprive you of anything that is truly and essentially sacred. We have now too *few* holidays, and altogether too many days of servitude and despondency.

I would, therefore, make your life more sacred, and, to that end, I desire that every day should be a Sabbath, full of freedom and full of joy. Law and custom give us fifty-two Sundays per annum. But I would authorize mankind to enjoy henceforth two hundred Sundays a year; and would urge the final adoption of *every day* as "sacred"; thus giving three hundred and sixty-five holidays, during the time the earth revolves once around the glorious Sun.

But what shall I say of *special* days? Are there not certain days more bright, more lovely, more sacred, more memorable than others? Verily, there *are* such days in the life of the individual; also in the mighty life of the human world. And, presently, we will proceed to consider this fact.

Millions of Christians accept Christmas as the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of the world. But this fact of the existence of the day is one thing; while the certainty of the event, of which the day is the supposed anniversary, is quite another question.

There was no such day as "Christmas" known among Christians until the beginning of the *second* century. Not until the fourth century was there any agreement concerning the birth of a personage called "The Saviour." The Christian leaders grew more definite, more certain, and more dogmatic and legislative, the farther they receded from the holiday which they resolved to name and celebrate. About four hundred years *after* the event, therefore, the chief scholars and theologians of the churches in the East and in the West held a convention,—after much investigation into the traditions and histories of times and places,—and, at last, they unanimously resolved that the "Saviour of the World" was born in a manger, about midnight, on the 25th of December, and accordingly we have what is universally denominated *Christmas*. But so uncertain were the earlier Fathers concerning the fact (of such a birth) that the

festivities were frequently appointed in the months of April and May. Ultimately, however, it turned out that men who knew the least about the facts assumed to know the most, and thus the religious world dogmatically moved onward.

The churches of the differing sects in America celebrate Christmas with the austere solemnities bequeathed by the stern Puritans. The New England Plymouth Rockers frowned down the gladsome merriments, the gambols, and carols, the evergreen ornamentations, and the boisterous celebrations, which originated and were long popular in both Germany and England. In old England it was generally believed that, inasmuch as the Saviour was born in the presence of cattle, all the oxen of the world went down upon their knees on every Christmas eve! In pictures of those days were represented an ox and an ass in suppliant attitude; because these domestic animals were believed to have been present at the event of the birth in the manger. This conception has been fruitful of examples, if we may judge by the long line of unreasoning believers who have assisted to perpetuate an event, concerning which not a human soul ever had, or ever can have, the least particle of absolute knowledge.

The truth is plain, namely: to the literal-minded believer, the 25th of December (Christmas) is a literal religious fact; while, to the spiritually-minded, the event called "The Birth of a Saviour" is significant of a possible *internal* fact,—*i. e.*, an event that may happen, and which ought frequently to happen, in the inmost history of the individual heart.

To one class in every community—to the Christians of every sect and shade—the recorded physical manifestations said to have occurred at the birth—the astounding wonders seen in the heavens above and upon the earth beneath—are the ocular historic proofs of the miraculous origin and supernatural claims of Christianity. On the other hand, to another class in every cultured community, the true and only possible Christmas is that day and hour when a new uplifting truth, when a saving principle, is unfolded suddenly, it may be in the private

life, or in the heart of the whole human brotherhood. Such a Saviour, when fully born, brings a true Christmas into the spirit. Such a Saviour sanctifies forever all private and public life, and constitutes the only sure and steadfast foundation upon which may be erected the eternal temple of a true Spiritual Religion,—the everlasting *Church of Arabula!*

“Christmas” is the name of the day designated by the early Christian theologians when the Lord of heaven made his first appearance among men. But, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, a new alarm is sounded. Materialistic Christians not long since assembled themselves in one of our richest temples, which is dedicated to the service of “the meek and lowly.” These erudite gentlemen arranged a new, or repaired an old, plank in the Christian platform, namely, the second appearance of the Lord of heaven and earth, in perfect bodily and fleshly form, in the clouds (unless it should prove to be a cloudless day) with great power and with great glory. A large party of purely evangelical believers, an extremely aristocratic and thoroughly college-bred party, has recently come to the front with this soul-harrowing announcement to sinners.

Dear reader, did you ever ask yourself: Why is it that the coming of a gentle son of the Most High is universally dreaded? Why dread the advent of the eternal Master of universal love and good will to man? We would naturally expect such premonitory signs, for example, as the cessation of strife between opposing political parties; as the rapid subsidence of all animosities between neighbors; as the sudden development of affection between long-time enemies; and as the immediate abolition of all prevailing differences between sects in Christendom,—love adorned with universal Peace!

Instead of such signs, however, we are told by gentlemen (who really know nothing about it) that the Lord’s second appearing will be heralded by a series of the most horrifying and soul-thundering transformations. We know that there are a goodly number of Bible-students who obtain relief from the fear of these physical catastrophies by reading a figurative or

spiritual *meaning* into the letter of the Testaments. But such readings do not liberate the great multitude of Bible-believers, who say: "God gave us his words and promises, and in plain language, too, so that he who runs may read."

Taken literally, then, it would seem that the Lord cannot even *think* about revisiting this unhappy planet a second time without causing forthwith a series of the most terrific terrestrial disturbances. A succession of shocking earthquakes has been ordered to signalize the Lord's very first step in this direction. The thunders of immensity are to be set at liberty; and the lightnings of countless batteries will instantly leap into consuming fire. (For it is written: "It is a *fearful* thing to fall into the hands of the living God"; wherefore would it not be prudent for everybody to keep as far as possible from those hands?) And the Lord's second step out of heaven, and earthward, will be accompanied by the groaning and belching forth of all the long slumbering volcanoes. He steps again, with the soft flames of gentleness and infinite love burning in his bosom, and, lo! the foremost of all the Bible-believing nations will straightway overwhelm the heathen with a horrible slaughtering war. All naturally dread his next step earthward. For will not his fourth step be immediately accompanied with the breaking out (among devout Christians, too!) of the destroying pestilence which will suddenly dissolve and desolate loving families, and blight beautiful cities, as by famine and flame?

But there is yet a balm in Gilead for the horror-stricken Christians. According to the prophetic conference and best readings of the "Second-Appearance" evangelists the Lord has not yet started on his pilgrimage to this earth. There is, however, extremely cold comfort in this assurance, for the same gentlemen say: "He may come at any moment!" Therefore, everything is wrapped in uncertainties. Now, it is unsupportably horrible to imagine a millionth part of the disturbances that would attend his very near approach. Think of the scene! The Lord of hosts coming in a bodily shape, fully materialized, and in broad daylight, — endowed with great powers, — sur-

rounded with angels,—straight through the clouds! This has always been an event, a scene, too overwhelming for the coolest Christian to calmly contemplate. Astronomers could not endure it. The makers of geographies would lose their bearing; for “there shall be a very great valley, and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south;” and thus the local geologists, too, would be utterly confounded. Indeed, it is asked: “Who shall abide the day of his coming?” And again: “Who shall stand when he appeareth?” Spiritualists, who are over fond of materializations, “will stand,” if any people can, for they frequently want *another* “manifestation” to drive home the various evidences exhibited at the last satisfactory “test.”

Earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, tornadoes, cyclones, wars, famine, plague, pestilences, lack of work, small pay, defalcations, demoralizations,—these various and conflicting “manifestations” of the Lord’s first steps toward a second bodily materialization are well enough, and convincing as far as they go. But does not your first-class materialistic Christian, just like the best materialistic Spiritualist, look and yearn for a “test” that cannot be gainsaid by the philosopher and the critical scientist? To such minds it is simply horrible—yet unspeakably fascinating—to look forward to some stupendous unparalleled phenomena in the heavens. “Behold, the day cometh that burns as an oven!” Astronomers will be dumbfounded to behold the rolling together of the expanded sky like a scroll. The sudden transformations—among the sun, and moon, and planets,—would astound all mankind. One could almost pray that the Lord of Hosts would once more change his mind, and, finally, conclude to omit his second appearing altogether, because of the universal disturbances which his bodily materialization would inevitably create.

But we have dwelt, already, too long on these externalized theological speculations. My sole purpose, dear reader, has been to picture to your reason the utter absurdity of the literalness of such an event.

But there is, nevertheless, a holiday for you that is worthy of commemoration. *Your* Christmas day, my sincere reader, comes truly and *only* when a new redemptive truth is born in the heart of your reason, which heart is called Intuition. A saviour is born unto you—over whose modest nativity the pure angels sing and rejoice—whenever you plainly perceive and *feel a principle* of TRUTH which frees you from all fear and superstition. Yea, believe me, all true saviours are born in and of the spirit, and the birth of each of these holy ones brings you your true and only Christmas. And the day and the hour thereof should be remembered, and suitably commemorated by you, for it is *your* true and beautiful holiday. To the truly and profoundly religious—to those who are pure and spiritually-minded—the *show* of the power to work miracles is as chaff compared with a conscious possession of some one all-uplifting TRUTH. The birth of a saviour meant, and means, the unfoldment (in the recesses of the spirit) of an, exalted, heaven-freighted, angel-blest, God-inspired TRUTH!

This sublime Truth, whenever it may come to your deepest spirit, desires to materialize itself in truer thoughts and nobler deeds. You begin a new life of personal truthfulness, of usefulness, of love, of justice, of gentleness, of industry, of good-will to all men,—this is the *evidence* of the birth of a true saviour IN YOU,—whose influence will bring you daily gladness, great joy of spirit, and a blessedness of feeling which no language can express.

Seek the Truth, and begin your new life at once. Do not wait for your friend to join you. Tomorrow will never come. Now, dear reader, is the time to begin your better experience. Let no mere theory cloud your reason and weaken your will; and, above all, away with your religious superstitions,—away with your horrible fears and educational uncertainties concerning the physical advent of a theoretical personage called the Lord. And away with your increasing appetites for materiality in your seekings. Let the universal light shine into your spirit;

let the perfect "liberty" of the sons of God be born into your Reason and Intuition,—and, lo! unto you is born a saviour who is your true Christ; and this event, and this day, shall be your true Christmas.

CHAPTER XLI.

DEPRESSIONS AND ELEVATIONS.

“Beautiful is the death-sleep
Of those who bravely fight
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the Right.”

THE possession of the Magic Staff — under no circumstances be depressed, under no influences elated,— is indispensable to a true growth in divine love and wisdom.

An esteemed gentleman sends me the following note which fully explains itself: “Reading your *Answers to Questions* * encourages me to seek of you a solution of some of my own mental experiences. There is nothing in my circumstances or bodily health that could account for the past year's *depression* through which I have passed. For years previously, my mind was aglow with the delights of new ideas, and I made what I regard as substantial progress in the new philosophy of Spencer and Darwin. But a mental darkness is now upon me, causing me to doubt what before I supposed was positively known; so that I exclaimed in sadness: ‘Oh, I am blind!’ My blindness of mind is not total, but this dimness or depression I would have removed if possible.” I explained that his mental condition is the reaction from the previous years of unbroken investigation, fascination, and high enjoyment. Endless happiness is as impossible as is endless misery. So all the mental

* The title of one of the author's volumes, known as a continuation of the *Penetratio*.

states have an end. His intellectual eyes were open so wide and so constantly that now Mother Nature thinks they should be closed in a prolonged season of sleep. He calls it "blindness" and "depression." Nature calls it "reaction" and "restoration." He aspires to ascend the great mountains of thought and philosophy. Nature bids him walk meekly and alone in the lowly valley of feeling and recuperation. He may be depressed and disheartened; he may stumble and fall in the vale; but Mother Nature's universal love will not forsake him, and the divine Wisdom will, in the right time, raise him up.

Every day some one brings questions. "For purposes of mental growth," asks a friend, "which would you counsel me to choose as the better,—the society of learned and cultivated men, or the reading of thoughtful books?"

To such a question I return the most simple reply: choose the *books*, and make them your friends. Socially, the lives and habits of learned men do not tend to exalt your feelings or character. When not in the study, or, rather, when "off duty," the so-called "learned" are far from exemplary in the style of their speech and action. Superstitious minds fancy that clergymen are exalted beyond ordinary temptation. But the ministers themselves are not given over to superstition concerning their own superiority to common weaknesses.

Go to your best book for lasting strength and friendship. Now what is the best book? The best book does not save you the labor of thinking. Avoid books which explain everything. Read a book which *compels* you to think. Your reason should be inspired and disenthralled; not convinced, delighted, and put to sleep by what you read.

My neighbor, for example, is a plodding character. He exhausts one's fancy by his everlasting literalness. He darkens hope, deplures all generous effort, and depopulates the brain of all cheerful thought. And yet, as the world goes, he is a good man. He is like an agnostic book which sets out from materialism, and puts you into an everlasting sleep in the unresponsive earth. Instead of such a neighbor, give me a sincere

book that was touched here and there by the immortal hand of truth,—full of angel speech,—lifting the hopes to a loftier sphere, where thought is free to soar and mingle with what is eternal and divine. The tranquil groves, and the angel-haunted streams of the Summer-Land, come to life in true books of inspiration. Whatever is imperishable in Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, is that *truth* in their books which does for your inmost faculties what sunshine, seed, storms, and tools do for the gardens and harvest-fields which bloom with their abundance around you. Oh, the glory and beauty of inspired books! From them burst the sweet harmonies of celestial lands. Their sunny streams flow from the fountains of eternal youth. Forest trees full of singing birds are the chapters of good books with their white leaves.

I urge you, dear reader, always to read inspired books. An inspired book is a book of honestly written truth. It contains the suggestiveness, and embraces you with the enchantments, of everlasting principles. A fable pleasantly told, in the interests of truth, is too often believed to be the literal truth. But a fact, if told in the interest of falsehood, happily soon *fails* to sway the human mind. A book is your best friend when it compels you to think, disentralls your reason, enkindles your hopes, vivifies your imagination, dispels the darkness of materialism, and makes easier all the burdens of your daily life.

CHAPTER XLII.

BEGINNING A NEW YEAR IN NEW ENGLAND.

“Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

THIS is my first experience of a New-England Commencement Day. Fast Days and Christmas, here, are sanctuary seasons. But the memorable, gladsome days in families are Thanksgiving and the beginning of a New Year.

Society in the East is gradually being reconstructed. The frigid, half-frozen, Puritanical perpendicularity of the old New England character — the unbending, sanctimonious solemnity of the Plymouth-Rock generations — is very steadily disappearing, or is being sublimated into fine esthetic's mental culture, and much of the old-time austerity is cropping out into the elastic graces of genial hospitality. *Conscience* was the pivotal power, the mainspring, of all the primitive inhabitants of these States.

“What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.”

There is here nothing ostentatious; nothing pompous; nothing said or written with grandiloquence. There is nothing sug-

gestive of either the patrician or plebeian ; all are independent sovereigns, under the sway of equal freedom in politics and religion.

New Year's morning, 1885, opened its gates dismally. Clouds covered the upper skies ; the slight and sleety rain descended fitfully ; the snow was melting ; banks of fog lay upon the distant hills. Out-door life was not attractive. And yet, interiorly, all was bright, sunny, warm, cheerful, even spiritually joyful, and every event and feeling was significant of a prosperous new year.

All gifts of friendship are generally reserved, in this section, until the morning of the first of January. In some States and countries Christmas is the season for the mysterious visitations of Santa Claus. Here, the graceful goddess of benefactions visits the chosen ones at the beginning of the New Year. Into the Prophet's Chamber the hand of fraternal affection and bestowal was gracefully extended. During the afternoon I received some cards of greeting, coming from the old countries, — from Wilhelm Besser and Max Griesing, of Leipzig, Prussia, and a letter from Mr. John Clemens Flezel, of Dresden, promising to send me an early copy of his new pamphlet, *The Temperance Apostle*, — all three gentlemen devoted to the translation and study and dissemination of the Harmonial Philosophy in the great life of the German world.

My first-named brother, Mr. Besser, has exerted himself for many years in the laborious work. He deemed best, for the furtherance of ideas in Germany, to bring out some translations of some of my volumes, differing, in a measure, from those previously made by the devoted and scholarly Dr. G. C. Wittig, formerly of Breslau, whose painstaking labors were and are appreciated and sustained by the learned and wealthy Russian, Mr. Alexander Aksákof, of St. Petersburg.* It is a notable coincidence, to say the least, that Mr. Besser's eloquent intro-

* A sketch of the intellectual and religious life of this gentleman of the far North, and the great part he has taken and still takes in the translation and diffusion of spiritual literature, will be found in the appendix to *Events in the Life of a Seer*.

duction to the *Harbinger of Health*, bearing date January *first*, 1877, should be lying on my table, here in New England, and with my outstretched hand resting upon Mr. Helmer's translation of the same, on this New Year's morning, 1885. I had never read a line of it, and knew nothing of its contents, but my hand would not come away from the paper! Unaccustomed to such loss of control over my extremities, and the feeling suggesting a paralysis of the nerves of motion, I confess to a sudden apprehension of the approach of some physical infirmity. The fingers of my left hand closed tightly over the manuscript, and then came with it very close to my eyes. So I concluded to use the other hand, unfold the paper, and read what Mr. Besser had written. (The indulgent reader will pardon the warmth of personal expression.) I call it my New Year's gift from beyond the Atlantic Ocean; and I will not hesitate to put it before the world, in whose interests all these efforts have been made:—

“HARBINGER OF HEALTH FOR DISEASED HUMANITY.

“From time to time in history there arise beings of our kind, who, as it were, embody the genius of mankind in themselves, the likeness of Deity appearing in them in pure, unadulterated and transfigured manner. Such geniuses, however, live more for the future than in the present, for, alas! they mostly always are misunderstood by their contemporaries. Their perfect spirit looks into the harmonious future, sees the ideals, the aims of the race, and sees humanity in its completion. Because they swing the sunny torch of Truth in their hand, and thus blind the eyes of contemporaries laboring in night and error, they (the geniuses of harmony) are looked upon as the *enemies of order*, and are, therefore, crucified bodily, or spiritually, by their blinded brothers, for whose welfare they lived and worked.

“Such an elevated being of light was that pure man, Jesus of Nazareth, who nearly two thousand years ago, sacrificing himself in noblest divine Love for his brethren, sealed his death-defying zeal for Truth with his blood. He certainly did appear

too soon on earth to be fully understood by his unripe brethren. Thousands of years elapsed without reproducing his like, and an admiring posterity, to whom so much love and purity in a mortal was incomprehensible, exalted as a God him who was found to be the noblest among their own kind. Jesus was the first one who wanted to elevate the principles of universal fraternity and universal justice as the basic laws of human life and human society, and the divine effects of these principles he called 'The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.'

"He knew how to describe the effects of these divine principles with wonderful eloquence to his contemporaries; but he could not explain the ways and means of attaining them to a people grossly ignorant of natural laws. After nearly two thousand years, during which humanity has penetrated all fields of knowledge, and deeply enough into the secret workshops of nature,—after the mysterious and close relation between spirit and matter has been clearly demonstrated and recognized,—there again appears another human being issuing from the huts of bitterest poverty, and devoting himself to the welfare of his suffering brethren. With child-like pure heart and love-laden soul, and while still a boy he began the work of others. This young man made it the problem (*duty*) of his life to teach and manifest the principle of purest fraternal love and strictest search after truth. Under the influence of this holy motive, his youthful spirit flowered into *Nature's Divine Revelations*. Such a work resembles an inexhaustible, eternally-fresh, and limpid mountain spring, which pours forth streams from all sides into a mightily-rising sea, in whose vast depths all kingdoms in nature, all the life and motion of humanity,—even the great Past itself, as well as Heaven with its immeasurable zone of stars,—are mirrored forth. Many thousands of human beings have already drunk heavenly comfort and strength from these refreshing streams. In Divine Love and Truth thousands have found healing for all their diseases of both body and soul.

"Andrew Jackson Davis is the name of this friend and teacher of humanity. Without having partaken of the teach-

ings of any human school, he nevertheless stands upon the highest pinnacles of modern Science. Not from books, classrooms, or libraries, but in the great temple of Nature herself does he draw his wondrous knowledge.* With the open eye of the interior spirit he penetrates into heights, depths, and distances. The whole Universe, the great book of the past, are open to him; yea, even the veil of futurity rises to his sight.

“But instead of deeming himself an infallible authority, or specially elected, he rather teaches: ‘That all men are equal, called to equal destiny, viz.: to an eternal development up into highest perfection; that there is no sin, only error; no revenge, only the natural sequence of natural causes; no other way to true happiness and true blessedness, except the progressive recognition of Truth itself. The greatest happiness on earth is a pure heart; the grandest aim, Universal Harmony, whose expression is health of body and soul. Every human being carries the immortal seraph within, who, sooner or later, triumphantly unfolds his wings above all trials and errors of earth-life to ascend to higher spheres of being. In brief, the more a man finds his happiness in the refinement and improvement of others, the more complete, pure, and blessed will be his own eternal spirit.’

“This brother has become humanity’s teacher in nearly all branches of science, and has enriched the world with incomparable works. In upwards of thirty volumes he has developed the principles of Nature in Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Zoology, History, Philosophy, Medicine, Astronomy, Social Science, etc.; in short, he appears at home in each department of human research, and traverses each field with incomparable mastership. He speaks to the hearts of men in language wonderfully clear, noble, simple, beautifully poetic, always chaste and pure; looking always toward the eternal, the highest goal, and at the practical ways and means of

* The author subsequently attended and graduated from the Medical College for reasons already explained.

its attainment, and he is not forsaken one instant by his spiritual guides, who are allied to Truth, Justice, and Love.

“ Thus his works have become an inexhaustible mine of most magnificent spiritual treasures. What can be more useful, elevating, advancing, and beneficent than that which embraces the whole of man,—his highest aims, his body and soul, and all that he loves and prizes, now and forever ?

“ The present work of this author (*Harbinger of Health*), which, as it were, further explains the abundant matter embraced in *The Physician* (Vol. 1, *The Great Harmonia*), contains a rich abundance of the most important truths and informations regarding the restoration and preservation of health; and deserves, in the highest degree, the closest attention and adoption of every thinker and philanthropist.

“ We would call special attention to the fundamental idea manifest all through the work,—*that all the diseases of man* (as to first causes) *are nothing but a disturbance in the equilibrium of the most interior spiritual principle*; and that *all true healing can be accomplished through that self-same principle,—a holy will*, as it were, from within, aimed at the restoration of the disturbed harmony. This is identical with the *natural healing power* taught by modern hygiene. Health can never be restored solely by external and internal medicines. But external media, such as water, air, light, movement, nutrition, clothing, electricity, and magnetism, can effectually support and accelerate the healing efforts of the interior principle.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

EVENTS IN THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER.

“There is strength
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reckon
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling.”

“STORM after storm!” I said to myself. Higher wisdom tells me to deliberately force a legal battle. Accustomed as I long have been to these contests, why should I *so dread* this prospective public encounter? And with one with whom so many busy years have been peacefully and pleasantly passed? And yet, there are profounder reasons why I should not turn away from the appointed way of “*legal personal liberty*.” But, again, there is the possibility of great newspaper *publicity*. All the little society-saving watch-dogs, who are regularly petted and washed and wrapped in flannel, and combed and curled by the tender hands of loving maidens, will commence barking at my heels. The roller-skating girls will giggle; the laughing school-boys will shout; the respectable matrons will look a rebuke of four-owl power, and say: “Oh, how *could* you? *So* unlike Mr. Davis! Something *is* dreadfully wrong.” But every intelligent man will say: “I know nothing about it. He knows his own business. Right or wrong, it is no affair of mine.”

The path was stormy, and the end was hidden in obscurity. But I resolved to go forward. In the first place, I must write to Mary, telling her of the coming legal proceedings, of even

the *possibility* of which I had, at the time, not the least practical knowledge. True, legal and other gentlemen had smilingly alluded to the unsoundness of our *status* according to the marital statutes and recent decisions in the state of New York. In our case, however, there was no quarrel, no desertion, no criminal circumstances on which to commence a suit of *de-marriage*.*

What will the gossips do? What will people say? They will say it is absurd to affirm conscientious promptings. "A legal dissolution of the marriage tie upon *principle!*" "Absurd, impossible." "No judge, no jury, will ever consider *principle* a sufficient cause!" These sayings are the symptoms of popular immorality. Pulpit dignitaries ("whited sepulchres" too often) will hurl anathemas at all who attempt *de-marriage* upon principle. "What God" [that is, the minister vested with legal authority] "hath joined together, let no man put asunder." † It is only a superior mind, instinct with high and ennobling principles of refinement and righteousness, that could, without a quarrel or unkind feelings toward the other, counsel "nullify the legal tie." It is a social phenomenon! Such a person, man or woman, is worth a long journey just to look at! ‡

Step by step, dear reader, I was thus prepared to write and mail the lengthy letter to Mary, which, in order to completely refresh your memory, you can re-peruse (in chapter xvi.) with a far more enlightened understanding. In that communication there is "nothing new" to her, save the prospect of a *legal* proceeding, embodied in the two messages received under circumstances already described.

On the twelfth of November, about an hour after commencing the letter above mentioned, I sought my friend Giles, and,

* The recent French term for "divorce," in which sense it is used in this volume.

† In this volume it will not be appropriate to discuss the questions of marriage and *de-marriage*. But the "war" is certain to come.

‡ Thirty years ago, when on a visit to some friends in Boston, I said I would walk five hundred miles to see such a person. *Now*, with three exceptions within my knowledge, the opposite illustrations have been so marked that I will add two hundred miles more to my walk to behold such a phenomenon.

for the first time, solicited a private interview concerning my embarrassing situation. I read to him Galen's message, and said: "How is it possible to *nullify* this relation by law?"

He made no reply to this, but asked: "Can you explain your grounds for desiring proceedings for de-marriage?"

I replied that he would better understand me were I to explain myself from the moral standpoint. "At an early day," I said, "very soon after our marriage in 1855, I discovered that, in central temperaments, we were perfectly harmonious. But I also discovered that, *conjugally*, we did not belong to each other. And yet I did not cease privately to hope that, in the process of time, our wise fraternal association might possibly be unfolded into a true conjugal union. But years of experience only confirmed the reality of my early discovery. Therefore, our association was really fraternal, which, compared with the married life of most persons, had all the appearance of being an ideal conjugation."*

Here my friend remarked that "that was the general impression.

"Yes," I replied. "But it should be remembered that I am a teacher and a practitioner in the School of the Harmonial Philosophy, which inculcates the highest possible standard of social ethics. In the clear sunlight of this Philosophy, which is also a true Religion, I know, absolutely, that it is *immoral* — that is, when weighed in the just balance of the Moral Universe, it is an evil — for a man, hypocritically, to pretend to be

* Twenty years ago, at a time when "the shadows thickened over my head and all around me" (see *Arabula*, p. 177), I embodied in a few comprehensive sentences my high and affectionate appreciation of Mary's self-poised companionship; and, more especially, did I make truthful record of her exemplary angelhood "in the house" when disease invaded the citadel of my life, and when only the white "moonlight silvered my path down the valley." With her (as already explained in chapter xvi.) I associated a conception of the *ideal* union, and cherished the hope of consummating the eternal marriage. Nevertheless, in my most private thoughts, I felt impressed that what would eventually result (in *our* case) I carefully veiled and set forth, with a somewhat absurd irrelevancy to the general teachings of the volume, in the instances of "post-mortem praise" (to which I might have added the ante-mortem conjugal experiences of the distinguished Rev. Adoniram Judson), commencing on page 184, and continuing to the end of the chapter.

the husband of a woman when *he knows he is not*; and woe to the woman who claims to be the wife of a man when *she knows she is not*. Even to *appear* to live together as loving husband and wife, when they *do not* mutually regard each other as TRUE SPIRIT MATES, is an immorality, and a social sin. And this, be it universally known, is my fundamental *ground*, as it is my chief ultimate *reason*, for seeking to put ourselves *straight* among the countless crooked things of this world. In truth, Brother Giles, feeling as I do, the surging push of a Principle, I am irresistibly *compelled* to take this step in the highest interests of social righteousness. Hence, if it were possible, I would at once appeal to and employ the law, even at this late day in my life, and even if I knew that I would live on earth but ten days after accomplishing it,— I would, I repeat, resort to the law as a means (at least in our case) of attaining the ends of self-fraternal and universal Justice. It seems to me there should be some way to obtain a private, inwrought, personal right to the enjoyment of a larger liberty. This larger liberty, if attained *by law*, should be secured to, and enjoyed equally by, both. By taking this path, which I behold now pointed out to me, I feel fully persuaded in my deepest consciousness that I am not only acting wisely and justly, but that I am also *obeying* the sublime injunction—‘overcome evil with good.’”

“As to the legal points,” responded Mr. Giles, “I have nothing to say (as I have never looked them up), but I like your *moral* grounds, and I believe that they are your true grounds.”

“According to the law of JUSTICE,” I replied, “which underlies, and pervades, and governs the Moral Universe with an unerring government,— according to this law, Mary is, and has been, only my sister, and I have been, and am, only her brother. In the infinite Wisdom of the Divine Designer, therefore, she is the ‘wife’ of some *other* man, even as I am the ‘husband’ of some *other* woman. Having the interior knowledge of this higher law as a guide toward the absolute truth, should we *continue* to live together? Shall we publicly appear as lawfully and conjugally one?”

"It is not for me," said he, "to decide such questions for any person."

"Certainly not." I replied. "But I will decide for all man kind on principle. Such a relation as I have just described would be nothing less than a persistent transgression of a demonstrated Divine Law, and the names of the mutual crimes would be *incest* and *libertinism*."

"You will find this Principle fully set forth in both my volumes, *The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love*; also in the more comprehensive *Reformer*,—known as the fourth volume of the *Harmonia*. I am an advocate of perfect individual liberty, but I am no libertine. I am wholly for the freedom of the affections, but I am no free-lover (in the licentious meaning of the term.) If I were either, I should have no conscientious scruples concerning *any* relation into which men and women might choose to enter. I should consult neither public opinion nor statute law."

The foregoing embodies the substance of divers interviews with my patient friend. He agreed with me on all the ethical propositions, as I supposed; but, nevertheless, he said but little by way of approval, and upon the legal side of the subject, he remained absolutely non-committal. Again and again I called his attention to Galen's injunction, "nullify the legal tie," and also to the subsequent message to be written to Mary. "How am I to proceed according to the law, if there be no just law that will cover our case?" In answer to this he said: "Procure for me all the legal papers, and I will look them over."

After a time I was enabled to hand to him (1) the Indiana divorce; (2) the marriage certificate signed by Joseph Pratt; (3) Mr. Love's subsequent suit for divorce; and (4) the decree granting his petition.* Two days after mailing my long letter to Mary, Mr. Giles returned to me the various papers, and with them the following statement:—

* In the *Magic Staff* all these proceedings are truthfully set forth, with reasons which prevailed in each instance.

“HYDE PARK, Mass., Nov. 20, 1884.

“DR. A. J. DAVIS :

“*My Dear Sir* :— From memoranda recently brought to my attention, it appears :” [The language of the law shall not be perpetuated in this volume. It defines as *crimes* some of the most innocent acts in the lives of citizens who are naturally superior to even the temptation to crime. A law library is a catacomb of lifeless forms arranged in legal order, *lying* in state, and *lying* in church ; and yet, in order to find rules, and codes, and precedents, and decisions, a lawyer is constrained, day after day, to dwell down there “among the tombs.” My friend Giles handed me his “brief” which was expressed in very appropriate phraseology, but I give herein simply a synopsis.

Although I had knowledge of what I regarded as only the *technical* situation,— to which I gave no attention, and, therefore, no weight,— I must confess that Mr. Giles’s investigations and conclusions filled me with uneasiness. For the *first* time from his researches into the facts and statutes, I learned —

1st, that our marriage in 1855 was unlawful, because Mary’s prior Indiana divorce from Mr. Love, in 1854, was not sufficiently valid in the State of New York, wherein, in perfect good faith, we were married.

2d, that, in consequence of the divorce which Mr. Love subsequently obtained from Mary, in 1856, *our* relation was regarded as *adulterous*, and (on the part of Mary) as *bigamy*, in accordance with a recent decision (in April, 1883) of the Court of Appeals, in the case the People *vs.* Faber, Vid. 92, N. Y., 146.

3d, that, by the law, Mary is prohibited from contracting a marriage during the life-time of Mr. Love.* Therefore, in the act of becoming Mrs. Mary F. Davis, the law says that she committed the crime of bigamy ; and the law further decrees that any conjugal relation between us is adultery. So that, according to the laws of New York State (wherein we were married), should we continue to live together as husband and

* I am creditably informed that this prohibition does not extend beyond the State of New York ; so that Mary is at liberty to contract legally another marriage in any *other* State in the Union.

wife, however chaste we might live relatively, our association is pronounced adulterous; and, however strictly fraternal we might live as brother and sister (as we did during so many years), the fact in law remains the same, that Mary is regarded as guilty of bigamy. This is my synopsis. The legal gentleman concludes his "brief" as follows :]

"It is not unlikely that you, being a resident of New York, could successfully maintain a suit in that State, to adjudicate as *null* and invalid your supposed marriage with Mary F. Robinson, before Joseph Pratt, J. P., May 15, 1855.

"With all deference to other persons better acquainted with the laws of New York, I am

"Yours, in sincerity,

"ALFRED E. GILES."

The logical reader will immediately perceive that Galen's admonition, "*nullify the tie*," anticipates all the facts which many weeks afterwards came into my possession. Accordingly, Dec. 1, 1884, I caused a suit to be brought on the grounds above defined. Decree was obtained Feb. 3, 1885, at a special term of the Supreme Court of the State of New York: "It is ordered and adjudged that the marriage between the plaintiff, Andrew Jackson Davis, and the defendant, Mary F. Davis, otherwise Love, otherwise Robinson, is wholly *null and void*, and of no effect from the date of this judgment, and the said parties thereto be forever hereafter released from the obligations thereof."

Upon this "strange, eventful history" the curtain is about to roll down. A few days after a certified copy of the above decree was received by me, from my New York able and esteemed counsel, the mail brought me the following: —

"ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 8, 1885.

"ANDREW J. DAVIS, M. D. :

"My attorney, E. D. Barlow, Esq., has sent me the papers showing that the Court has granted your petition.

"I feel that it is in harmony with both good taste and fair dealing for me now to drop the cognomen 'Davis,' and I have

no doubt your view will coincide with mine in this matter. My dear parents gave me the name of my mother's loved and revered mother. My initial letter F stands for her family name, Fenn. I shall make use of this for my surname. Therefore, I ask you, and shall request all, to henceforth address me,
 "MRS. MARY FENN."

And the following reply was immediately mailed to her:—

"HYDE PARK, Mass., Feb. 10, 1885.

"MY DEAR SISTER, MRS. MARY FENN:

"The resumption, or adoption, of your grandmother's name, after so many years' absence from the parent tree, will, I feel very sure, bring with it good and healing fruit,—promotive of your social and spiritual welfare, in many ways.

"Somebody has sent me a copy of the *New York Graphic*, containing a pleasant notice of you, and stating the high and sustaining action of Sorosis,—to all which I gladly second the motion, and heartily respond, 'Amen!' And I now want you to know, once for all, that to no living soul, during all these disturbances, have I ever whispered anything to your discredit. It is customary in all suits of this nature for the parties to assail each other with bitterness, and to assert many things to each other's serious disadvantage. Therefore, I have been, to this hour, steadfastly and sincerely loyal to your life and character; and I trust that nothing will ever cause me to disregard your personal usefulness and happiness; or to fail to obey the noble Principles of love and wisdom, which we have advocated for the encouragement and guidance of others.

"In the holiest ties of *Arabula*, I remain,

"Faithfully your brother,

"A. J. DAVIS."

CHAPTER XLIV.

MORAL COWARDS AMONG THE LION-HEARTED.

“It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.”

Mount Harmony! “Thou art so near, and yet so far.” Going southward in the long-stretching valley, with Mounts Use, Justice, Power, Beauty, and Aspiration on my left, and the heavenly heights of Mount Harmony on my right,—the fold scattered and wandering beneath the shadows,—the heavens opening and the angel voices descending, only at long intervals, when providential interposition was my highest *need* (never when I merely *wanted* such aid),—so surrounded and thus advancing, I found that my journey was overcharged with storm-threatening clouds and with the lightnings which played alarmingly along the way. Sometimes, for three or four hours, the sunshine was glorious. (A sweet converse with some faithful friend, or letters of loving kindness and abiding good will.) But it would suddenly cloud up in the afternoon; and heavy showers would often overtake me, accompanied with frequent gusts and snow squalls; and next morning, often, the whole prospect would be grandly robed in a rich, thick, white frost. Upon the left range of mountains the snow had months before fallen. The rocky steeps and peaks, and the deep ravines, had accepted and pocketed the white, cold snow, some of which had

come stealthily down in mid-summer. And persons would say : "Brother Davis, what's the matter? You seem *frozen!*" "Yes," I would reply, "some of the tributaries to my inner river of life *are frozen*, so that they do not flow."

At one time in history the magnificent flowers of humanity were cultivated and numbered among the knights of Europe. Even the most delicate ladies of Christian civilization regarded distinguished Knighthood as synonymous with manhood, and these feminine angels did not object to array themselves under the bloody flags of war and conquest.

In my recent ordeals and contests with society, including groups of personal acquaintances, I have in vain looked around for the ancestors of the age of chivalry. Among the supposed lion-hearted I have found moral cowards; among reputed Christian liberals I have found old-dispensation bigots; among so-called philanthropists I have found sad-hearted cynics. Certain very prudential lovers of justice signified their willingness to give me a fair presentation, especially *after* it was all over, and the facts of the case were determined beyond peradventure. To all such and like persons I commended the reply of the great English lexicographer, who justly, and with the finish of a master's hand, put on record an eternal rebuke to all patronizing, timid, and tardy-hearted philanthropists. Perhaps the reader does not remember the case.*

Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote his great dictionary, he says, "amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." While thus engaged, in extremest poverty, and well-nigh friendless, he visited and sought help of the great Lord Chesterfield, "but was repulsed from his door." After Johnson's work was published, and when all England was as one voice sounding his praise, the noble Lord paid homage to him also, by writing favorable criticisms for the leading literary Journal.

* In chronicling these insignificant episodes and incidental affairs, I do not intend to impair anyone's faith in humanity. They are simply instructive, *en route*. A strong mule once kicked a little negro boy over a fence. As soon as he could he jumped up, and exclaimed, while rubbing the sore place, "Golly! I'se got de 'sperience, any how!"

Johnson, observing this eleventh-hour applause from Lord Chesterfield, addressed him a dignified and pathetic letter on Feb. 7, 1755. After a few sentences of searching introduction, he continues: "Seven years, my lord, have now passed away since I waited in your outward rooms, and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, one smile of favor . . . Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."*

In and through all, nevertheless, I have met perfect ladies and gentlemen; jewelled ornaments in humanity's crown; immortally bright and beautiful illustrations in God's own great holy book of Human Nature; angels of tenderness, of loving kindness, charity, grace, beauty, aspiration, harmony.† With unclouded perception, still, I behold the glorious interior image of supreme beauty and perfection in the woman nature,— even

* From John Hays's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, London, Eng., 1884.

† There is among persons of highest culture a theory that conjugal affairs are "strictly private and confidential" to and between the parties immediately concerned, and that outside parties should not interfere. But all grades of society, *in practice*, utterly ignore this plausible theory. During these late troubles, I have received about an equal number of letters from men and women, mostly in superior social stations. But the difference in temperaments between them was marked and emphatic. Some were given to spitefulness and headlong condemnation,—imputing to me some unworthy or impure motive as a cause of action; others, mostly men, wrote to make candid inquiry, expressing no opinion, desiring that the right prevail, offering to render any assistance needed, and imparting assurances of fraternal love.

as I do in man's,—so that I do not suffer any loss of ideal excellence because of these inglorious and weak manifestations.

One day, as I was walking through Boston's central historic park,—embellished with trees, monuments, lakes, and beautiful paths,—I met a suave gentleman, who politely signified his desire to converse a few minutes.

“By the papers,” he began, “I learn you have been taking some legal measures to adjust yourself in social matters. There are afloat various stories; but I desire from you to learn the facts.”

“The Southern chivalry,” I replied, “have a ‘code of honor’ (I believe they call it), which sometimes leads its adherents into sanguinary extremes and fatal consequences. Is there not a corresponding code of honor, on a high social plane, among Northern civilians, which should lead its receivers into polite living, into the best of good manners, and be followed by the most salutary consequences?”

The gentleman seemed puzzled, and replied: “I do not exactly see the application.”

Then I continued: “What code of honor is it in society that authorizes you to ask me particular questions concerning affairs which are so perfectly private?”

“Oh, well,—you know, Mr. Davis,” he hesitatingly continued,—“people will discuss *you*,—because, well,—I suppose, you are generally regarded as a species of public property.”

“Have I no private rights?” I asked, “no personal liberties, under the moral and statute laws, to live my private life,—am I in bondage to St. Custom, because I give the best of my powers to promote higher human enlightenment?”

“Oh, certainly, Mr. Davis,—certainly, unquestionably, you have your personal rights, private duties, and private liberties,—and all that; but you must know that there are thousands upon thousands of readers of your volumes in all civilized countries who hold you in the highest regard; they look up to you as a marked, prominent man; and such expect from you the highest lessons and the most consistent examples.”

“You are a man after my own heart,” I replied. “You shall have my most candid answer; and my explanation (which will appear in the volume I am now writing)* will be for the whole family of man. In the true monogamic marriage I am a perfect believer. I know that my spirit, accompanied by its mate, will continue to climb. Concerning my future conjugal acts I have no information to impart. There are, however, certain rules by which all men should be governed. Applying them to myself, for example, I affirm —

“1st, that I will not conjugally and legally associate myself with any woman unless I believe her to be my own true spirit wife.

“2d, and I will legally associate myself with that one whom I believe to be my eternal wife, whenever it is possible for me to do so,— to-morrow, next year, or when we shall meet in the bright Summer-Land.”

Having given him this answer, in pursuing the conversation, I explained further that “all souls, even persons who are conjugally one, have separate and absolutely distinct individual rights, which no other has any legal or moral right to invade or curtail. Drunkenness, abuse, profanity, vulgarity, quarrelsomeness, licentiousness, are causes which (whether or not there be children) should lead to legal de-marriage. I would have every woman, as well as every man, make *justice* and *truth* and *wisdom* the guardian angels of conjugal love. There are vulgar barbarities and verbal cruelties (which statute law cannot reach) practiced by men and women upon each other in the marriage relation. I see that no man or woman on earth has *any right* to visit wretchedness and injustice upon any other man or woman on earth, whether in or out of the relation of marriage. No person has any right—legally, financially, conjugally, politically, religiously — to impose upon any *other* person any of the evils of misfortune, servitude, unhappiness, discontent, despair, disease.”

The gentleman gave strict attention, yet seemed somewhat

* I gave him the title of this volume, wherein my full explanation is given.

surprised at these positions. There was, I noticed, a feeling of moral debility creeping over him, although he is naturally brave, self-governed, and lion-hearted.

“Do you mean to practice upon these rules?” he inquired.

“Yes, my friend,” I replied. “These principles are the foundation of all happiness and content in homes; and they promote all true progress in the individual soul. They are *love, truth, virtue, justice, wisdom, liberty*, and they legitimately evolve ‘sweetness and light.’ I advocate them; and I practice them; and I give them, as divine commandments, to universal humanity.”

We parted—the Boston gentleman and I—with mutual expressions of good will.

CHAPTER XLV.

SOCIAL DISTEMPERS IN HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

“The saddest thing that can befall a soul
 Is when it loses faith in God and woman.”
 Lost I these gems,
 Though the world’s throne stood empty in my path,
 I would go wandering back into my childhood,
 Searching for them with tears.”

“I dislike my fellow-mortals,” said a valley cynic to me one day, and he added, “Justice compels me to admit that they appear to dislike me.” They disliked *his* moroseness; *his* brusque outspokenness; *his* impatience of restraint. He disliked *their* little crawling ways; *their* silly conventionalities; *their* tittle-tattle and deceits; and *their* narrow notions of rights and wrongs. The result in his case was: he became an insignificant asteroid, a little self-conceited star of the twelfth magnitude,—rolling in a private orbit all his own, while the boundless star-fields, and the great constellations of human society budded and blossomed all around him, regardless of even his abstract existence.

But to every sensitive soul the penalty of non-conformity is severe. If you identify yourself with society in general, or even with a limited caste or club-like association, you feel a restful protection; you, by necessity, accept their standard of dress, their speech, their style of grace, and especially their opinions. Classes and castes are characterized by some all-

pervading, all-controlling, yet often evanescent, influence or dominating conviction. They dress and act alike, and they think and feel alike.*

Ancient examples are as good as modern. In the very remote past, we find that the Pharisees, as a social clique and religious class,—the pre-eminently learned, and the unquestionably self-righteous class,—cherished standards of truth and virtue alarmingly at variance with that which the Seer of Nazareth erected by means of his divine speeches, and diviner acts. He freely and fearlessly expressed his profoundest impressions. John, the free-will, independent Baptist, he openly eulogized. He said that John was greater as a prophet than any other man born of woman.† Nothing could more offend Jewish prejudice. They had, they thought, the only original God-annointed prophets. Next, he said that John was no greater than the *least* dweller in the inner kingdom. Again, John's hygienic habits were simple to the verge of starvation. He was noted for abstemiousness,—“neither eating bread nor drinking wine.” Notwithstanding this temperance, the Jews denounced him, and reported that John had the devil in him. But the Seer of Nazareth did not claim to practice the Baptist rigidity of diet.

* This clique or class psychology is sometimes correctly called a *craze*. These crazes sieze violently upon women, and are frequently more sad than amusing in manifestation. A St. Paul druggist relates an instance of the harmless craze: “Nearly all the druggists keep a little gum benzoin on hand. At the store where I was then employed, we had about ten pounds. There was, ordinarily, very little call for the article, but all of a sudden there sprung up a great demand for gum benzoin. Ladies fairly poured into the store, each to order one ounce of gum benzoin, and half a pint of whiskey. Druggists in various parts of the city sent around to us for supplies. We did n't know what to make of it. The ten pounds soon gave out, and we had to telegraph East for more. Inside of a month, I presume, at least 500 pounds of gum benzoin were sold to ladies in this city. Then the craze let up nearly as suddenly as it came on. When we got at the bottom facts in the matter, we found that there had been a woman here from the East, lecturing to females only, and she had recommended a mixture of gum benzoin, whiskey, and water for the complexion.”

† Read *Luke*, chapter vii, and contrast the standard of wisdom with that of the righteous Pharisees. Do you, dear reader, perceive the difference? The Seer's wisdom was unselfish LOVE, which *forgives* and *lifts* up the downfallen, and *saves*. Pharisaical virtue was unmerciful *Justice*, which *condemns*, and *overthrows*, and *destroys* all under its power.

"Here I come," he said, "eating and drinking." And he was not so fastidious about his personal associates as were the Pharisees; and, therefore, they reported him to their wives and children (and, of course, they all agreed with *what everybody said*) that the Nazarene preacher was "a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber," and that he openly associated as a friend with well-known and universally-hated "publicans and sinners."*

The spiritual man would sometimes give the Pharisees a touch of his irony and satire. He called them, to their very faces, a sign-seeking and an adulterous generation. Some of the more curious ran over to John's Baptismal headquarters to *see a show* "or something"; on their return he asked them what they went into the wilderness to see. "A reed shaken with the wind?" he ironically inquired. "What went ye out for to see?" he again ironically asked. "A man clothed in soft raiment?" That was a fine remark to give emphasis to John's dress, which was made of the skins of wild beasts. Still he tried patiently to get into their thick heads an idea; therefore he asked the third time: "What went ye out for to see?" Did you run over into the woods to see "a prophet?" And when he discovered that he was making *no* headway with them, and, as if about disheartened with the conceited specimens, he asked (thinking aloud) unto what should he compare the *men* of that stupid generation. "What are they like?" He comprehensively answered his own sad question in just one sentence: "*They are like children sitting in the market-place,*"—gossiping, babbling, disputing, and talking nonsense to one another, which is a legitimate translation of the remarks concerning piping and dancing.

* In the 8th chapter of *Luke* we are given some clue to his associates. "He went throughout every city and village"—like a wandering star-preacher, and healer of diseases,—“and the twelve” went with him on these journeyings. Also, there followed him “certain women which had been healed of evil spirits”—Susanna, and many other women, who ministered unto him of their *substance*—“and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward.” Now, did not the respectable Jewish mothers and maidens *despise* all this public parade and scandal? Why did not Herod's steward's *wife* “stay at home, and attend to her house-work?” Salvation armies were never very popular.

Immediately after this he accepted an invitation to dine with a virtuous and righteous Pharisee. Assembled around the sumptuous table, and the eating and drinking about to commence, when, lo! in deliberately walked a well-known, beautiful, and affectionate woman of vice. Modestly she went, and stood close to the feet of the spiritual guest. [They now, probably, nudged and winked at each other, inwardly saying: "Now we'll see how our guest will treat that good-for-nothing intruder."] Suddenly, finding herself in such company, she felt badly. Of course she began to cry, from the pressure of commingling emotions,—sorrow and gladness, mixed with the *sadness* of reverential love. Her tears would flow; her heart was in her throat, which is a kind of hysteria, and she could not say a word. Her abundant tears dropped upon his feet. When she noticed it, she commenced wiping them off with her beautiful long hair. She thus literally washed his feet with her tears. Then she affectionately *kissed* his feet before the whole company! She had with her some (probably perfumed) ointment. With this delightful preparation she anointed and comforted his feet. [The feet are magnetically sensitive centres, through which both health and disease can be quickly imparted.] The woman intuitively understood how to comfort him through the soles of his feet. After tearfully washing his feet, and wiping them lovingly with her hair, she kissed them, and anointed them. Her own life was full of shadows; but she felt that this Seer would not turn her away.

But the high-toned Pharisee, at whose table all this pantomime, and all this manifestation of loving kindness, had been going on, said to himself: "If this man were a genuine proph^{et},* he would instantly *know* that this vile woman, who is touching and manipulating him, and making such an ado over his feet, *is a sinner*." And his correlative, practical thought was: "If he *knew* who she is, he would do just as I would do, say, 'Madame! these ladies and gentlemen are *respectable* citizens.

* The term prophet is the same as seer; even as prophet and poet are interchangeable.

You have no right here. Retire, Madame, this instant. Here, Zebo, put this bad woman out doors!'"

The Seer immediately saw that it would be better if he addressed his explanation and justification to Simon. "Seest thou this woman?" Then he went on to tell a story about debtors and creditors. [He tried, you observe, to say something that a merchant Jew could comprehend.] Turning to the woman, he said: "Thy sins are forgiven." The result was astonishing to the Jews. His only and all-sufficient explanation was that she had lovingly and sincerely done for his comfort and happiness what none of the others had offered to do, and "*she loved much.*" She had entered the room, believing that he would not turn her out because of her past wayward life, but would accept her testimonies on the ground of the sincere love and reverence she felt toward him. She was not mistaken. She had an intuitive perception of the high character of the sad man. "Thy faith hath saved thee," he said, just as she was about to leave the room — "go in peace."

Here began the universal battle between the religious *craze* of a rich and respectable class, and the TRUTH as enunciated by one self-poised spirit.

Classes of men and women — together with their theories of government and religion, their particular arts and literature, like their bodies and faces — all come by hereditary transmission. Very truly a recent writer says, if the question of heredity were an exact science,—if we could know *exactly* how much influence both grandmothers and grandfathers have exerted in the formation of children of immediate fathers and mothers,—the problem might resemble those in our school books: "If a certain number of men, working for a certain number of days, can dig a trench so many feet long and wide and deep, how many men, working for a different number of days, will be required to dig a trench of such and such dimensions?" According to this rule, the heredity problem might be thus formulated: "If two individuals, possessing unitedly 17 per cent of common sense, and 183 per cent of folly and obstin-

acy, produce an offspring with $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of common sense, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of folly and obstinacy, how many generations of each pairs will be necessary to reduce the percentage of common sense to a vanishing fraction, with nine ciphers *plus* for a numerator, and ten ciphers *plus* for a denominator?" The propounder of this problem will find, as an essential element in all such calculations, the interior fact that *perfection*, and not deterioration, of form and force is the secret intention and the certain ultimate of all the works of the infinite Father and Mother.

Science, too, propagates crazes very successfully. In outer affairs, like foods, and drinks, and clothing, we are all poisoned and die in childhood. Our ancestors lived long and prospered, because they lived before the reign of adulterations in the nineteenth century. Thus speaketh science. "Sugar and the other sweets," we are informed, "are all glucose and other adulterants of an injurious nature. Flour, we are told, is a large part white clay, ground chalk, etc. Tea is all dye-stuffs, and no end of arsenic and other poisons are part of it. Coffee now has established its claim to an inferiority at least equal to that of tea. Meat, we are told, is either diseased when it is killed at the West, and then further injured by transportation after death, or else is injured by transportation East alive, and not fit to eat when slaughtered here; and, besides that, it contains such a varied assortment of passengers, from trichina to tapeworm, that it is not safe to eat until it has been cooked so hard that the best teeth you can buy fail to chew it, and the best digestion also gives it up.

"Butter and bread, tea, coffee and sugar, meats and groceries generally, all come under the condemnation of modern science, with its searching eye. Indeed, our clothes contain traces of poison in the dyes, and our walls may be hung with arsenic instead of art. The drain-pipes run to the general sewer, which, as has been recently explained, is less a means for carrying away filth than for supplying deadly gases and spreading the worst diseases. Beer, wines, and even the stronger fluids

are described as concoctions of poison, dangerous to life itself. Tobacco is adulterated with still more hurtful stuffs.

“Such is life in the nineteenth century. We may as well look at it and decide whether it is life or death instead. Naturally one would say from the picture that it is death. When we eat, we eat poison; when we drink, we drink poison; when we breathe, we breathe poison. Science reveals it all, and great is science.” *

“The model housekeeping” *craze* also often causes the death of many a noble and pure citizen. Nothing less than a full appreciation of this universal cause of sorrow could have urged Turner to write thus, pathetically: —

“One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorstep ('t was raining),
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

‘Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee,
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

‘There’s too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There’s too much of ironing goes to a shirt;

* In the *Boston Journal* (Dec. 12, 1884), not a week after the publication of the foregoing *craze* about the death-poisons of adulteration, we read: —

“An event occasioning more than ordinary interest occurred at noon on Wednesday. This was a dinner given by the ladies of the Winthrop Church Sewing-Circle to the aged people of the parish. All those over eighty years of age, together with their wives, were invited. In response thereto the following individuals gathered about the festive board at the hour of high noon:

“Mr. Samuel Ludden, age 87; Mrs. Thomas Beicher, 95; Mrs. Lucinda Porter, 91; Mrs. Abigail White, 89; Mrs. Joanna Chessman, 87; Mrs. Elsie Thayer, 87; Mrs. Reuben Porter, 83; Mr. Turner, 82; Mrs. Moses French, 82; Mr. T. W. Whiting, 82; Mrs. Robert Pratt, 82; Mrs. Bryant, 82; Mrs. Hannah Faxon, 81; Mr. Martin Curtis, 81; Mrs. Mary Blanchard, 79; Mrs. Sally Reed, 79; Mrs. Jones, 79; Mrs. Whiting, 77. Average age, 84 years 2 months.

“Mr. Ludden, the oldest member of this gathering, is the oldest person in town, and is believed to be entitled to this distinction as to the county. He is remarkably well preserved, being able to move about with almost the elasticity of youth. His mind appears vigorous and his sight enables him to read without the aid of glasses. Since he entered the nineties he has been able to endure all kinds of weather.

There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

'In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust.

'There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish or spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

'It's sweeping at six and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight and it's dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

'With grease and with grime, from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert.
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

'Last night, in my dream, I was stationed forever
On a little bare isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

'Alas! 't was no dream — again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded;
Then lay down and died, and was buried in dirt!"

Psychological influences prevail in depressed mental states. In the valley one meets the strollers and ramblers and camp-followers; some with infirmities of long standing; others with "seven devils," or what they term "spells," or "evil eye," or "poisons." A case of the latter *craze* is thus reported: "John F. Walter is a respectable citizen, past middle age, who has retired from business with a comfortable fortune. His family has consisted of his wife, and their daughter Ida, aged twenty-four years. One day last week their family physician was sur-

prised at the tale related by Ida and her mother, who called at his office in a condition of great excitement.

"They said that Mr. Walter had tried to poison them, and declared that they were made ill by eating some chicken, and that he put a poisonous acid in their beds, which discolored the clothes and made them ill, and that the same acid had been put on their wearing apparel, and on the carpet, and when they stepped upon it, it burned through their shoes. They declared that they put the family dog on a rug on which the stuff had been sprinkled, and that he was made so sick that he nearly died. The same preparation, they said, had been put on their hair-pins, and burned their heads.

"The doctor tried to allay their fears, but they went to other physicians and repeated the statements, which they also made to the Chief of Police, the Police Magistrate, and the District Attorney, from all of whom they sought Mr. Walter's arrest, which was refused.

"On Saturday they left home and refused to return. Mr. Walter and some of his friends searched for them till last evening, when they were found at the dwelling of George Kramer. They both tried to run away, but Miss Walter was restrained, though her mother ran through the street crying 'Murder!' and escaped.

"Policemen, Mr. Kramer, and Mr. Walter searched nearly all night for the woman. At about four o'clock this morning Mr. Walter's dog led the party to a shed by his strange behavior, and there Mrs. Walter was found hanging from a beam. She had torn up one of her undergarments, knotted it together, fastened it around the beam, and, placing her head in the long noose thus made, kicked away a box on which she stood and slowly strangled. She was not quite dead when found, but expired soon. The woman was undoubtedly insane, and her daughter is in the same condition."

One day a physician, knowing my impressions concerning witchcraft and seven-devil possession, handed me the following: "Louis Tiller, colored, husband of the prisoner, testified: My

wife for the past eleven years has been sick at times; have often expected that she would die. During the past year she has frequently been sick. At night she would speak in her sleep of persons being after her. I never could tell what caused the trouble. She often complained, also, of her head being wrong, and said she thought she was going crazy. She believed in spells, and had thought spells were put on her. *I believe in spells, too.* I have been cured by them myself. I and a fortune-teller cured my wife on one occasion."

The prisoner here referred to was a tender-hearted, ignorant, colored woman, who was arrested and put on trial for shooting a man. The verdict was manslaughter, and the penalty ten years' imprisonment.

"She believed in *spells.*" In one of these crazes she inflicted the fatal injury upon a fellow-being. She was irresponsible; yet she was condemned! Society must protect the life and liberty and property of its members. Hence laws are instituted. And there is machinery for enforcing these laws, and for punishing individual transgressors.

When ignorance meets ignorance "then comes the tug" of injustice, inhumanity, and unutterable wretchedness. Sensitive, imaginative, ignorant, weak-minded, this sick woman, both wife and mother, was easily *psychologized* by her more positive and ingenious neighbors. They, too, believed "in spells." And the husband was a full believer. He testified: "I and a fortune-teller *cured* my wife on one occasion." So, then, they had the spell-craze combined with ignorance? and the practical effects were superstition, fear, disease, anxiety, misfortune, crime. And the jury made all this tenfold, yea, an hundred-fold, more evil and criminal by the addition of their combined ignorance in the form of a verdict, whereby she was consigned to a life of hopeless isolation from her home, husband, and children.

In cases of this nature, enlightened Spiritualists might interpose and work for the development of justice and love. But, unfortunately, too few of them are philosophers. Instead of

referring these "spells," or crazes, to the workings of the psychical laws, between human beings, too many of them rush into an extreme explanation, and say: "She is possessed," or it is a "case of obsession," etc. For it is becoming a dogma among a class of Spiritualists that spirits, in some degree of evil, are within, behind, or are at the bottom of almost all instances of mental derangement and eccentricity. That there are cases of insanity that are only a form of mediumship is admitted. But too frequently a foreign cause, involving mystery and superstition, is attributed as the source of much that is of "the earth, earthy."

The judge and jury were ignorant of both psychology and spiritual intercourse. Hence they could do little for justice, and nothing for real mercy and redemptive love. What we emphatically *need*, first, is an enlightened, scientific acquaintance with the exact laws of psychology,—laws which are universally manifested between human minds, a force often ignorantly exerted,—and then we need, secondly, a wise and just incorporation of such exact knowledge with all laws, systems, penalties, and institutions which are designed by government to prevent or punish crime, or which are planned in benevolence to strengthen and uplift humanity.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MARCHING TOWARD MOUNT HARMONY.

“It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.”

THIS heavenly eminence is sublimely beautiful amid the holy mountains. Happiness blooms within every flower. On every hand unfold innumerable blessings and beatitudes. But it is too remote from earth's daily demands and consequential duties. To attain the summit of this lofty mountain is to “forsake the world.” Death, in like manner, rolls off the “clogs of matter,” and unfolds the wondrous *arcana* of spirit possessions.

Still, from the high places descend unto me angel invitations; and, to accept them, I must continue to march onward and upward. And every forward step, thus far, has involved a history of exterior effort — of progressive personal exertions — to overcome oppositions and embarrassments both in myself and in others. But was not every pyramid built with stones full of the tears and agony of men and women and children? Step by step, stone after stone, stretching over six to ten generations of helpless and disheartened souls, the mighty monuments, one after the other, were erected and finished. And now upon those lofty human-made mountains modern travellers rest themselves, filled with speechless wonder, and inspired by grand and glorious contemplations. King after king, dynasty after dynasty, generations upon generations, arrived and flourished, and

drooped and departed, during the upbuilding of these marvelous man-mountains. All slaves were driven to the labor. Thus all great monuments have been commenced, and partly constructed; then deserted for a time, lacking money, or patriotism, or cheap laborers. A storm of destructive condemnation would next come up from the vales of opponents—that the structure was *needless*—that it was begun in the *wrong* locality—that the original design was architecturally *faulty*—that it was a *useless* tax upon the depleted treasury. Then, after a long period of neglect and absolute abandonment of the project, up would suddenly come an *inspiring* man; his clarion voice would be heard throughout the land; the mothers and the maidens would respond; subscriptions would start, and fairs be held; money would pour in from every patriotic purse, and, lo! the monument is erected. Immediately following this consummation would come a day of universal celebration of the triumph. Not a whisper of rebuke! Everybody equally participating in the magnificent accomplishment.

The travail of the soul out of its hereditary and circumstantial discords—physical, social, intellectual, ethical—toward the holy places of Zion, upon Mount Harmony, is attended with corresponding spiritual experiences. Foods and drinks have a large influence. Associates an effect still larger. Persons who are not temperamentally allied are mutual poisons. Foods, when not chemically allied, generate diseases. Of these latter, in all psychical progression and explorations of truth, I will now ask my reader's attention. But first, as to one's associates, if you desire to advance wisely, you must wisely choose companions. They will, if truly chosen, promote your growth toward Mount Harmony. Judge for yourself. If you err, let your error be absolutely honest; not the result of any passion, fortune, or fancy. Then, by a divine law, even your error will befriend your spirit. Physically speaking, *fasting* is, at times, promotive of vision. The Brooklyn young lady, Miss Fancher, owing to an injury many years ago, *cannot eat*. Dr. Tanner, by the exercise of his *will*, abstained from food of any

kind during forty days, in 1880, in the city of New York. The first thing that excites skepticism is the claim, which is true, that Miss Fancher has lived for years without food.

The true spiritual state is reached by a complete subordination of the physical organism, by making it a sort of stepping-stone to a quiet mental elevation. The appetites are the impediments, the stumbling-blocks, on the way to that summit. The case of Daniel, the prophet, is a good illustration. Ministers read from the book which relates his experience, and profess to believe in it. He said he fasted *three full weeks*, took no meat, no wine, no pleasant bread; in fact, it was three weeks of voluntary starvation, according to his own account, and at the end of that time he records: "I, Daniel, had a vision." His falling into a trance frightened the men about him; a great quaking fell upon them, and they were afraid and fled; but he "had a vision," and saw and heard spiritual persons and things. Daniel could never have had any such experience unless he had almost entirely abstained from food. Sometimes I have fasted three months before I could begin my clairvoyant investigations; and during the progress of those investigations I have had to continue the system, though not to such an extreme degree.

I am aware that medical experts claim that such visions as are superinduced by fasting are nothing more than delusions of the mind, born of weakness of the body.

In answer I will simply say (of my own case of vision) that for the first two years of my experience I was continually subjected to tests of the accuracy of my clairvoyant sight in the city of Poughkeepsie. My title at that time was "The Poughkeepsie Seer."* The proofs afforded by those tests were of the most palpable and indubitable character,—such as reading the title of a special book placed among others upon my fore-

* "Psychometry" is not clairvoyance. Of this talent Dr. J. R. Buchanan, I believe, has the honor of being the discoverer. He has elaborated a system of anthropology. But I know of nothing in which he is so perfectly original as in his discovery and demonstration of that power which reads the characters, views, and thoughts of persons by mere contact with their writing.

head,—telling the exact time marked upon the dial of a watch concealed in a person's pocket; telling what was in an adjoining room, or was being said or done there, and even what was going on in rooms on the opposite side of the city,—rooms fitted and furnished expressly to set conjecture at defiance, and expose any deception. No doubt was left of the absolute certainty of my possessing the power of seeing *accurately* in the clairvoyant state what could not otherwise have been known to me. There are, to this day, several citizens of Poughkeepsie who would remember those experiments.

Living without food for a long period is possible to man, because MAN (in his inmost) IS A SPIRIT; but a mere soul and body, like an animal in field or forest, would soon wilt down and die. In physiology the cellular tissues are the natural generators, protectors, and feeders of all the membranes of the system. They build the vital organs. And these tissues ooze from the inmost sympathetic ganglia; these again issue from the psychical forces and spiritual principles. There are thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, of these life-giving cells near the surface and through the system, and there are hundreds of thousands of feet of nerves. These fine nerves co-operate with the tissues as protectors and feeders of the entire membranous and vital systems. Miss Fancher's case, judging from my own, is one of nerve-and-cellular-tissue feeding, which makes the use of food by mastication almost entirely unnecessary.

But is not substantial food required to keep alive the nerves and tissues?

Those tissues and nerves are the products of elements and essences that are totally unknown to chemists and physical scientists. The moment we come to this boundary we glide over into the spiritual. A cell cannot be organized without a potency exactly qualified for such a labor, and the nerve is a product of what I call "the spiritual principle." Now, what requires to be fed? Not the tissue and the nerve, but those essences or principles which develop or evolve nerves and tissues, and those essences or principles can be received in various ways. They

may be inhaled and taken with pure water or milk in very small quantities, or they can be absorbed through the entire surface of the skin. A magnetizer, as I know,—for I have been for several years magnetized twice a day,—supplies these vital potencies and principles.

Magnetizers fed my vital energies. Even so a fasting person is fed by breathing, and through the nervous system, and through the all-absorbing cuticle. The magnetizer's force, by a process of assimilation, entered into my vital powers, and kept the heart beating, maintaining a certain amount of bodily heat; so that my mind was entirely *emancipated* from the necessity of carrying out those processes in the body in which we are all constantly engaged under ordinary conditions. In fact, the reason why many of us cannot command our *powers* is because we are too much anchored to earth, or over-freighted, as it were, by those ever-hungering vital powers which consume our mental energies. As soon as the mind is emancipated from the necessity of keeping the bodily system from death, its inner senses are opened and strengthened, just as they may be a few moments before death. Miss Fancher, for example, is on the border-land of the other world very many times, and whenever she is exactly there she can hear sounds that are utterly inaudible to common ears, and can see sights that no human eye can discern. But when she settles back down into her circulation, muscles, and nerves, she drops down out of what we call the lucid state, and becomes again a sick patient, and probably experiences many disagreeable symptoms. Then the hysteria comes on; but what is hysteria? It is a psychological, not a physical, discord; a strange disease, and beyond the control of both patient and physician.

Now arise other questions concerning the possible uses—the ends that might be attained—by this clairvoyant and clairaudient condition. People have a curiosity to know why, if it exists as it is claimed, it cannot be turned to some practical account. Why not make money with it?

My answer is: There is something very strange about this

emancipation of the mental from the physical. You become impersonal. Your appetites and passions are all at rest. This state removes *selfishness* utterly from the mind as a motive of action. If the *self-interest* of the mind could be retained, a clairvoyant might devote himself to all sorts of detective work, the finding of lost persons and property. But when the high state of lucidity is attained, the person is really the *resident of another life*, and thereupon takes large and unselfish interest in humanity and truth in general, and in the furtherance of noble principles. Petty, sordid interests are not simply subordinated; they seem no longer to exist. I do not know how it could be possible for a person in that state to devote himself to a *selfish* object. I think the condition is designed for, and really adapted to, the study of ideas, the furtherance of science, the development of philosophy, the spiritual education of the world, and is not, in the least, adapted to common uses, those which many persons would call "practical." Such has been my experience. I know that when I was young I used to be visited by numbers of people who would ask me to look to see where money was supposed to be buried, and other like service, and they would promise me handsome rewards if I could serve them successfully. I was a boy then, and could see no reason why I could not do so, since I achieved, daily, things quite as difficult, and the rewards offered tempted me, for selfishness was still in my ordinary self. But I found that, when I entered upon the inner life, I could not be actuated by any such motives. All feeling and knowledge of such worldly purposes would fade away.

These considerations are indispensable to all who would journey toward Mount Harmony. Besides, seasons of solitude (self-communing) are to be reverently sought. They belong to the life of the spirit. For example: the religious descendents of the Persian prophet, Zoroaster, have erected wonderful stone structures as depositories for the dead. It is claimed that fifty thousand of these Fire-worshippers reside at Bombay, in India. They have covered the summit of Malabar Hill with the most

sacred trees and shrubbery. In this enchanted garden grow the mysterious palm trees, the peaceful cypresses, flowering plants, festooning vines, and every shrub that may enhance the holy beauty of the place. Amid all this sacred attraction, the reverent Parsees have constructed what are called "Towers of Silence,"—in which they entomb the elements of the dead, which are thus reverently given back to Ormuzd, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

Suppose, now, we translate the foregoing into spiritual experiences, thus: The spirit of every man is capable of exaltation. His entrance upon the solemnities of the Superior Condition would be his introduction into the sacred garden upon the summit of the beautiful hill. He rises like the sun far above the earth. The shadows of evil do not follow him. The demons of his personalities, the temptations of his selfishness, cannot enter with him. In the supremacy of spirit, he dwells within the sacred "Towers of Silence." The beauty and holiness of this sanctum bring a realization of heaven made evident even to the thinking faculties.

But to the man of the world such Silence would be horrible. It would be to him a dreadful place of the voiceless and heartless dead. But, on the other hand, the true spiritual man would be lifted above the world. He could look down unmoved, and behold without emotion the terrestrial kingdoms and temporal attractions, and for the time he would be "dead" to them, a dweller within the temple,—a worshipper in the Tower of Silence,—and thus, while his exaltation continued, he would worship the Father (Ormuzd), "in spirit and in truth," harmonially with the divine flow and rhythm of everlasting principles.

Dear reader, would it not be supremely wise, and productive of purity, and power, and happiness in your life if you, sometimes, should endeavor to enter into the Silence, and thus commune with the God of truth who dwelleth in, and speaketh through, the centre of your spirit?

CHAPTER XLVII.

MOTHER NATURE SEARCHING FOR HER CHILDREN.

“ He is the free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy.”

SUBJECTIVITY of thought is the philosophical language for *interior cogitation*. Recordation of thought is the memory of subjective thinking. Recollection of thought is gathering together and classifying thoughts which have been evolved by interior cogitation. Reflection is conscious reasoning upon what has been recorded and recollected. Thus, if the mind would grow and expand from its own roots and vitality, its possessor must cultivate subjectivity of feeling and thinking.

Every great master mind in the past,—Moses, Isaiah, David, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Solon, Jesus, John, Paul, Cicero, Shakspeare, Bacon, Newton, Herschel, the great artists, also, and the great composers,—every leader in every age, was a subjective, honest, persistent, subtle, profound, systematic Thinker. He sounded the vast deeps of feeling; he explored the boundless fields of thought. As a man grows physically symmetrical and beautifully strong by the just and constant exercise of the parts that compose his corporeal being,

so does man spiritually grow grandly great and harmonious by the wise and frequent exercise of his interior elements of love and attributes of wisdom.

But if you obey the voice of Mother Nature, who is ever searching and longing for her own darling children, then you must separate yourself from the entangling alliances of human society. Few and fewer fellow-beings, as associates, before you obtain many joys and inspirations from God. Of the spiritual-minded Neander it was said: "Plato was his idol, and his perpetual watchword. He pored over that author night and day." Because Plato instructed him to see and feel Nature. In proportion as he received the spirit of Nature into the inmost sanctuary of his own private soul, in that same proportion he "learned to look with indifference upon the outer world." It was said that he intellectually travelled from Judaism to Philosophy, and from Philosophy to Christianity. Theology did not interest him. To his spiritual mind, Jesus was *nearer* to God than Plato. Because, in all deep and high natures, *faith* (*i. e.*, intuitive love of, and childlike dependence upon, Nature's God) is spiritual blessedness. Belief and unbelief and disbelief are differentiations of the intellect,—results of reasoning upon evidences received through the external senses. On the other hand, *faith* is the innate affirmation of the immortal spirit. To lose faith is to lose childhood,—is to abandon the spirit for the senses,—is to be driven out of the garden of Paradise into the realms of materialism. It sounds and seems inconsistent, a paradox, that a man of the profoundest *faith* may at the same time be a man who, intellectually doubting and rejecting so many popular doctrines, is called by his neighbors "an infidel." But you behold the explanation in the subjective faith, which is spiritual, and in the objective skepticism, which is intellectual and sensuous. Blessed is he whose intuitions and intellectual faculties speak the same language! In most natures, not yet balanced and evenly unfolded, the conflict is constant and a life-long pain.

In the valley, every day, I meet souls straying from Mother

Nature. They concern themselves with "things" bearing the marks of human fingers; not with the ideas, the living truths, throbbing and blooming with the spirit of Nature. They walk up and down the long avenues of cities and societies; but rarely do they look up into the measureless openings of the overarching universe. The material temple, with its architectural beauties and cushioned seats, attract their person and fortune; but they are blind to the temple of Nature, where every tree is an ascending prayer, and where every blooming flower is a song of praise. Real lovers of music love and listen to the sounds of Nature; real artists contemplate and adore the living works of God. The superficial artists and musicians stray from their loving Mother. They hasten backwards to live with the "old masters." Moralists walk back to Seneca or Epictetus; the religious seek Jesus and John; theologians search the works of the early Fathers. But Nature calls to each: "Where are *your* morals, my beloved children? Have *you* no religion? Do *you* know nothing of your Creator?"

Behold, ye inhabitants of the valley! do you not penetrate the illimitable reaches beyond the vale? Do you not behold beyond the valley the measureless mountains of the spiritual universe? Do you not see that the stellar constellations are chords in the harp upon which Mother Nature sounds the music of her everlasting love of God? The bending beauty of the ocean billows,—the singing of trees and birds and zephyrs along the high-arched avenues of forest and plain,—the glory of the morning sun, the interminable reaches of the heavens all around you, and the solitudes of the slumbrous night,—do not these beauties and glories and attractions of your never-failing Mother invite you to more interior and subjective life?

All over the world you meet your Mother. She calls to you alike in all countries. In all climes, in all ages, among all peoples, she searches for her own. In all seasons, too, she calls to you,—in summer and winter, in seed-time and harvest,—she loves you with the same deep, constant, holy love. Her voice is the voice of God. She says that the will of God and the hap-

piness of man are one and the same. She would have you "free, indeed." The children of Nature are the children of God. "The glorious *liberty* of the sons of God" means the boundless freedom of the children of Nature.

Beyond the valley of bondage to error and injustice, you behold upon your Mother's white bosom an immortal diamond, — sparkling with the prismatic splendor of a galaxy of suns, — and the name thereof is LIBERTY! All exertion, all life, all unrest, all discontent, all exerted energy mean inherent efforts for liberty. Said the poet: —

"Can you read the song
Of the suppliant bee?
'T is a prophet's soul
Asking *liberty*."

Among the star-clusters in the sky, you behold one polar sun, — the star that never fails the minister or the mariner, — the fixed, high, heavenly light of Liberty. And the land of largest liberties is America, — the great world of progress, under the decrees of God, aided by superintending angel hosts, — wherein the highest human flowers shall bloom. "A new people in a new world," said a patriot, writing of art and artists, "with free institutions, and with a destiny so mighty and far-reaching that even a dim prophetic suggestion of its vastness is so sublime as to be appalling, should seek to formulate their greatness in their art. It is too early to expect completeness of design, but there should be at least manifestations of an original and vigorous art feeling, and manifestations of fresh and heroic minds wrestling with titanic thoughts that a free spirit impels them to express.

"American history and tradition are full of inspiration and suggestion for art. Through all its annals there has been one continuous fight for liberty. Man fighting the oppressions of Old-World tyranny; fighting the formidable but subtle forces of air and ocean; fighting the wild beast and the wilder man who held the country before him; fighting the foreign invaders;

and, finally, brother fighting brother, while all the time the progress is toward the goal of liberty. These are the themes for the beginnings of American art; but all the while the American is painting Old-World stories, Old-World people and manners, Old-World traditions, Old-World heroes, all of which have claimed the pencils of the Old-World masters who have reached a goal of excellence from which all after-comers are perpetually barred out."

Poetic and worshipful persons read the Psalms of David with reverential admiration. Wherefore? Do not the *same* sun and stars shine for you? His eyes could discern the universal adoration of all animate and inanimate things. Can you not see the same? Do not the same seas swing in their beds for you? He contemplated the glory of the firmament,—the speeches of day after day, and the manifestations of divine wisdom night after night,—but you, being blind to Nature, must read and chant the Psalms of David in order to *hear* the praise of things unto God!

Nature searches for you everywhere, dear reader. Do not turn away and hide in man-made temples. Love will open her heart to you; and wisdom will teach you the perfection and peacefulness of all her ways.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC BEYOND THE VALLEY.

“ Oh, backward-looking son of time!
 The new is old, the old is new,
 The cycle of a change sublime
 Still sweeping through.”

AMERICA, seen with disheartened feelings, and with down-looking eyes, is doomed. She seems, when superficially seen, to be half-formed, disjointed, unjust, crude, self-revolutionizing. But when America is contemplated with an interior vision, looking beyond the valley, she is seen to be a supernal promise of the happiest land,—the foundation and perfect prophecy of a true Spiritual Republic.

Humanity will here find its new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Here mankind will find its promised land,—“ a new world ” overflowing with every good and perfect thing, — a land of the grandest achievements, and glorious with universal human happiness. Here, the free and fully-developed Individual is to be at peace with the orderly interests and highest civilization of the combined Whole. Spiritual America carries Liberty in its great heart,— a prophecy of boundless justice, and love, and harmony. But behold America *materialized*,—view the States, and the government, and the people externally,— and you see a country full of indescribable inconsistencies; a vast splash of irreconcilable paradoxes,— a country of injustice, greed, strife, party barbarities, threatening an era of fraternal contentions, local animosities, and civil war.

After an absence of many years (he "died" at the beginning of this century) a patriotic American speaks out of the delicious light of the far upper sky. Psychophonically, I hear his calm, earnest tones,—inexpressibly love-laden, thoughtful, and cheerful, saying:—

"Search for Liberty in America. The searching is wisely more attractive than the liberty of truth itself. The inhabitants of the States will search for riches everywhere,—under the earth, in the sea, through the air. They will find everything in abundance save the truth of liberty itself. Therefore, their instrumentalities of progress will multiply and fill the country with everything save happiness. Railway corporations and banking institutions will rise in power paramount to State governments. Sectional corporations will conflict with the general commonwealth, and the Government will embody the party in power. Political questions will be superseded by interests less intellectual. How to live in luxury and idleness without labor, or with but little daily exertion, is to be the *end* sought by both the poor and the rich. Contention, violence, disorganization, will follow one another in the path of this exertion."

After these somewhat disheartening words dropped out of the quiet sky (written as fast as heard) I went out for a walk, meditating in the spirit, wondering what it all could mean.

The June day was breezy with electricity. The distant green hills seemed swollen with harvests. The air was loaded with the very life of flowers. Roses and honeysuckles imparted a dreamy sweetness to the atmosphere. But I could not enjoy the picturesque,—neither could I give myself to the enchantments of fragrance,—for, remembering the words of the patriotic American now in the Summer-Land, my thought kept exclaiming: "Is it possible?"

At length, I halted beneath some trees in a remote avenue. I reflected upon the prophecy. All at once there swiftly darted into my mind this thought: "He speaks the language of cynics and pessimists. He has pictured America from its objective side,—the side of materialization!"

Then the questions arose, such as: Can a spirit take an *external* view of anything? And why does a spirit dwell upon the temporal discords of a country? Being in the spiritual condition, how can a spirit look superficially upon anything? These, and yet other questions, flooded my thoughts as I rested beneath the great spreading trees.

The answer flowed in: The judgment of an unbalanced spirit is subject to misimpressions,—therefore, also, to erroneous conclusions from reasonings,—just as a spirit (*i. e.*, a person) in this world is liable to take on misimpressions, and to arrive at wrong conclusions, on the principle that ignorance is an omnipresent enemy to which universal human nature is constantly exposed as much, in proportion, in manhood as in childhood,—as certainly in the lower spheres and states after death as upon any man-bearing earth in the immeasurable universe. The question of condition is an ever-recurring question; for upon “condition” everything depends for its formation and expression. A spirit, after death, may be (so far as interior truths and principles are concerned) in an inferior and ordinary condition, while a spirit (or an individual) on earth, and yet in the body, may be in a “superior condition” with reference to principles and facts, ideas and thoughts. Such a mind can understand immutable essences and their out-cropping mutable phenomena.

Reasoning thus, and thus concluding interiorly, I began once more to enjoy the beauties and varieties of the world around me. The surpassing picturesqueness of the distant green mountains,—the hazy verdure of the far-away valleys,—the suggestive glimpses of vine-clad and tree-covered cottages in the distant teeming fields,—the delicious fragrance in the air, exhaled from honeysuckles and the great harvest of roses,—once more all these imparted a joy, and awakened a feeling of thankfulness, just as if America were already a land of love, justice, wisdom, peace, progress, and happiness. For the moment I was unmindful of the million-headed miseries of mankind. No longer did I remember the forsaken, the terror-stricken, the

half-starved, the misery-ridden, the loveless, the homeless, the wandering destitutes.

Now I beheld the true Spiritual Republic beyond the valley — the new millennial country of peace and abundance — that is to come from this young mother continent.

“ My country 't is of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing ! ”

America will pass through, and fulfill the poet's prophecy. The possibilities are power-laden and multitudinous ; therefore, the probabilities may come swift-winged upon us ; and it will require the wise guidance of angel patriots to steer our ship away from the concealed rocks of destruction.

Materialized America is an indescribable and highly unsatisfactory picture. It is teeming to-day with the evils and miseries of ignorance and injustice. With true insight the poet said that a true home is not that materialized habitation which is visible to the bodily eyes. He said the true home does not consist of “ four square walls, though with pictures hung and gilded . . . not merely roof and room,” with the physical conveniences and all modern improvements, invented to expedite and simplify the movements of bodily life,— but instead “ home is where affection calls,— where there 's one to love, and where there 's one to love us.”

So the only true America is the coming spiritual Republic.

The great storms begin in far-away mountains. Look at the old civilizations and watch the gathering tempests,— Communism, Socialism, Nihilism,— and prepare for them when they burst out in the weakest places among us. America is elastic and young in every joint. The storms may descend, and the young giant may bend beneath them ; but from his bed he will spring with the profound strength of a god. A great suffering is before us ; so, also, is a great joy. Look at America, materialized, and you will shudder at the picture ; but look deeper, see America in her inner life, and you will be filled with hope, and gladness, and gratitude.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ALL VALLEY VICISSITUDES VICTORIOUS.

“Know we not our dead are looking
 Downward with a sad surprise,
 All our strife of words rebuking
 With their mild and loving eyes?
 Shall we grieve the holy angels?
 Shall we cloud their blessed skies?”

THE pure eternal Truth is man's only true shepherd. It is the diamond jewel which only God's life can make palpable to the deepest intuitions. But minds in the ordinary condition will jump at a quartz crystal because it *shines* like the true diamond; and they often cling to it as though their eternal happiness depended upon its possession. Did not the poet Whittier, who wrote our motto, see all this? Behold certain of your neighbors and acquaintances — minds of fair capacities, refined by school culture,—upholding creeds against science. They teach mythology to their children instead of known truths, and they value fleeting wealth and changeful fashion above that wisdom which exalts mind to a station but “little lower than the angels.”

“Stand upright! and thou standest forever;
 Live by the Truth, 't will forsake thee never.”

Truth is our shepherd; but his spirit is LOVE. When fraternal love is inverted, it invades and embitters the private life with scorn, and satire, and back-biting animosities. Self-desires burn for gratification. The whole atmosphere about such a per-

son seems loaded and poisoned with infernal influences. If *self* is too long indulged, it inverts the nobler affections of friendship and family, and rapidly transforms the home into a hell of horrible discord. Such a house is "divided against itself"; and no shepherd can make harmony out of elements inherently incompatible. Sometimes it becomes necessary to leave such discords to work themselves into self-reformation, or into self-destruction. But, eventually, from it all, the eternal truth and justice and love will certainly ascend for the universal good. Thus victory crowns the valley battles.

Spiritualism is a powerful individualizer. It acts like the sun's rays upon all solids and fluids in society, education, and religion. Like a great fire it dissolves parties, melts frozen creeds, and brings the individual *out* of the mass; and, finally, it plants the theologically-lame person squarely upon his own feet. The individual, thus emancipated, must use and see with his *own eyes* henceforth; he must think *his own* thoughts; and he must build *his own* manhood upon the solid foundations of a personal conception of Nature and Reason. And in all this revolution, which overthrows the past temples of error in his mind,—in all this work of slow reconstruction of his thoughts and feelings—the person becomes unavoidably alone and largely self-responsible. The state of "selfish indifference" is merely transient. To slowly build one's mental or religious house upon a new foundation, one must *seem* to be enveloped in the stolid isolation of thoughtful selfishness. In building this new individualized life, you may even commit injustice, and may seem (to others) to choose the evil rather than the good. Thus confiding friends of yesterday may become your open enemies tomorrow. You bravely leave the organized and respectable party, composed of your old associates; and, lo! the party (with systematic violence) turns fiercely to reject, malign, and destroy you, "root and branch." It is certain, nevertheless, that eventually *perfect justice* will be done; and the Truth, in the deeps of the individual spirit, will triumph over every form of error.

It is the acme of joy to ride upon the inflowing tide of respectability; but who can control his sorrow, his spiritual depression, when the sea slips down and ebbs away? Children in years, like the youthful in intellect among adults, are joyous and happy when sparkling prosperity lifts them onward. But all true philosophers — those who see the laws of Nature aright — practically and cheerfully harmonize themselves with the decrees of the All-perfect Divinity.

“The dying of an ancient religion, which in its day has given consolation to many generations of men,” says Prof. Draper, “presents a mournful, a solemn spectacle to the thoughtful mind.” But if that “thoughtful mind” had been unfolded in the knowledge of the harmonial principles of germination, progression, development, disorganization, and re-presentation upon a higher and superior stage, its possessor would realize nothing sad, nothing disheartening; but, instead, the man’s whole mind and all its deepest affections would rise into the superior condition of harmonization, practical adoption, enlivened with the melody of thanksgiving and gratitude.

I am not a profound admirer of the bud-stage of fruits and flowers. Give me, instead, the completed work of the tree, and let me have the perfect fragrance of the unfolded rose; although I know that, having reached the climax of perfection, in one direction, both fruit and flower will quickly decline and disappear.

Why all this weeping over dying dogmas? Why mourn the departure of once revered and beloved religions? Poets meditate over the decay of the perfection of ancient inspirations. Artists walk backward into Italy, Rome, Greece, Egypt, to find what they contemplate as the highest expressions and most perfect embodiments of human genius. College-bred ministers, upon the same plan, quote *ancient Scriptures* as the only infallible communication ever made from God to mankind.

All this rejection of the present — all this clinging to and worship of the past — is evidence that the era of superficialism has not departed. And yet, in order to utilize whatever of

good was evolved, I admit that the past and the superficial are indispensable to the enrichment of the profound present. Subsoil is developed and prepared for future harvests by a plentiful use of *patent* manure upon the outspreading surface,—followed by the undergoing plow, guided by the hand of one who can look beyond the present barrenness and behold the great harvests and victories of the future.

There is a primeval and universal law, the way of an unchangeable Divinity in the constitution of Nature, which works to and fro, up and down, rising and falling, by which potency every earth is born, advanced, refined, matured, destroyed. Every religion, also, and every system of government, every form of inspiration, every phase of manifestation, is evolved by this law, and by this same principle everything is forced to subside, is prostrated, is dismembered, is dematerialized, and is finally made the foundation for a different, and, in many particulars, an infinitely superior development.

When that which began in the spiritual *descends* so far down that it is no longer sought by the spirit,—but is hunted exclusively by the bodily senses,—then the tide begins with energy to ebb, and the life-imparting divinities take unto themselves wings of flight. The universal hunger of the bodily senses for the superficial—an appetite which refuses the less palpable food of the inner universe—will become more materialized the longer it is gratified. Spiritualization is the high inflowing flood tide of the Divine life unto humanity; but “materialization” is the subsidence,—the backward and downward drift of the sea; and, lo! the shores thereof will be strewn with multitudinous wrecks,—doubters, agnostics, cynics, hermits, haters, heathen. Over all this darkness and despair the croaker will croak; the children of undevelopment will cry aloud; the disappointed will howl with anger; the misdirected worshipper will mourn and tremble; the ambitious will turn to rend the temple; the selfish will flee into the herd of frightened swine; the indifferent will suddenly awake to “what might have been”; but amid

all, and through it all, unmoved and unchanged, will stand the true Seers of Nature,— the harmonial minds — full of refined affections for Truth,— these, and such only, shall pass through the fiery furnace, shall be crowned with victory, and come out without even the smell of fire upon their garments.

CHAPTER L.

CHILDREN GROUPING BETWEEN BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

*“ God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Ho! wake and watch; the world is gray
With morning light! ”*

BEYOND the valley, between the mountains beautiful, I behold new embodiments of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The Lyceum plan is an imperfect copy — perfect as was possible under the circumstances — of a most heavenly system of groups, which any seer may observe (as many have frequently seen) in that section of the Summer-Land where little ones from earth go for home nurture, loving instruction, guidance in love, and harmonious development in wisdom.

The spirit of the Lyceum is celestial,* and the body, with its inevitable imperfections, is terrestrial. And yet the spirit and its practical embodiment are sufficiently coherent and understandable to be actualized on earth. When my bodily health was firm, and, especially, when circumstances were propitious in the Empire City, its friends had no difficulty in giving the entire system a most beneficial and delightful manifestation. But when health departed, and when, with the requisite strength, also departed the favoring circumstances, I reluctantly went away into retirement. Very soon, thereafter, several talented and, doubtless, well-meaning persons commenced to reform, and

* See the author's Manual, entitled the *Children's Progressive Lyceum*.

to improve the original spirit, and more especially to change the style and conduct of the Lyceum. I could only hope that these changes would prove to be real improvements. But time demonstrated the practical effect to be a *loss* among Lyceum friends of the primitive inspiration. New arrangements of colors were introduced in Philadelphia; differently shaped targets and badges; new arrangements of groups with new names, etc.; and in Providence, R. I., the national flags were hauled down and discarded as "emblems of war," and, instead, the white insignia of "peace" were introduced, and carried by the groups in their marchings and evolutions; and additional books, and songs, and catechismal exercises followed each other,—many of which were and are of the most desirable and effective character.*

But the original features of the system became more and more indistinct; hence, also, the original inspiration was less and less realized. It is rare that anyone now can find anything resembling the practical *grouped Lyceum* that was visible during the first four years. Everywhere, with few exceptions, the ordinary Sunday School has been substituted. And how to "interest our young in *Spiritualism*," instead of how to develop them into good thinkers, and wholesome and harmonious citizens, often became the paramount question.

The Lyceum system contemplates only the *best* physical development, and the *highest* spirit culture of the young or adult. But to turn the groups into circles for spirit manifestations, and to exert the teaching power of the assembly towards converting the children to any *form* of religion is to degrade the primal purposes and intentions of the Lyceum not only, but it is turning a once sublime instrumentality into a sectarian machine,—making believers in forms of faith, instead of multiplying the causes which result in healthy bodies and harmonious souls.

I objected at once, and I think every non-sectarian Spiritualist will help me in sustaining the objection. I cannot express

* Among the best will ever shine Mr. A. E. Newton's *Questions to Children about Themselves*, which I have invariably urged upon all Lyceums to adopt in the teaching of groups.

the disappointment — the deep and sorrow-laden pain — caused by the *failure* not of the Lyceum, but of public interest in it. When my views have been asked, my reply has not contained a word calculated to give the impression that I regard the Lyceum itself as having failed. Far be it from me to say a word against what I *know* to be founded in truth. My observation for years has satisfied me that the spirit and the purpose of the Lyceum are as yet unknown, if not “unknowable,” to the great majority of parents who should be its intelligent expounders and supporters. But I do not give up the good fight, and I do not mean, under any provocation, to fight in anger nor with “carnal weapons,” but only with the two-edged sword of the spirit. If my health continues firm, and if circumstances and supernal influences are favorable, my efforts may yet do something towards establishing a work in which every spiritually-minded lover of the children feels a deathless interest.

In a remarkable discourse* concerning the labors and diligent efforts of the author, occurs this comprehensive passage:—

“Among the works of his later life, which come certainly under the category of special revelations, is the system of Progressive Lyceums for children,—a system which in spiritual vision was portrayed to the seer as that prevailing in the spiritual spheres. And while the thoughts pertaining to human life, and to various stages of spiritual existence for adult human beings have been certainly transporting and beneficial to mature minds, we know of nothing in Mr. Davis’s works, and nothing in his whole life that so much entitles him to be considered a seer as this revelation of the system of education in the skies; and we do not fear to affirm that, were this system to prevail in your midst, instead of the dull methods of the schools, and the mechanical processes now occupying the public mind, a wiser, better, and indeed a prevailing spirit of peace and love would exist, instead of that which is merely technical and uninteresting today.

* The discourse of Mrs. Richmond on the “Life and Works” of the author, referred to in a preceding chapter, originally published in the *Banner of Light*.

“The system in its inception has no flaw. It is a harmonious, suitable, and poetic exposition of the true principles of education. The system in its inception does more than this. It contains the symbolic illustration of certain colors, forms, forces in Nature, and that have never been embodied before, and are primal. The Kindergarten schools of Germany approach nearest to it. Some portions of it may have been embodied in systems of illustrative education. But here is an appeal not only to the intellect and mind of the child,—not only care taken for the preservation of the body, but a poetic exposition of the real principles of growth and unfoldment, which would entitle Mr. Davis to be considered a poet had it been revealed in the form of verse instead of a system of education.

“Nothing in his life-work commends itself more to the judgment, the appreciation, and the spirituality of the human mind than this system. For the first ten years it seemed to be received with absolute joy by all spiritual societies and all thinkers in the ranks of Spiritualism. For the first few years the personal presence of Mr. Davis and his appreciative companion made the Children’s Lyceum the feature of nearly all spiritualistic and reform societies throughout the country. Whether their personal attention being withdrawn also caused the currant to change, or, what is more probable, whether a lack of enlightenment concerning the system prevented the leaders and conductors of Lyceums from knowing fully what to teach has caused a decline in the outward movement, we cannot say. But certain it is that another century will witness a system of education similar, if not exactly coincident, with that which Mr. Davis has taught. Certain it is that in the coming time children will be allowed to grow, and not be forced into a system of learning; and nothing is more calculated to the unfoldment and growth of the young mind, and indeed the maturer minds, than this same system of Lyceum teaching as unfolded by Mr. Davis. If we might venture a criticism, it is simply this: that the system is not sufficiently elaborated to form a comprehensive statement for minds that are not able to

grasp it; that the mechanical portion is sufficiently elaborated, the mental portion is not. Hence it becomes speedily a routine instead of a constant feeding of the mind. If the author would elaborate more the meanings of the different groups, the origin of the terms employed for the names of the groups, and the theory of the unfoldment of the spirit through this method, including thoughts about color, form, order, etc., it would be the most fitting accompaniment to the method itself. If added to that could be additional exercises and lessons embodying the same teachings but gleaned from all literature, under the supervision of the author, it would make an added resource where the minds of leaders and teachers are sometimes barren for themes of interest for their children.

“This is the only criticism, but even this time will obliterate, and the system itself remain as perfect as the system of the starry firmament, wherein sun and stars and satellites move in their appointed places, and worlds are born by a system of laws governed by the Infinite.”

The additional spiritualizing and internal work for the Lyceum, the last of which is explicitly expressed in the foregoing extracts, may be unfolded when the need thereof is, with an enthusiastic emphasis, felt and prayed for by earnest, enlightened, and thoughtful parents. I think, according to the law of want and supply, that the superior *needs*, specified, will not sooner be vouchsafed. Beyond the valley, however, in some of the many sequestered groves and glens, and not far from the beautiful basic slopes of Mount Harmony, I see that it will be easy and natural to gather the children into loving and growing groups.

CHAPTER LI.

DISEASES FROM CONJUGAL TRANSGRESSIONS.

“ Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!
 Would to God that ye were near,
 Gazing with me down the vistas
 Of a sorrow strange and drear;
 Would to God that ye were listeners
 To the voice I seem to hear!”

IN preceding chapters I have denounced incestuous relations between the legally married, who do not conjugally love each other, and cling together as ONE; and who, therefore, unquestionably *feel* and *know* and *believe* that they do not conjugally belong to one another. Such persons should not continue to live together and produce children.

Physiological vices and miseries never evolve a harvest of virtuous health and happiness. Sow to the wind long enough, and you will “reap the whirlwind” as the legitimate outcome. How slow are mankind in learning this immutable law! They keep steadily along the ways of transgression, hoping to escape by means either fair or foul; but, invariably, the way of the transgressor is hard. The medical world is teeming with “certain cures” for the sins of physiological transgression; and the world of religion is equally overflowing with the infallible “atonement” for sins of the soul; but there is a law of unchangeable *Justice* in the constitution of things, which shows the folly of all such remedies, by bringing the transgressor slowly but surely to punishment.

One morning my mind was directed to the “Plague” which

sometimes threatens portions of Europe, especially certain sections of Russia and Turkey. After a period of observation and analysis of the origin and nature of the pestilence, I am constrained to proclaim the following deductions :—

What is called Black Death, or the Plague, which has visited Europe at different periods in centuries past (which is totally unlike cholera, and the other electrically negative disturbances of man's fluids and ethers), is an effect of long-continued human transgressions *in the conjugal relation*. Syphilis is the general term, the name of the father of this fatal (d)evil. Examine the symptoms, and be convinced. All the constitutional disturbances demonstrate the presence of a *poison* in the human fluids,—the coming and sudden going of pain in the joints, horrible heat, suffocating feelings about the chest, chilliness and thirst, great depression of the vital power, mental disturbances, apprehension, hastiness, frenzy, loss of fortitude and hope. Now look at the specific symptoms,—ulcers in the throat, dark colored blotches on the skin, rapidly ripening into carbuncled sores, and into malignant boils without cores, which disorganize the cellular membranes and spread swiftly a deathly corruption over the whole body. Look at the engorgement of the lymphatic glands; the formation of gangrenous sores in the groins, called bubonica,—the latter being one of the invariable signs that the blood is loaded with an infectious venereal virus, which decomposes lymphatic glands, burns up the cellular tissues, destroys the lime basis of bones, and ends in hurling down the citadel of life by the swift whirlwind of death. And to the sufferer under such an infernal poison—who may have no knowledge of any existence beyond the grave—this certain death is *horrible* beyond the power of words to portray.

Transgression of the laws and conditions of the conjugal principle is an unpardonable sin. In the most ancient, religious fable, *this sin* brought down the fiat of God, which drove the first pair out of Eden.* Diseases, plagues, pestilences,

* The Shakers are our best Bible commentators, and wisest modern philosophers, in this sexual realm of human wrong and wretchedness.

black deaths of every inconceivable variety of horror, immediately followed,—all imp-children of that (d)evil which tempted mankind to transgress the divine law and conditions of conjugal love. We see the conjugation and procreation of a man and a woman who were related to each other as only brother and sister, and *not* as husband and wife. They were companions, it is true, but not conjugal mates. Their first boy grew into manhood, and became a base murderer,—an evil of incestuous intercourse.

All plagues have three productive and multiplying causes — (1) Conjugal misdirection, (2) Filthiness of the skin, (3) Constipation of the bowels. Eruptive affections among children and adults — scrofulous swellings, blotches, boils, pimples, sores, erysipelas, scarlet fever, small-pox — are the effects (either immediate or remote) of transgressions of the law of the conjugal principle of holy and procreative love.

This judgment may seem both unjust and repulsive to many consciously innocent sufferers. But will it lessen the harshness of this judgment to add that *ignorance* is generally the boon-companion of the sort of *innocence* here referred to?

From time immemorial, law-makers (like Moses and Lycurgus) issued decrees and fierce maledictions to regulate the conjugal relation. They observed and forecast the results of indulgences and transgressions. Children receive the full force of violations and excesses of their progenitors. Innocence is no protection; ignorance is no friend of anything human; yet between these two (ignorance and innocence) whole generations contrive to get credit for entertaining a standing army of “respectable diseases.”

Respectable diseases! Hollow words and hypocritical meanings. *There are no respectable diseases!* All human diseases are the effects of transgressions,—proofs of wrong-living, wrong-feeling, and wrong-doing. And the most horrible, the swiftest, most fiendish, most uncontrollable disorders are offspring of (1) Conjugal disobedience, (2) Uncleanliness of the skin, (3) Corruptions in the abdomen. And the most thrilling

and appalling illustration of these three causes, combined, is this horror of the Oriental world, called "Black Death." The soldiers and the citizens equally neglect their bodies and their bowels; and they mutually violate the most sacred ties between the sexes. They commit, also, every excess in eating and drinking. At night they engender the germs of disease. These they carry about in their bowels; then in their blood; next in their brains; then in the very fine essences of procreation; then, by inoculation, the virus is empowered to breed boils, buboes, carbuncles, corruption, decomposition, death,—and out of all this come pestilences, wretchedness, madness, suicide, murder.

Remedies may be suggested. Chemically considered, this Oriental Plague is an *alkaline* disease of the blood, resulting in a rapid alteration and deterioration of its natural condition and properties. Therefore, the remedy must be an *acid*,—positive, swift, and powerful in effecting neutralization. As a preventive, let every Oriental or European, residing or travelling near the infected districts, at once adopt a carbolic-acid bath, or a hand-wash-off, at least once a week. Wash the entire surface of the body with the acid (diluted with either warm or cold water), and strong as it can well be borne. Try half an ounce in two gallons of water.

Then, for the blood and bowels: the most convenient form is a chylifier, or after-dinner pill; although a cathartic beverage would be generally more effectual. In wet meadows, in many parts of Europe, there grows a perennial plant, full of healing properties, bulbous rooted, blossoming like the crocus, with the common name "meadow saffron," but known to physicians as *colchicum*. Then there is another plant, full of remedial force, growing in tropical countries, known as *aloes*. Now these should be combined, with the simple resinous exudation of those interesting shrubs which grow along the shores of the upper Mediterranean, *pistacia lentiscus*, the gum of which is commonly called "mastic." Any authorized druggist can supply you with pills of the proper portions of these three simple and familiar remedies. Let me suggest two grains of aloes, four

grains of colchicum, and sufficient mastic to form them into a firm pill. One of these pills should be taken daily, when you are about half through eating your principal meal. In brief, you should, during the prevalence of any form of pestilence, fever, or epidemic plague, be certain to have a free and complete evacuation of the contents of the bowels daily. If you cannot accomplish this at first with one pill, take two or more until the action is started; then keep your skin pure with a perfumed acid bath; be cheerful in spirit, take reasonable care about sudden changes of bodily temperature; and you will be almost certain to escape the worst plagues that can afflict mankind.

But, in order to render all remedies potential with heavenly blessings, you should refrain from all infractions of the holy law of conjugal love.

CHAPTER LII.

CONCERNING CRIME AND THE CURE OF CRIMINALS.

“God’s ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.”

THE present is fruitful of violence and great crimes. Organs of combativeness, secretiveness, and destructiveness appear to be “very large” in small criminals; and in large criminals all the superior and self-governing faculties seem to be exceedingly undersized and weak. Doctors of anthropology are in demand. In the valley pilgrimage, with increasing frequency, I am questioned upon all these points. For example:—

What do you see to be the origin and causes of crime?

This question opens up a many-headed problem, the solution of which either undermines, or sustains, all existing systems of religion, politics, science, sociology, and government. A few weeks ago I read the question: “Are we making criminals?” Such a question goes down to the *first* origin of crime, to the popular errors and evils respecting the punishment of criminals, and to the reformation and cure of the vicious in the social organism. But a correspondent, not fully satisfied upon certain questions regarding the “causes of crime,” puts to me a series of problems, which, with all justifiable brevity, I will now attempt to solve from the harmonial standpoint.

The fountain-head of all human imperfection, and of all the

innumerable evils and miseries which result from such imperfection, can be stated in one word: it is **IGNORANCE**. This un-
 knowledge, so to speak, this poverty of spirit, this intellectual
 darkness, began with the birth of mankind. We can philosoph-
 ically see, looking backwards along all the various pathways
 of the human race, that man's progress has been essentially
promoted by this ever-present enemy to his peace, virtue, and
 happiness. To escape from the clutch and destructive power of
 this overshadowing demon has been the steady, painful endeav-
 ors of mankind. **IGNORANCE** (which is the fertile parent of all
 devils and the master-builder of all hells), therefore, must be
 philosophically regarded as the prime originator of the condi-
 tions which evolve crime. But another question now arises:—

*Does not a man's will determine and choose between the evil
 and the good?*

Yes; man's will does consciously co-operate with the drift
 and election of his inclinations. But how did his evil tenden-
 cies originate? How came he possessed with inclinations which
 overpoweringly sweep him into vicious and criminal practices?

Let us now once more look at the foundations of the human
 family. The master-mason, the superintending architect,—
 under whom the myriad groups of artisans and mechanics have
 always labored,—was what we term **IGNORANCE**. Under this
 blind constructionist, let us inquire, What foundations did man-
 kind build? The first that was built we will call *Organization*;
 that is, through parentage, a *child* is constructed. It was con-
 stituted, just as the human offspring is organized today, with
 (1) a body; (2) a spirit; and with elements between them,
 tying them together, which may be called a soul. The second
 foundation which was built we will call *Situation*; that is, the
location of birth, including the circumstances of soil and climate,
 and all attendant associations, either human or ante-human.
 And the third foundation we will call *Education*; that is, what-
 ever *influence* or instrumentality which acted as a develop-
 ing and directing power in and upon the physical, social, intel-
 lectual, and moral organs and faculties of the individual.

Thus, before the individual's life can begin spontaneously to declare its inclinations, and before the power of the WILL can begin definitely to determine in which hemisphere of conduct the individual shall live and move and have his being,—yea, *before* all conscious personal existence, we find already constructed (1) *Organization*, (2) *Situation*, (3) *Education*,—all which mean that, *What* we shall be, *Where* we shall be, and *How* we shall feel and think, are questions which are (primarily) answered absolutely for us *before* we receive a self-conscious essence and a self-determining existence.

Do you mean by this that all crime is hereditary?

No, not *all* forms and phases of crime; and yet the fact must not be overlooked, or underestimated, that *Organization* (or being) is *before* *Situation* and *Education* (or doing). Consequently, philosophically and scientifically speaking, all predisposition to crime cannot be inherited; because, by parentage, the *worst* we receive is only a defect, a twist, a bias, an inclination, or certain tendencies. If it were not so,—if the germs of disease and crime which we inherit were absolutely uncontrollable and irresistible in their subsequent growth and external manifestations,—then, alas! the doctrine of total depravity would be established, and all radical reformatory efforts to “overcome evil with good” would fall to the ground as valueless and vain. Most men, it is true, persistently follow their “bent”; but that is because most men do not like, morally, to exert and punish themselves.

Do you believe in voluntary crime?

Strictly speaking, I do not; but I do believe in *conscious* crime. Practically, this is quite different from the voluntary commission of crime. The impulse to commit crime is not innate. Man is constructed with an *inward principle of Justice*. But the tone and tenor of the voice of this constitutional Justice is subject to the bias of education. It may be taught to “speak a various language”; and thus it may be influenced to decide variously as to what is right and what is wrong. But the innate consciousness of Justice, which is unfolded more or

less strongly from the inwrought principle, which is deeper than all nice logical subtilities, and which rises above all conflicting educational distinction,—this consciousness, which was before the temperament and before the will, is an abiding and irrepresible *protest* against the voluntary commission of crime,—a protest living forever in the spiritual constitution of every human being. And this principle of innate and deathless Justice — however feeble it may be as a “conscience,” or however imperfectly perceived by the intellect — renders an *unmixed* voluntary crime an impossibility. Consequently, in every case of crime, you will find an admixture of motive-influences *behind* the final determinations of the will, which immediately preceded, and which (apparently) premeditated, the consummating act; for the commission of which act universal human nature instinctively holds all individualized human nature strictly responsible. I regard this innate principle of Justice as the constructive principle conveying the divine love-cement and central gravitation, which runs through and sustains the foundation of all social order and morality; and I also regard it as the progressive and all-redemptive Providence, which lovingly and wisely constructs and perfects the universal superstructure of humanity.

If a man is conscious of crime,—that is, knows that it is evil,—why can he not refrain from the act? and why does he not reform himself?

A man does not reform himself because a man's will is not naturally a reformer. Man's will-power over himself—the extent of his self-government—is easily measured by its limitations. His will-principle is developed and moulded and directed (1) by *organization*, (2) by his *situation*, (3) by his *education*. [The three terms are here used and intended to cover every force and every influence, both inherited and circumstantial, which is known, or which can possibly be imagined, as operating or as operative within and upon human nature.] It sometimes happens that human nature is justice-blind, and fraternal love may be deficient, just as many persons are color-

blind, or deaf to musical sounds. The cold resolutions of the intellect, and the determinations of the will, can accomplish little towards the reformation or cure of such mental organizations. In fact, reform by resolution is seldom victorious. "Man resolves and re-resolves, and dies the same." A powerful intellectual organization, and a very well-developed affectional nature, may be (in the same person) associated with inherited moral weakness and spiritual undevelopment. Consequently, under the influence of a vicious situation, added to that arising from a mis-education, such an individual is powerfully crime-inclined. And thus he gives away and falls into evil (like idiocy itself) before the *strongest temptation*. This being true, both in great as in small criminals, human nature cannot, under all the circumstances, voluntarily refrain from the commission of evil acts; although I believe that man's innate *consciousness* (of the evil and injustice of crime), when he does commit crime, is the true and only foundation upon which the beautiful structure of *his cure* (or reformation) may be commenced and progressively carried to completion.

If criminals are born or made by circumstances, and if they cannot reform themselves by noble desires and the will, how can they be prevented or reformed?

The true and practical answer to this question must be deferred. It would require more space than can here be appropriated. In this place, however, it may be suggested that *criminals must not be brought into the world* (as they now are) *by the wrongly-married*, who are the legalized makers of demoniac children, and the law-authorized breeders of human moral monstrosities. And it may be further suggested in this connection that these moral cripples, who may also be justice-blind and deficient in the principle of fraternal love, should be early taught to comprehend and to appreciate the fact that they *are* deformed and diseased. Before such characters have committed crime, they shall become industrial and systematic students in the Hospitalia,—in the philanthropic colleges of the land,—where inherited moral insanities, and where all unsoundness in the

individual mental and social organization may be eliminated by a psychological and spiritualizing process which an enlightened civilization should and will make effective. But the true and the highest wisdom would (by sanctioning only true and scientific marriages) *prevent* the organization and birth of criminals.*

Do you sympathize more with criminals than with society?

Yes; my whole heart is full of protective love for those

* Mankind, in their societary and gregarious associations and timid conservatism, approach scientific stirpiculture like first-class moral cowards. Very cautiously a high-toned phrenologist says: "People are learning to know and appreciate horses. No subject today is more interesting to a large class of enterprising, good men and women, than the noble horse. And with this increasing interest a better knowledge of this next best companion of man is being disseminated and obtained. As man learns more about the horse, the horse is improved; and why not? Seventy years ago, a mile in three minutes was a marvel of speed. Forty years ago, the classical "2.40 gait" became canonized, and now we rejoice in 2.09½. Whence this change? We have bred toward improvement, toward speed, toward strength, toward what we want; we have better horses, we know better how to train, feed, treat, and drive them" [After more manifestations of fear of St. Custom's frowns, he plucks up courage, and finishes with the following hint to the wise:] "Fine horses are obtained by right mating; *why can we not get rid of bad blood, mean character, and the conditions of ill success and unhappiness in the human race* BY SCIENTIFIC SELECTION, as well as in the favorite animal, the horse."

In order further to illustrate and enforce my proposition that it is within human power to "prevent the organization and birth of criminals," I will introduce the important statement of Prof. W. K. Brooks, who, in the May, 1885, *Popular Science Monthly*, calls attention to a point in which the principle of natural selection is working to an extent that has not been anticipated. "It is that there is a tendency among the deaf mute population to become a distinct class, and to perpetuate the disabilities that separate them from the rest of mankind. They are taught a special language; they learn to think in the forms of gesture; they have comparatively slight access to the outside world; they incline to marry among themselves, and by degrees they have been allowed to adopt most of the means which tend toward the formation of a deaf mute variety of the human race. It only requires time, as the special education of deaf mutes is now conducted, to establish a permanent race of deaf mutes with a language and literature of their own. It would seem, on this showing that the means which have been adopted for the amelioration of the conditions of the deaf mutes have actually tended to increase the evil which they were intended to diminish. This is one point, and can be considered on its merits. There is another, and that is that the facts which show the influence of heredity, under the guidance of natural selection, upon deaf mutes can be used to prove that man can be modified by selection as readily as any of our domesticated animals or plants, and that increased knowledge will ultimately enable us to bring about rapid improvements in the human family."

unfortunates who *choose* and do evil rather than good. Society is rich and powerful; it is armed, and it can protect itself. But the doer of evil—the born criminal—is poor in spirit, and is morally unarmed. He is naturally against everybody, and every hand is raised to strike him. His spirit is inmost, and is fast asleep; it remains yet to be heard from; his inner life-principles are yet dormant; at most he only feels and only realizes a vague consciousness that his inclinations and acts are wrong. But an in-wrought self-determining *fatality* seems to guide him into whatever he does. Circumstances seem to his mind like the perfect *masters* of his acts and destiny; they seem to be irresistible; and he obeys their fatal fiat in spite of all his fears, and against all his better internal promptings. He would be a dutiful son; he would be very kind to his mother, and a blessing to his family of brothers and sisters; but in less than *two hours* a misunderstanding arose between them; it blazed into the infernal flames of anger,—into a wild madness,—and, lo! he brutally struck one of his sisters with his iron-clenched fists, and instantly killed his mother with an ax; and just four hours after the formation of his resolutions to live a peaceful and useful life, he has “given himself up” to the police as a murderer; is locked in a felon’s den; is sullen and cold-blooded, indifferent, even audacious in his assumption of heartlessness; refuses to talk with newspaper reporters; doggedly and falsely declares he “knows nothing about the events”—nothing of the circumstances of the alleged quarrel and murder; and thus the black imp of fate,—a kind of inwrought infernal destiny,—guiding and controlling him like a demon, seems inseparable from the horrible life of the criminal. He or she deserves all possible enlightened human sympathy; all possible legal and other protection consistent with the welfare of society; for what can be a greater *private* hardship than to be incessantly inclined to evil, or to be an incurable, self-conscious agent for the commission of crime? *

* Treatment of criminals should be totally independent of all religious or ethical theories which include in their systems retributive or inflictive “pun-

But are there not different forms and degrees of crime?

The phases and degrees of crime are many; and differently constituted characters are differently tempted. Enter a large banking establishment, for example. You observe fifty clerks, absorbed in their various duties; every one has his very strong and his very weak points of character. To start with, they each came from an average good parentage; each has received a good education, and some are graduates of colleges; and, as to situation, you consider that each has been fortunate to obtain a clerkship, on a fair living salary, in a bank of such wealth and commanding influence. Of these fifty clerks, forty steadily perform their duties, attend church once every Sunday, keep good company, and live above reproach. Of the remaining ten clerks, one is tempted and yields only to intemperance; another, while hating alcohol in every form, gradually acquires a taste for gambling; another, although tempted by neither wine nor gaming, yields to a passion for luxurious gastronomic life; another falls under the unrestrained sway of the conjugal attraction; another gives way to the temptations of the race-course and the regatta; another, impatient of a limited income, studies the art of counterfeiting; another, moved by powerful desires for the possession of riches, becomes an expert forger; under a like temptation, another learns to falsify his accounts, and under this cover he stealthily appropriates to his own use thousands of the bank's funds; another, overcome by the sight of

ishments;" for the barbarities and diabolisms of religious persecutions, martyrdoms, racks, tortures, &c., are all so many evil forms of "punishing" persons who refused to obey the edicts and decrees of popes or courts. "Superintendent Brockway," says the *Syracuse* (N. Y.) *Standard*, "attributes the comparative success attending his methods in the Elmira (N. Y.) Reformatory to the fact that the *improvement*, rather than the punishment, of the offender is the object of the rules under which he is brought. All hardship imposed by human law for mere punishment—no matter whether it dignify itself by the name of justice—is hateful to the person who suffers, and it seldom contains any virtue that his reformation. But convince him that the grievous thing laid upon him is intended for his welfare, and, even if he be not persuaded that it actually tends to his good, his attitude toward it is altered from hostility and sullen obstinacy to curiosity or, perhaps, friendliness; and as soon as he perceives that the rule to which he is subjected is related to his good, he becomes a willing co-operator with his benefactor."

immense packages of money in the vaults, studies "the combination" of several locks, and ends by becoming a burglar; and the last of the ten clerks, who has been honored and trusted for years, esteemed and loved by his every associate, faithfully discharging the duties of the paying teller, suddenly "disappears," carrying with him a bag full of greenbacks, stealing an immense fortune at one stroke of destiny, and thus becomes a robber. To recapitulate: the ten clerks turn out upon society, (1) a drunkard, (2) a gambler, (3) a gourmand, (4) a libertine, (5) a sportsman, (6) a counterfeiter, (7) a forger, (8) a thief, (9) a burglar, (10) a robber. Of course, I do not here affirm that each of these ten clerks remains untouched and uncontaminated by the correlative phases of crime. It is almost impossible that one form of disease should not attract some one or more of the evils kindred to itself. But here is an illustration how ten characters may be weak at certain points, while naturally strong and inaccessible at other points; and from such fountainheads the deep streams of high, skillful crimes not unfrequently flow forth, undermining the very foundations of trust and confidence in human nature, and poisoning the purest rivulets of social life and happiness.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE BIBLE AND OTHER INSPIRED BOOKS.

“ Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
 Beyond thy sphere?
 Heaven and hell with their joy and pain
 Are *now*, and **HERE**.”

INSPIRATIONS concerning themes of deathless import flood impressible natures. Pilgrims between Mounts Aspiration and Harmony are peculiarly susceptible to such inspirations. In this particular, as a sensitive picture plate, the typical American sensorium exceeds the feminine impressibility and delicacy of the most exalted brain of ancient India. Living ideas concerning society, science, industry, literature, laws, wars, governments, poetry, principles, morals, immortality, Deity,—like free-winged birds of varied song,—like confluent streams from all the highest psychical mountains,—glide into and mingle with our thoughts both day and night, swelling the great ocean of Thought, and floating out from caves and coasts of deepest obscurity every imaginable idea and problem into the broad daylight and open sea of reason, agitation, discussion, and solution. Powerful agencies to the promotion of this universal impressibility and agitation are the legion of newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, and tracts which invade the private fortress of every family, and penetrate through the eyes to almost every living brain. Behind these agencies are steamships, railroads, telegraphs, speaking tubes, and the other contributions of science

and art. A few weeks ago a loved correspondent who instinctively shrinks from the iron grasp of materialism, into which, by the tidal wave of modern scientific discoveries, he finds himself helplessly drifting, asks me many questions : —

Are you certain that what you term the Summer-Land is a reality ?

Yes ; I am absolutely *certain* that the Summer-Land is a part of the spiritual universe ; as much of a reality, in fact, as is the visible sun at the centre of our solar system.

How are you certain ?

The particular knowledge which makes the Second Spiritual Sphere (this world being the *first* sphere) a certainty was progressively acquired like every other kind of knowledge. For example : I gradually attained to the power of a certain accurate vision of things spiritual and remote by exercising the internal sight every day, and for many years, upon things ordinary and terrestrial. Thus tests were continually given. The material objects and things I could see, and locate, and describe only by first seeing their animating forces and vital principles ; and thence I saw the shapes, and forms, and locations, and the *uses* or purposes for which they existed ; and thus it was progressively demonstrated to investigators that I could *correctly* discern plants, trees, dwellings, persons, their furniture and habiliments, diseases and remedies, and often the very feelings and thoughts of individuals, either present or at a great distance. The fullness of the development of this power of accurate vision resulted in discoveries of the origin and structure of the material universe, and in the progressive acquisition of very positive information concerning the situation and sceneries of the interior spiritual universes ; whereby the location and constitution of the vast Summer-Land became a *literal reality*, a glorious celestial certainty ; as positive and as substantial as is the honest mother-earth beneath our feet, and as effulgent and delightful to look upon as is the mellowed light which is incessantly showered upon it from the surrounding circle of suns and inhabited worlds.

Do not Swedenborg's descriptions differ widely from yours?

The difference is more in language than in essence. When Swedenborg perceived and described as an independent clairvoyant, we agree. When he investigated and wrote like an independent philosopher, we agree. Let me illustrate this assertion: Swedenborg as the philosopher and scientist agrees perfectly with modern seers in the statement that man's spirit is pure, and of divine origin. But Swedenborg as the theologian and Bible interpreter disagrees with himself, and affirms that, after death, the good human spirits are cleansed of the evils which cling to them, while the evil human spirits are purged of *all good qualities*, and are thus prepared to enjoy (?) in the hells every degree of depravity, and falsehood, and wickedness; and yet, according to every known or imaginable law of cause and effect, it is beyond the boundaries of possibility that any human spirit, having originated from the pure Divine Heart, could be purged of "every good quality," and thus converted into an everlasting devil. This fundamental inconsistency in Swedenborg is not attributable to his independent clairvoyance, but to his ever-present, over-mastering, persistent, and paramount biblical *theology*, which blistered, and distorted, his awakened perceptions of spiritual things, and correspondingly twisted his descriptions of the phenomena of the spirit worlds. In a word, Swedenborg and all superior modern clairvoyants and enlightened mediums *agree* substantially,—(1) upon the two-fold nature of man; (2) concerning the laws of matter and mind; (3) regarding life and death, and the resurrection; (4) concerning the laws and realities of spiritual intercourse; and, finally (5), with reference to the general phenomena and moral government of the spirit worlds,—but when modern seers and mediums are confronted with the utterances of Swedenborg as a Bible commentator, and as an ultra-orthodox theologian, then immediately comes "the tug of war"; and in the struggle of differences it is easy to see that Swedenborg stands with the poet Dante, and with some of the cardinal doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, while the mediums and seers of today

spontaneously co-operate and harmonize with the highest principles of spiritual philosophy, and with the latest discoveries and most logical deductions of progressive science.*

In what particulars does Swedenborg agree with the Roman Catholic Church?

In the parent Roman Church we find every important theological doctrine or hypothesis which exists more or less conspicuously in the various Protestant creeds and systems of faith. Swedenborg (like the Roman Catholics and theological Protestants in our midst) goes *back* to the dawn of human history to find the perfect Age of Gold. The world's brightest day he finds in the morning of the world. The tree of life—the Eden of perfection and bloom—the summer life of mankind—Swedenborg finds (contrary to all science and philosophy), in the earliest day dawn of human history. Again: In the most early ages the very gates of heaven were wide open (according to Swedenborg); and angels and men consociated freely, and sang together like the musical morning stars. But very soon he sees transgressions and sin enter; then follows the total eclipse of the Sun of Righteousness; then the very God, as the great Redeemer, is born and soon publicly executed; then, after a long stretch of mental deluge and darkness, the “internal sense” of the Bible was revealed! Now, when the world of spirits is described by Swedenborg, you only obtain a ponderous and *detailed* presentation of the brilliant conceptions of the poet-seer and writer of Italy, who gave sublime expression and embodiment to the theological Purgatory, long before taught by the learned Fathers in the Roman Catholic Church.

* Swedenborg's grand and noble spirit is superior to any feeble sensitiveness concerning these honest criticisms. As a consequence of my interpretations of his teachings published an hundred years ago, he never manifests any unkindness, or wounded pride, or sense of injury. From the first until now he has been my loved and revered celestial guardian. It is to be related that, notwithstanding his perfect knowledge of my differences with his writings as to the validity of the Testaments, he has invariably *come to me* at such times as when his influence and noble encouragements were needed to insure a continuation of my services to the race of man.

Do you mean to say that Dante's "Inferno" and Swedenborg's "World of Spirits" are the same in substance?

Yes, with this difference: Dante develops the Roman Catholic hell and heaven, while Swedenborg develops hell and heaven in accordance with the principles of philosophy. Notwithstanding his profound absorption in Orthodox theology, the independent Seer could not repress or resist the appeal of the ever-powerful principles of science and reason. For example: Dante locates his purgatory in a vast mountain beneath a terrestrial southern sea, and his conceptions of the abodes of the blessed are fixed upon the highest stars and planets in the heavens. But the philosophical Swedenborg correctly locates his purgatory (hells) and heavens in the structure of the spiritual universe, absolutely separated (by discrete degrees) from all the systems of material worlds and their phenomena. Dante makes the heavens to consist of everlasting joys as rewards for deeds done in the body. Swedenborg makes the heavens to consist of harmonies and felicities between the angels and the Lord; whereby progression in spiritual knowledge, and in celestial love and wisdom and blessedness, is made perpetual. Dante's hells and purgatories consist in both material and mental torment, in bodily sufferings, and in regrets and remorse unspeakable; but Swedenborg's hells are conditions of absolute emancipation from everything good and true — a sort of everlasting enjoyment (!) of a voluntary life wholly false, wholly evil, and wholly depraved — forever and forever away from the Lord and the holy angels! From the purgatories of Dante there was forever the *possibility* of escape; but from Swedenborg's hells all redemption and escape transcend the bounds of possibility, for their horrible inhabitants are purged of every pure and good quality. Thus you can for yourself observe the difference between the teachings of the Italian Seer — who poetically labored and harvested under the wings of the Roman Catholic Church — and the revealments of the Swedish Seer, who wrought under the over-mastering fascination of a theological Spiritualism, which was born in Egyptian darkness and cradled

in the Pagan splendors of Rome. You readily perceive, also, that Swedenborg, when free from his oppressive theology, and when he saw and wrote as an independent philosophical clairvoyant, is at substantial peace with all modern seers and spiritual philosophers. But, on the other hand, you perceive that, when immersed in his self-involving commentary on the Testaments,—to which *end* all his clairvoyant observations are constantly subordinated as servants,—Swedenborg is *at war* not only with himself, but he stands antagonistic to the fixed laws of Intuition, Reason, and Science. The foregoing facts explain the causes of the discrepancies between the teachings of Swedenborg a century ago, and the revelations of seers and mediums at the present day. But to this account of the causes of differences must be invariably added the *special* influences arising from the organization, the temperamental peculiarities, and the educational bias of each individual seer and medium.

Do you consider the Bible a Spiritual Book?

Certainly, the Bible is composed of a large number of differing writings, by different authors; and a deep and genuine Spiritualism circulates through them like blood in the human body.

Did not Swedenborg discern this Spiritualism in the Bible?

Yes; and you will observe that all spiritually-minded persons invariably see the richest spirituality and the most celestial arcana in their chosen sacred volumes. Hence, every nation (the Jews, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Moslems, the Christians) has a special religious Book which (to those who adopt it) is revered as the "Word of God" addressed to all mankind, and each nation believes that mankind should be compelled to accept its particular Holy Book.

Was the Christian Bible written by mediums?

Some of the books were written under a spiritual *afflatus*; others were not,—being, for the most part, biographical and historical. A book is a *record*, and nothing more. A finite book cannot contain the mind of an infinite God. But under spiritual inspiration the human mind is impressed with thoughts concerning God, Angels, Heaven, Rewards, Punishments, Truth,

Justice, Love, Duty; and such thoughts, overflowing with the great fires of faith and enthusiasm, blaze and burn their way into the minds of those who read them.

How shall we know which books are inspired and which are not?

By the use of the same faculties whereby you find out the difference between a sound and a defective apple. You look, you taste, you feel, you reason. You can thus draw a line between the pure writings of Paul and the extraordinary contents of David's 109th Psalm. By close analytical reading, you will (or you may) see that while Job and Esther and Jonah are pure fiction, the writings of Ezra and Nehemiah and Daniel are full of genuine historical events and biographical experiences. In thinking of the Bible you may be guided by three governing propositions: (1) that God, as the infinite Soul of the universe, can never be revealed in a paper volume; (2) that the biblical writings are records of individual inspirations, received at different periods, and that the growth (or evolution) of these religious convictions and inspirations extended through several successive centuries; and (3) that the present compilation, called the Bible, was itself a work of exceedingly slow and difficult accumulative growth. Scholars (of the church) have had their hands upon and in those writings from the very first day until now. And they are still giving new revisions or translations. Chapters and verses, for example, were invented by the scholars after the thirteenth century. But there are thousands of Sunday-school children (including their devoted teachers) who imagine that the very chapters, and the verses, and even the synopsis of the contents given at the beginning of chapters, were dictated by God to his chosen penmen! But the day dawns when the chapters themselves will be understood as nothing more nor less than the honestly-written inspirations of mediumistic persons wholly devoted to what they believed to be God's truth.

How should the Bible be read and regarded?

As a compilation of the inspired writings of individuals who lived many centuries ago. Parts of the book are simply rec-

ords of traditional and troubadoural accounts; some passages are circumstantial historic sketches of events; other portions are biographical records of private spiritual struggles, experiences, and consequent convictions; and the best parts are mysterious revelations, prophetic of realities and events which clairvoyance, mediumship, and the facts of Modern Spiritualism alone fully correspond to and rationally explain.

CHAPTER LIV.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
 The Waster was the Bulder, too;
 Upspringing from the ruined Old
 I saw the New.
 'T was but the ruin of the bad,—
 The wasting of the wrong and ill;
 Whate'er of good the time had
 Was living still."

BEFORE replying to some questions recently propounded, the following reflections are submitted to the reader: *First*.—Intellectual minds energetically seek to KNOW,— to accumulate and to systematize "facts" concerning things, forces, and their immediate productive causes. The paramount pride and ambition of such minds consists of the conscious possession of knowledge,— for knowledge, or classified knowledge, called "science," is their chief God; therefore, such minds profoundly admire, almost worship, those rare and "gifted persons" who, having retentive memories and a ready wit, can make spontaneously brilliant intellectual displays. *Second*.—Wise minds, on the other hand, often indifferently intellectual, and without classical education, seek wisdom, or that which is necessarily invisible, spiritual, and eternal. Such minds are exquisitely sensitive, intuitive, and, may be, impractical. Too frequently they are unbalanced, uncentred, and out of tune with the drift and circumstances of ordinary life. These intermixed angel-and-earthly natures at moments realize, as by a sudden flash of

what is called genius that Wisdom is an immortal, celestial flower of the spiritual affections, of exceedingly slow growth; and such minds cannot, in this world, boast of their great harvests of intellectual facts, which are derived from impressions and experiences received by and through the external bodily senses. The Byronic confession — “My whole life was a contest since the day that gave me being” — is the natural cry of such minds; and for such the poet said: “At times I have found the struggle hard, and thought of shaking off my bonds of clay.” Abnormal individualism is the name which this mental condition suggests to the worldly mind.

What do you mean by spiritual causes?

Spiritual causes are the eternal causes; they flow from the divine fountain of principles.

Are these principles the decrees of a personal God?

No; for principles are the unchangeable *vital* currents of the very essence of the Infinite Spirit?

How do these vital currents (or principles) of God create, and maintain without variableness, this harmonious universe?

The very idea of a Principle of Nature includes the most secret truth concerning it. A principle is constituted, in its very essence, of the everlasting Love which conveys everywhere life and beauty, and it also contains the everlasting Wisdom which evolves boundless order and form. It is impossible to restrain or transgress a natural Principle; and it is equally impossible that a natural Principle should err, at the proper time, in clothing itself with a material garment of appropriate constitutions, organs, forces, by-laws, and functions, and conditions. “Creation” is not a correct term. It originated in the ancient hypothesis that everything was miraculously *made* out of *no*-thing. The correct word (to substitute) is *formation*.

Can the human mind project a thought so that it can be seen externally?

Yes. Thinking means *thing*-ing; that is, there is thought, first; then comes the *thing*, which corresponds to and represents the Thought. But it is not often that circumstances favor

the full and complete embodiment of a conception. Hence the lingering disappointment remaining in most minds; the feeling and conviction that they could have *excelled* that work, if they had only "had a fair chance."

What is the practical difference between Intellect and Wisdom?

Awaken the Intellect, and set it at work, and the effect is skepticism and agitation; unfold Wisdom, and the effect is spiritual faith in things eternal. The Romans were believers in laws and visible deities; the Christians were believers in God and angels invisible. The empèr Augustus rebuilt the temples of paganism, and filled them with *objects* of worship, and instituted or revived religious forms and ceremonies, which had been long neglected. But ere long the spiritual man of Nazareth was born, with moderate intellectual power, and with no ambition for the possession and display of *temporal* knowledge; and, in the course of time, the invisible temples of a new worship were erected (*in long waiting hearts*), and the angels came and went, and the conception of a heavenly loving Father was unfolded in the dome of many unhappy minds.

Who do you regard as the truest reformers at the beginning of Christianity?

There were three parties in the field — representatives of successive stages in religious progress — (1) the distinguished Pagans, (2) the practical Stoics, (3) the spiritualistic Christians. Paganism was intellectual and cruel; Stoicism was wise and submissive; Christism was spiritual and devotional. Jesus did for the human spirit and its aspirations what Augustus did for Rome and its dependencies. Meanwhile Cicero and Seneca, like Socrates and Plato, worked (stoically and philosophically) to enlighten and wisely to strengthen and build up the whole individual life and character. These teachers inculcated and exemplified obedience to Right for its own supreme sake. They urged all men to speak the truth, and to live the truth, for its own dear, divine sake. Therefore these were, at the time, the truest teachers and the wisest reformers. They were self-centred friends of the whole humanity.

If Stoicism was superior, why did it not increase and triumph?

I do not affirm the superiority of Stoicism; but this,—that the Stoics, who taught obedience to Right for its own sake, were the truest reformers and the wisest teachers. They philosophically uplifted the natural and eternal standards of Truth, Justice, and Righteousness; and they insisted upon devotion and obedience to these unalterable principles, regardless of any consequences,—indifferent to any rewards and punishments which might follow such devotion and such obedience.

But did not the Christians teach the same obedience?

No; the Christians taught a mysterious doctrine of special heavenly rewards for the practice of goodness, and that certain indescribable and everlasting punishments would follow the doing of evil. And they seemed to believe (some of them) that the master-sin, which merited the most horrible forms of eternal punishment, was the *rejection* of Christianity itself. This mysterious doctrine (of rewards and punishments) exerted an unmeasurable, appalling influence upon the imaginations of the ignorant multitudes. They were seized *psychologically*. Only the intellectual Pagans, and the few wise and self-poised Stoics, had power to resist the psychology of Christianity.

And yet do you not say that Christianity is superior to Stoicism?

By Christianity, as the term is herein used, I do not mean the *doctrines* of theology,—such as the “Fall of Man,” “The Atonement,” “Heaven for the Believer,” and “Hell for the Disbeliever;” but, in this connection, by Christianity I mean the sweet humanities, the spiritual lovingness, and the angelic ministrations, all which the Reformer of Nazareth orally inculcated, and often manifested during his brief career. These celestial elements in Christianity are the *secret* of its triumph among natures and nations refined and philanthropic; while among natures and nations which are ignorant and selfish, Christianity may be triumphant because of its mysterious doctrines of everlasting rewards and punishments.

What is your shortest definition of Christianity?

Christianity, in its highest character, is SPIRITUAL LOVE. It contains the principles of wisdom, and yet Christianity is not as wise as was Stoicism. Paganism, in its widest sense, is intellectual and materialistic.

Is Christianity the final Religion?

Nothing is final save the absolute Truth. Christianity is the most *spiritual* section of that divine totality which is as round as the earth and as infinite as the eternal Mind.

What do you say about the Second Advent, or Incarnation of Jesus?

I accept the second (also the millioneth) coming of every *Truth* that can elevate and save and redeem mankind. The objective second coming of any individual (I now think) is but the dream of the devotee. The belief in the reappearance of the body of any beloved and adored historical personage is the faith of the lover's yearning imaginative heart. The perfect devotee, in his rapt adoration, cannot separate the beautiful truth from the person who gave it expression. Christ, John, Moses, Buddha, Jehovah,—these names, associated with others, are stamped upon different testamental presentation of spiritual truths,—but (in a literal or physical sense) it is nothing less than superstition to believe that negative retrogression can override positive progression; for it is only by admitting such an absurdity that you can believe that either gods or men may reappear, clothed again with a material organism.

Can any Religion be more comprehensive than Modern Spiritualism?

Modern Spiritualism is a great revival of evidences of a future life and spirit intercourse. So far as its facts serve to interest materialists, and to convert skeptics to a belief in personal immortality, so far it is refreshing and uplifting to the whole humanity. But as to its comprehensiveness, Modern Spiritualism bears the same relation to that vast movement herein termed Christianity as the rains and dews and magnetisms and electricities sustain to the various productions and

kingdoms which cover and beautify the world. That is to say: Spiritualism serves, and will serve, to vivify and develop whatever is truly spiritual and truly philanthropic.

Will the churches adopt Spiritualism?

Nothing can be more certain, to a degree. Already the churches of various denominations have preachers who freely and fearlessly teach the "ministry of angels," and they appeal unhesitatingly to modern well-attested facts. This adoption by the clergy of the existing evidences of personal immortality — which they have been thirty years preparing their congregations to receive — attracts the Spiritualists in great numbers back into the long-forsaken pews; and thus, owing to the universal vivifications derived from Modern Spiritualism, the churches are flourishing and multiplying on every hand.

What will be the final result?

Reformation of many creeds; a universal diffusion of noble sentiments; more fraternal and universal love; a breaking down of old bigotries; the general destruction of long-cherished superstitions, and a larger mental liberty.

CHAPTER LV.

HARMONY BEYOND THE VALLEY.

“O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,—
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.”

ONCE more let us endeavor to gather together the discordant flock.* For a succession of years they have been estranged; scattered among the barren rocks and underbrush. They have been feeding on husks, and have been chewing dry leaves. They have walked in mire, and have drunk from muddy pools. But their constant thirst is not quenched; neither is their great hunger satisfied.

A silver-voiced trumpet is once more sounding among the hills. Far away over the bleak mountains of sensuous investigation, the loving voice of the faithful shepherd is heard. He calls aloud to the fleeing lambs of progression. They heed not his voice; for they have no spiritual hearing. They do not see him; for they have no interior sight.

Two angels of light, once residents on earth, stand with uplifted hand to *aid* all true effort. The spirit of TRUTH is the true shepherd. He speaketh only in whispers. Halt and listen! You can hear the voice of intuition only when you are tranquil. Let the materiality of the senses depart. Leave the

* See the “sheep” *below*, and the “angels” *above*, in the symbolical frontispiece to this volume; also, read page 234 in the *Magic Staff*.

sign-makers to those who want signs. Close your physical eyes for a season. Let pure, fair Reason, beautiful as an immortal goddess, pronounce the oracles of everlasting Truth. Let the unchangeable principles of life sweep the chords of your higher faculties.

Behold, the shepherd is out upon the beautiful hills. The sun illumines the inner valleys, and the branches of fruitful trees move to and fro in the breeze. But the inharmonious members yet run here and there, and they frequently stop to contend with each other. The living beauty of Nature is nothing to them. They build shrines for their strange gods,—concealing them behind curtains and cramped apertures.

A war of words, full of bitterness, is in the air. Contentions and straying multiply as the hours chase each other into the irrecoverable past. The good of *self*, not the good of truth,—not the truth itself,—is the mainspring of all this strife, activity, and jealousy. Let the shepherd call you into harmonious order. Obey the immortal spirit; follow the authority of your senses less. For they cover you with doubt. Doubt brings clouds and darkness impenetrable.

Spiritualism, of the Spirit,—not this wandering in the wilderness of materialism,—is the shepherd's lesson to all. The words of this teacher I have heard; and I gratefully, gladly hasten to his side. And as I listen I hear a multitude of voices—a group of angels standing upon the right—repeating his words, “Come-up-out-of-the-darkness!” They shout from the Summer-Land; very far away over the mountains. “Search-for-truth-in-the-light!” is heralded from lips which speak the Truth. The way is straight, the gate is narrow; but weary feet can find it, and the true-hearted can enter through.

A sobbing sound is heard in the chamber of death. Weeping overflows eyes once radiant with joy and hope. Not yet will the sheep be gathered together. They rebelliously spring over all obstacles. Each would be a leader of all the others. Vainly each struggles to the front. Over cliffs and crags they jump in the ambitious zeal of youthful independents. They do not

behold the fair form of Truth. Principles in the spirit — not the voice of persons — should guide them. Heeding the counsel of meddling pilgrims (some of whom are wise and some foolish), they go astray on every side.

Responding to the call, once more I enter the ministry. Through the shadows I behold the real substances which all should eat and drink. Through the surrounding gloom I behold the tints of earliest morning light. My heart is full of gladness. A grand joy swells my soul. Spirit is destined to transcend and conquer. The manifestations of *truth* and *love* and *justice* and *wisdom* will outshine all superficial signs. A harmonious brotherhood will hush into silence this war of egotism. Minds will come up out of the darkness. Beautiful natures blinded with pain — hearts longing for a testimony from their darlings departed — will sit down and wait beneath the sheltering arms of the Infinite. Down into their affections the fair angels will drop healing dews from the trees of everlasting life. Invisible hands, too, will wave to and fro, with the gentleness of pure love; and the hot brow of the sufferer shall be soothed by the breath of celestial physicians. Internal evidence will thus supplant the evidence of the always uncertain senses. For it is written that unto those who live in the kingdom of harmony, all good and all truth and all the joy of righteousness shall be added.

Do you, dear reader, also hear and heed the voices of the immortal Spirit? Do you cheerfully respond to the shepherd's call? Opposite the beautiful fields of Truth you behold a horrible war. Brother against brother, over the dead and dying gods of materialism. Contentions of unbalanced minds. Away up the mountains you hear sounds of an approaching army. Souls of strong ones — filled with the power of principles — will very soon enter your habitations. Sweep out your follies, and put your house in order.

CHAPTER LVI.

BEAUTIFUL MORNINGS BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS.

“Traveller in the strangers’ land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.”

BETWEEN the fifteenth of March and the twentieth of April (1885) I was interiorly tranquil, and experienced a deep, sweet feeling,—wholly protected from the world’s interruptions,—which continually made my thoughts sing “Nearer, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee!” This delightful spiritual elevation, or, rather, this profound depth of feeling, would commence within me at about sunrise, and continue for nearly four hours. The following pages are filled with these morning meditations. My first feeling was that of devotional prayer,—a state of reverent aspiration,—followed by reflective contemplations, or by some immediate impartation from the inner Spheres of Life.

FIRST MORNING.

Spirit of the Universe! to the light that shines in every noble thought we think! to the Love that lives in the beauty and fragrance of every flower! to the Omnipotence that actuates and enforces every movement in matter, let us now exalt our dependent

souls. Let us now uplift our thoughts to that all-pervading Spirit which is ONE, yet infinitely various in manifestation; which is absolute Being, while filling the universe with existences and innumerable relationships!

We pray that the Infinite Love may inspire our feelings with divine affections, so that all the thoughts we think, and all the deeds we do, may be angelic and heavenly. Unto the all-living fountain of Life we uplift our desires for every good and perfect gift.

O Mother of infinite goodness! we pray that thy perfect love may become our love, so that, in all our works and ways, we may be true disciples of thy holy heart,—lifting up that which was down-trodden,—saving the lonely wanderers,—befriending the fatherless and the enslaved.

And we give thanks to the Divine Heart for all the beautiful revelations of its manifold affection; for the infinite tenderness with which it has enfolded our spirits in an immortal embrace; for the pleasant and eternal pathways of duty it has prepared for our feet; for the loving kindness and righteousness with which it has enriched and beautified the infinite universe! We thank the ever-present Wisdom for the ennobling truths which come to us, day by day, through all the manifestations of nature. We thank the infinite Spirit for the revelations of our common humanity; for the grand lives of earnest men and women in all ages of the world; for the inexhaustible commonwealth of souls in the brotherhood on earth, and for all those who live in the high families beyond the stellar seas. We uplift our thoughts to Thee! We pray unto Thee! We thank Thee forever and forever, Amen!

Blessed is the man that seeth beyond the valley. His heart overfloweth with cheerfulness, and his mind is filled with heavenly meditations. Beyond the valley he sees into the coming age, when anger, and strife, and war shall have gone forever; he sees the era when calamities, pestilence, pain, sorrow, death shall be known no more. Intellect is proud, and worships only itself. But the spirit is wise, and it trusts in God. Blessed is the trusting soul that sings:—

“When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of cares reveals,

And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree
That 'As my day, my strength shall be.'

Weakness follows the faithless man. His daily path is beset with insurmountable obstacles. He falls beneath his burdens. But the man of faith worketh miracles. He rises beyond the credulities of inexperience. His voice is deep with power. He is calm; the sound of his voice is music; his presence is an inspiration. He speaketh the words of justice and love. Righteousness, and faithfulness, and loving kindness follow him, and they goeth before him, heralding his approach. He is a shield; a prophet of peace; a manifestation of the divine image.

Beauty is the passionate manifestation of divine love. Flowers of beauty grow and blossom everywhere,—in the tangled thicket, in the wilderness, among the weeds by the muddy stream, within the arms of craggy cliffs, as truly as in the enchanting gardens and dwellings of the wealthy. Time overthrows the grandest structures erected by man. His magnificence is demolished by the tempest. But the violets continue from age to age,—tenderest forget-me-nots survive all storms,—for they crop out of the bosom of the Divine Love. Hidden deep in the unfathomable heart of the infinite Mother is the sweet secret destiny of every human heart. Enter that bright domain of immortal affection, therein read the scriptures of your birth and life, and the whole chain of causes in thy history shall pass before thine eyes like the successive revelations of an eternal memory.

Beauty is infinite goodness in manifestation. Happy is he who can behold in beauty the promise of Divine Wisdom. It is the one principle of sympathy running through and enchanting all things. It brightens all dark places. It enters with the soul into solitudes. At the door of the sepulchre it holds the love of woman captive. Pure as the dews of Paradise, it hangs its emblems upon the tomb, tokens of the eternal friendship of Love. It is beautiful in the gentle bird, in the fiercest beast, in the timid lamb, in the devouring lion. In the wildest

hedges, in the deepest dells, upon the highest mountains, in the marshy places of the lowest lands, it springeth spontaneously forth with the Divine Mother's affection beaming upon its glad face. Beauty is the name of perfection; it fills the spirit to overflowing; it is the complete and last testament of God. Shakspeare enthroned beauty as the mightiest revelation of infinite perfection. To attempt

"To gild fine gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,"

is to profane the spirit of infinite goodness universally manifested in Beauty. Blessed is the man that thinketh beautiful thoughts. And happy is he who seeth the love of the infinite Mother that spreadeth in the bird's tiny wing,—that lifteth up its joyful hands in the leaves of trees,—that sings in the running brooks,—that breathes forth through the fragrance of all flowers,—that maketh the firmament to blaze with stellar splendors, and which causeth the very hills of heaven to blend their voices with the chorus of the morning stars.

SECOND MORNING.

Eternal Spirit! We pray to thee that we may behold the millions of happy hearts that spiritually live in the golden light of thy wisdom, as tenants of thy house of many mansions, which endureth forever; so that, beholding, we may, in the deep watches of the night, or while wearily working in the field of daily duty, feel our hearts lifted up in perfect faith, to rejoice and be exceedingly glad, and be moved to adore thee and to worship thy manifold perfections.

Immediately after writing the foregoing, which was the reverential aspiration that fully pervaded my spirit, I felt a delightful breathing sensation showering my left side, beginning with my ear, thence spreading like a flash over my face and forehead, down over my body, including the left hand and foot,

to the very tips of my fingers and toes. A revivification of this peculiar and comprehensive nature, strange to relate, I at once recognized as emanating from the presence of the Swedish seer, Swedenborg,—being, in every particular, identical with sensations which I felt proceeding from him at his first visit to me, in 1843, as related in the *Magic Staff*. From the remarkable vividness and depth of the magnetism, I knew, from past experience, that he was personally very near “The Prophet’s Chamber,” wherein I was then engaged in the composition of this volume. Obedient to this knowledge, I went down to the front door, opened it wide, and retreated to the parlor on the same floor. An atmosphere, containing peculiar heat qualities, entered like a current of wind. This ethereal motion of purer air I understood to mean that he had entered the dwelling. Then I closed the outer door, and hastened to my room; but, immediately, from a deep internal respiration I had, I knew that he had preceded me; thereupon, I entered into a corresponding spiritual state, and was thus prepared for the welcome interview.

[He signified in a few noble sentences that, on the following day, he had a communication to impart in relation to degrees, and to the uses of the internal senses.]

What astounded me, for the first few moments, was the appearance of a little girl, timid and frail-looking, he was leading by the hand, and encouraging in a parental manner. He seemed fatherly toward her, and was apparently inspiring her with strength and courage to open her mouth and tell me something.

“That she should hesitate is rational with her present immaturity, without arcana of angelic wisdom,” he said. “Her desire to possess the goods of charity, which are the uses of love in the spiritual degree,” he continued, “and her wish to shun sins and evils in the natural degree, wherein her sufferings deeply overwhelmed her, continually occupy and intimidate her thoughts and affections.”

Presently, however, she commenced what she called her “sad relation,” and it was as follows:—

"All this world is strange to me. My heavenly father [she looked up timidly, pleadingly, and reverently into the great beaming countenance of the Seer] will take care of me. On my back, sir, was put a heavy load of hardship. I was the wife of a human animal, sir,—a brute in strength and cruelty, and worse than a brute in lust. I am the mother of twenty children, sir. [Here her voice had a wailing lamenting sound—a grief-stricken, mournful tone—which, had it not been for my staff, seemed well-nigh disqualifying me for hearing any more.] A revolting crime, sir, committed against me by a gang of his kind, brought me by violence into heaven."

"Twenty children!" I said. "You are only a child yourself."

"Two of them," she went on, "seem naturally my own,—all the others, sir, they only gave me pain and insane horrors."

"Do you know where your children are?" I asked.

"Two, my own lovely angels, are with me and father in heaven. I know nothing of the others. Oh! sir, a mission band, a band of pure sisters, called and prayed all night with me. They were lovely girls in missionary work. My despair and humiliating hardships they did not understand. Yet they prayed for me, and handed me some pennies, and then they went to the next hamlet. Oh! sir, they made me cry bitterly, but next time they called, the door was nailed fast, and I was standing by my heavenly father's side, up there in the beautiful air, sir, looking down upon the missionary girls when they found my body over in the woods under the brush. He worked in a coal mine,—a real brute, sir, and me his slave and insane."*

* She ceased speaking at this word. The case was wholly new to me. Since thinking it over, I am reminded of a prevailing sentiment, especially among Christians, that a wife should not leave her lawful husband under any circumstances. On this point a recent report from England is emphatic to the contrary: "The plan of allowing husbands and wives to live together in English workhouses has not proved altogether a success. The subject was brought under notice at a recent meeting of the Mile-End Old Town Board of Guardians, when the chairman gave a melancholy account of the result of an experiment tried in this direction. Special rooms, he said, were prepared in the workhouse for married couples, and the people to whom it was proposed

A significant movement of his hand, accompanied with a peculiar radiance about his large blue eyes, said plainly that they would now withdraw. Immediately on recovering the use of my body,—“what the mind wills the body must,”—I wide-opened the door, and, as before, retired into the parlor until I again felt the agitation of a current of atmosphere, which proved to me that they had passed out and away.

THIRD MORNING.

Great Positive Mind of the imperishable Universe! We would come to Thee as very little children, asking for thy everlasting love and protection. We feel helpless within thy Omnipotent hand. We seem to wander more and more from the primeval paradise wherein we were born. We pray to thee to impress us with lessons of faithfulness and contentment. Like lambs, straying from the divine shepherd, we lift our suppliant voices. Give us, we pray thee, a responsive communication from thine own Eternal Mind. Lovingly, mercifully, patiently lead us,—willful and ignorant children as we are,—we pray thee, by the hand lead us, forever and forever. Amen!

Although I most earnestly desired a repetition of the personal visitation from the good and great Seer, he did not approach; not even within the earth's orbit, but delivered his discourse from an immense distance, yet without the slightest retardation or correction, and it was sweet and flowing, like voicing a continuous stream of harmonious recollections. And yet, what was of the greatest importance to my writing, his speech was neither rapid nor indistinct. My record here follows:—

“He who loves the truths and the goods of wisdom, and lives according to that which his love by affection appropriates, lives

to allow the privilege of living together were called in for the purpose of ascertaining their views on the matter. The first person questioned was a woman; and she, by means of language anything but agreeable, expressed her decided objection to living with her husband. The second woman whose opinion was taken remarked that it was on account of her husband's drunkenness and cruelty toward her that she had sought refuge in the workhouse. The third person called in was a man, and he objected in similar strong terms to living again with his wife. Under these circumstances the scheme was abandoned.”

according to the three degrees to which man's life corresponds, — the natural, spiritual, and celestial ; but in particular does his life correspond to the spiritual and celestial (although yet living on earth), because, by so living, his natural understanding, and even his corporeal inclinations become purified by wisdom, according to the goods and the truths in which he lives, from the deepest love and choice of his affections. A man thus elevated and purified, wherever he may be or whatever he may do, commits no transgressions or sins from uncleannesses, because his thoughts, and ideas, and acts are from the uses of the truths, and the goods of wisdom, wherein and whereby he associates with the loves and elevated understandings of the highest spirits and angels pertaining to the earth whereon he yet dwells. Nevertheless, the distinction that spiritual love is different from celestial love is fundamental to a right understanding,— that spiritual love loves *truth*, while celestial love loves *good*,— for, in the rational intelligence or natural understanding, there is forever to be used the power of willing or the right of choice, according to which principle of freedom the natural man may determine whether he will live in spiritual love, or ascend to celestial love, or continue to live only in what is natural ; which signifies that he is in liberty of choice as to whether his love will be confined to the truth and to the neighbor, or whether, by purification and self-election, his love will become celestial, which means that henceforth he will love the *good* of truth, and the *spirit* of God, the Divine Love and Wisdom.

“ Uses are the causes of creation in the universe. There is no other potential or generative cause. All uses come from God forth into forms and representations ; then these forms and representations have also their uses. Celestial love flows down into spiritual love ; thence the good of truth, and the love of the Divine, condescend to embody themselves in truth of the rational intelligence, and in friendship for the neighbor. In each degree *uses* are the causes of all the forms and manifestations, which, in ultimations, are *ends* ; and this is true whether

in the kingdom of minerals, in the kingdom of animation, in the human race, in the world of spirits, or in the societies and principalities of angels both celestial and heavenly.

“Intelligence seeks its bride in what is called spiritual love; but the bride of wisdom is celestial love. For wisdom is far higher than the rational faculties of understanding; and among the higher societies no other marriage is possible than the conjunction of celestial love with wisdom, while the intelligence is conjugally conjoined with spiritual love; and that the difference in these separate degrees may be apprehended, it is to be related that the acts of spiritual love proceed from the love of truth, while the acts of celestial love arise from the love of the *good* of the truth; thus the uses of these loves, which means the *ends* for which they voluntarily conjugate and prolificate, take the forms of use which correspond with, and to, that celestial or spiritual affection which represents the plane or degree of the Divine Love and Wisdom, by which all kingdoms and principalities are sustained and regulated.

“Spiritual love, therefore, seeks the welfare of others by which itself is made most happy; while external or corporeal love seeks for the sake of itself; and such a man substitutes himself for God; and such a man exalts and extols the rational understanding beyond even that wisdom which is married to celestial love, and is the degree of wisdom which sees *GOOD* (pure good, and in itself good) as the primitive motive and *end* of all acts and endeavors.

“Immersed in externals* you sometimes suspend the just exercises of your celestial affections toward those who, corresponding in their lives and acts to the natural degree of self-love, combine to formulate, and think things false and irrational. They seek to attract you, and to bind you into their enslavements to the rationality (externality or corporeality) of the degree in which they themselves are, by choice, totally immersed. Their loves are natural and rational loves,— that is, their loves

* Here the high Seer addressed himself directly to me, embodying affections that are celestial, and giving lessons from purified wisdom.

are natural and sensual, and they love the world, and they love themselves most of all; according to which they seek to involve you in their judgments, hoping to conjoin you to themselves for their own immediate love of self, and thus to gratify their affections which are not yet spiritual,—not yet conceiving of love and wisdom in the celestial degree,—asking you to remain in the forms of canonical transgressions for the sake of gratifying the world's love (which is not yet given to you in any degree), and according to their worldly measurements of what is just and rational, and most appropriate for you to think and do in their sight; by necessity withholding from you the *good* of truth, and the *uses* of charity, of which they as yet know nothing, either by influx or from purified affections.

“All natural and corporeal love, which is blind, and perceives nothing that is either spiritual or celestial, being wholly in the love of the world, and in the love of self most of all, sensibly sinks lower and deeper down until it becomes insane, and becomes a sensual magnet for the appropriation of what is infernal. The corrupt understanding becomes the bridegroom of that descending love which is corporeal and self-affectionate. The worldly love of self is the harlot in every unregenerate nature. She turns from or goes into churches and societies as her affections incline her to secure the society of those who exist in, and desire, a corresponding natural and infernal conjunction. In this common deception practiced by the world's lovers among each other, and conforming to the law of a common progression downwards into spheres of discords, they become and are all alike; and still they conflict hotly *with each other* in the absence of visible spectators; nevertheless, in truth, nobody is ever so situated that the eyes of spirits cannot penetrate to their abode, and discern the motives of proceeding.

“You have an exceedingly firm habitation in the body of the Grand Man,—where there are heard heavenly discourses concerning flowers and lilies,—in the spiritual, inclining to the celestial, wherein the harmonies of the most interior heavens proceed toward you. Association is a choice confined to the

degree wherein you live or work for the sake of truth and the advancement of your neighbor. Marriage serves its highest ends when it is the conjunction of wisdom with celestial love. Natural, worldly, selfish conjunctions end in what is natural, worldly, and selfish. Better than this is no marriage. For with such conjunctions come envy, jealousy, discord; and what is infernal in the social hells infests the houses wherein such reside. Accordingly it is granted to spiritual love to find contentment in spiritual wisdom; yet only is blessedness experienced, in unmeasured fullness, when celestial love becomes the bride of purified wisdom. But it is my permission, discoursing to you from the interior of truths and their uses, to mediate and bear witness for you in the continuation of your mission; inasmuch as, by this present impartation, the testimony that I am still with you in your *uses* is made manifest to the world, to the end of affection and encouragement bestowed from degrees both celestial and heavenly."

FOURTH MORNING.

To the All-Perfect in Heaven! we lift our hearts in joyfulness and adoration. Eternal Spirit! Cause of all life — whose manifestations are the glory of the sun, the beauty of the heavens, the harmony of the universe. His Divine Beauty is revealed in the loveliness of Truth, and His Divine Power is displayed in the ever-living life of Wisdom. His Love is the inspiration of all hearts, — the heat of the sun, — the attraction that binds the Universe into One Harmonious Whole. The kingdoms and commonwealths of nations dwell in the hollow of his hand. The pleasant ways of wisdom lead into his habitations. His infinite perfections are the delight of immortal minds. The boundlessness of his Being is the joy of all unfolded angels, — the sea of principles in which all live and find eternal life.

Happiness is the ultimate state of the harmonized soul. Passionate emotions are fleeting. They are heaven's lightning flash. They are the unsubstantial expressions of a substantial essence. As the flash of lightning is to the ever-shining sun, so is the fire of passion to the serene love of the spirit.

Friendship is the reward of character. The most low in human nature is loyal to his faithful dog. Between a kind horse and a man there may be a perfect understanding. "Let there be truth between us two forevermore" is friendship's basic motto. It is the delightful fellowship and mutual freedom of two honest hearts. The friendship that doubts is the counterfeit. Emerson said: "It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; *I rely on him as on myself*: if he did thus and thus, *I know it was right!*"

Fraternal love is thus a passionless love between two congenial natures. In its pure depths the serpents of envy and the demons of jealousy can never exist. It is the foundation of all brotherhoods in the Summer-Land,—the heavens wherein love reigns supreme, and over which the sun of righteousness shines with an eternal effulgence.

Woe to him who pretends to be a friend to another when he knows he is not. His life is in danger. The next flash of lightning may burn his lovely home. His dreams are self-imposed punishments. He loses his way in an open country, and he is stricken with blindness by the eye of the day. Hades is the under-world constructed by the transgressors of friendship for their future abode. Persons must lie in their own beds. Happiness is a dream the evil never dream; the good sleep the sleep of the righteous, and dream not; the cherubim of the All-Perfect is the serene, joyful tranquility that pervades the interior heavens. Those who write our best poetry are most prosy in daily life; but he who never writes poetry is likely to live a poem through and through.

Avoid professional angels of perfection. Beware of all philanthropic functionaries. The official saviours of men need more watching than the sinners they seek to save. The great and good do not advertise their dimensions and approach. Ideas, like worlds, are in the atmosphere. Most sensitive spirits have first knowledge of the approaching person or event. Mind is

more delicately poised in its bowl than is the magnetic needle under the electric current. If you are good, if you are great, the secret will be found out. Do not mourn a moment over the blindness and non-appreciation of your fellow-men. Consider the birds of the air,—the lilies of the valley,—the daisies and violets and little forget-me-nots,—they all live and bloom in the bosom of the All-Loving, and in the sensorium of the All-Perfect.

FIFTH MORNING.

My heart is swelling with prayer unto the innumerable hosts of heavenly brotherhoods. Permit us, O eternal angels! to behold the consummate flower of your brightest temples of love and beauty. Ye are the children of light; shine into our darkness. Say to us: "We will never forsake nor forget." Ye were once dwellers upon the earth; tell us, we pleadingly pray, what is the fairest form of truth in heaven? Where is your holiest land? Where is the most beautiful garden among all the gardens of God?

Long have I waited, listening with my auditorial avenues wide open, but no one's voice enters. A sea of sounds breaks upon me. I seem like a lone promontory,—a rocky tree (petrified by Time's trials), standing in solitude on an island far from the sandy shore. Against me the waves of sound surge and sing. Perpetual salutations and perpetual leave-takings; the incoming and the outgoing tides in the infinite sea of Being.

A mighty multitude of voices in the air! Not one, nor an hundred, but thousands upon tens of thousands. It sounds like an army of angels, each conversing with the other; like millions of birds among the forest trees. There is no jargon; no discordant notes. I hear no singing. The sounds flow out from a shoreless sea of spoken words. I hear no solemn or saddening sounds,—no mournful murmurings; the profound deep and the inspiring high mingle harmoniously, as if an innumerable multitude of lovely and loving souls had met together, and were mingling their greetings.

My delight is subdued by the profundity of my gratitude. I am neither overjoyed nor overcome; the joy is too sublime

for emotion; my gratitude is too joyful for expression; I am, although a spirit in my hearing, still an earth-dweller with its gravitations, and the harmony must not be disturbed.

I wonder whether any *one* of the passing multitude will respond to my earnest prayer. What is the fairest flower? What the most perfect form of truth? Where is the most beautiful garden in heaven? Long have I waited; yet no answer to my prayer. The living sea still beats and breaks upon my solitary ear. It is inexpressibly harmonious; sweet and flowing; rippling here and there, like the throbbings of a tranquil tide along the stretching beach; here and there, great mountainous waves massively and majestically moving and lifting the whole humanity, as if earth's teeming millions were feathers floating upon the bosom of an infinite ocean of gentlest force; and, here and there, I hear sweetest zephyr sounds and æolian breathings, as if the waters in the concurrent rivers of life were composed of harmonious human voices, each telling the other the story of its pilgrimage from eternity to eternity, in perfect improvisations of unconscious poetry and melodious measure.

Suddenly, a silence covers my solitude. The army has marched by and gone beyond the valley. For me, today, there is nothing more.

SIXTH MORNING.

“God of the mountain! God of the storm,
 God of the flowers, God of the worm,
 God of the darkness, God of the sun,
 God of the beautiful, God of each one!
 Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,
 Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing;
 Teach us to love thee, to love one another,
 Brother his brother, and make us all FREE;
 Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,
 Free from the censure of man for his neighbor;
 Help us each one to perform his true mission,
 And show us 't is God-like to labor.”

I behold a *fire* that is universal,—the fire of infinite love, which burneth to destroy all hate, which dissolveth all things to their purification.

Over the fair fields of America,—over the great land of Africa,—over the everlasting mountains of Asia,—over the wide empires and kingdoms of Europe,—I behold the kindling flames of the all-consuming, all-purifying, FIRE! It speaketh at first in all the lowest places; it is kindled by man for his own comfort and progress; for man is the only earthly creature that can originate and perpetuate a *fire*; even as he is the only being on earth that can originate and perpetuate *words*, so he is the first to start the fires of hell in his own habitations, and the first, also, to seek and obtain from heaven the Promethean *fire* whereby Plutonian abodes will be purified by love and whitened with wisdom.

Beholding this infinite FIRE,—which is certain to melt the kingdoms and empires and governmental evils of the whole earth,—I rejoice exceedingly, and I take hold of life with an enkindling enthusiasm. All loftiest mountains will begin to burn; the beautiful cities of the valleys will be consumed; sweet homes and loving hearts will dissolve together; and the good and the evil will interfuse and disappear, like dewdrops vanishing in the sun's golden horns.

The spirit of man is on fire with the lightnings of infinite progression. Only the sparks thereof ascend today into the heavens. Lambient flames here and there appear in the inspirations of orators, poets, writers of scriptures. To restore primitive Aryan religion to its first pure state was the *fire* in the furnace called "Arya Somaj," which started and burned brightly in the bosom of that inspired Son of God in India, Dayananda Sarasvati. From him the fire of inspiration was transferred to many noble inflaming souls in the land of Eastern Dreams. Ram Mohun Roy, with a hotter and more expanded fire blazing within him, opposed and condemned all idolatry. Under his lightning thunderbolts venerated idols dissolved before the eyes of their worshippers. Hindoos and

Moslems run together to extinguish the consuming fire, which was flaming on all sides with a fierceness that was never dreamed of by the first kindler, Dayananda. And Christians, too, whose altar fires and sacred candles were originally lighted in the dreamy East, joined Moslem and Hindoo in their efforts to extinguish the New Light of Asia. But the heavenly fire increased and propagated itself. It kindled up the strong, high mind of Keshub Chunder Sen, whose illuminations lighted with a diviner light the many-darkened Christian hypotheses concerning the character and mission of Jesus. But the plains and the hills continued to burn brighter and brighter, until the transcendent mind of Mozoomdar, the chief apostle of Chunder Sen, entered Christian evangelical churches and preached before the American congregations. Ministers conspired to put out the *fire* by capping him with captivating hospitalities of pulpit invitations. The effect was but temporary. Evidently, his great flames paled and withdrew their dissolving tongues in the presence of Christian patronage. But the high Aryan mind was not to be covered with the ashes of ages of superstition.

The fire burns in the homes of Hindoos, among the Moslems, in the rebel chiefs of Africa, in the palaces of the Japanese, in the Chinese pagodas, along the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific, in the hearts of kings, and queens, and emperors,—among the over-worked and over-taxed and under-clothed and under-fed in all countries around the world. The heaven-descending fires are like lightning flashes, charged with soul-overwhelming thunderbolts, which no bomb-proof stronghold can withstand, which no fire-proof superstructure can render harmless. Principles are hidden; so are the eternal decrees of God. In childhood, whistles first, then drums, then horns, then bands of instruments, then harps, then violins, then guitars, then organs, then pianos,—lastly, and eternally, the VOICE. So men, moved by the decrees of progressive development, which are God's will operating through the unbounded constitution of Nature, first lived in caves, then huts, then tents, then hovels, then houses, then mansions, then castles, then palaces,

then temples,—lastly, and eternally, in HOMES, not made with hands, in the Summer-Lands of infinity.

Where, think you, will these immortal and wise Principles of God's mind and Nature's heart cease to act? Their absolute omnipotence, their absolute boundlessness, their inexhaustible Love, their omniscient Wisdom,—who can set bounds to their work? Who can subdue their immortal fires? Who can withstand the righteousness of their decrees? Who can escape their inflexible penalties for transgressions? Who can resist expressions of gratitude and worshipful love for the abundance and beauty of their rewards for obedience?

Fire is Plutonian or Promethean, just which you choose. You desire a heavenly "rest" in the centre of your sins; and, lo! at your door a radical knocks; you admit him: a reformation, by which a fire is kindled, gives you no peace. You long for the soothing balm of quietude and noiselessness; and, lo! instead of the immutable, in walk "changes" on your little stage, in which *you* are to act in a short scene; and, when the play [work] is over, you behold that what was before merely good is now "better." You pray and yearn for ease and tranquil comfort; and, lo! "pain" pulls your latch-string for hospitality; you let him in to the most private life, and the goddess of *health* begins to unfold from the thorn which pain planted in your indolent, torpid, unclean side. You are a loving, all-forgiving, affectionate "peace-maker" in all your ways and words; and, lo! the barbarism of war, and war itself, enters at your open door, belching forth fire and smoke and storms of death; but from the very centre of the hellish fire you behold the fair angels of Justice and Liberty walking affectionately toward the whole race of man.

So, and thus, the fires of heaven have come down, and up, and they will continue to come down, and up, until the royal families are broken upon the wheel of Progression,—until kingdoms dissolve and vanish away forever,—until the emotions and vibrations of Use, Justice, Power, Beauty, Aspiration, and Harmony shall be transmitted from parents to their offspring,—

until there shall be an end to insanity, disease, mendicancy, theft, suicide, murder, crime, envy, jealousy, falsehood, hypocrisy, conquest, war, error, evil, death, and hell,—all, as one mass of corruption, will be cast into the furnace of the dissolving fires of perpetual purification. Instead of insanity, Health; instead of idols, Nature; instead of pope, Reason; instead of vice, Virtue; instead of ignorance, Wisdom; instead of hate, Love; instead of discord, Harmony: instead of hell, Heaven; instead of sorrow, Joy; instead of devils, Father God and Mother Nature.

I welcome the era of Fire. Beyond the valley, after the fire has renovated this beautiful earth, I behold the cycle of universal peace, abundance, and happiness.

SEVENTH MORNING.

O Thou Fountain of All-Life! We would lift our hearts and our thoughts prayerfully unto thee this bright morning; would drink at the spring whose waters never fail, which flow up unto everlasting life, drinking which we never thirst again. Like roses and violets in a well-watered garden, the flowers of our aspirations spring up and bloom adoringly toward thee,—causing us intuitively to realize the truth of “the resurrection and the life”; believing which we “shall never die,” not even in our gloomiest contemplations of the solemnities and bereavements of death. We would keep thy commandments, and forever we would abide in thy love.

In the highest domain of character we behold the celestial prophecy that “what we shall be doth not yet appear.” In highest and stateliest conditions of mind nothing but truths of eternity seem worthy of our meditation. All spiritual tranquility is founded upon immortal realities. Loveliest and holiest moments are those which lift our souls as the sun and moon lift the waves of the great seas. The power of mind to entertain thoughts of eternity attests its innate immortality. A transcendent thought of everlasting life can bloom only from a flower that can never fade. No educational process can impart an idea of eternal life into the mind that is naturally mortal. The fig grows from a fig-tree. Immortality blooms in the con-

ceptions of an immortal nature. Fountains determine the height of streams. An ethereal pathway is prepared through the realms of immensity for the footsteps of the spiritual children of a spiritual Father. Is the child of an Eternal Father void of the essence of eternal life? Do not children inherit the inherent attributes and tendencies of their Father and Mother?

In sublime moments, the soul disregards all pain and perils. What lies *beyond the valley*, not that which was before it, or which lives in it, is of permanent interest to man. He reads the programme of the coming entertainment. The stage is narrow and confined to a small space; the scenes are crude and transcient and fleeting in their suggestiveness; the acts are few, the incidents come and depart with the emotions they excite; the actors "fret and strut their hour" before the spectators, who both hiss and applaud as the whim takes their untrained fancy; the bell rings down the curtain, the music ceases, the light and the garlands are gone, and *gone* are all the once-excited spectators!

Beyond the valley, in the future of this life, and far away in the realms beyond terrestrial mountains, the spectators meet and participate in the unspeakable delights of eternal life. Foregleams of all this come in moments of undaunted courage,—as when Roman meets Goth in battle, when martyrs walk singing into fires, or kneel between the crushing claws of wild beasts, — when the will is unconquerable, when the eye sees beyond the valley, and when the mortal puts on immortality. Man's supremacy is not in his organized matter; it is in his *mind*, which is unsurpassed by any chemical or mechanical force. All forms and all forces meet and find their final expression in man's mental organization. The spiritual makes and moulds the external, physical; and the spiritual is the unseen and eternal.

EIGHTH MORNING.

A garden of fountains, a land flowing with living waters, is thy Word, O God! In thy visible words, which are *things* in the vast empire of matter, we behold thy handiworks. Winged are the

words of thy spirit; they soar through the heavens; they are the planets, the bodies of worlds that fly with the lightnings; and they sing as they flash along the tracks of infinity. Before thy Word, O our God! we bow with folded wings; or, quickened by thy Word, we rise and speedeth away into thy unfathomable Heart. We would listen to the words of thy wisdom; we would follow the attractions of thine inner Being.

Weakness is mortal, a disease; power is immortal, being perfect health. We are forever about to begin at beginnings; we advance thence forever to never-ending ends. In the centre of every being, thing, word, deed, is the absolute ONE,—the “I am,”—from which all spiritual liberties, clothed with imperishable affections, perpetually unfold. The only true perpetual motion is the ceaselessly-running *mind*; it is this inherent consciousness which begets the dream of the possibility of such an invention. The unfathomable meanings sequestered within all God’s words tempt man’s spirit to fertilize and decorate common life with the enchantments of imagination. Thence come all the deathless conceptions of art, music, poetry, affection, religions.

Deeds die ages before words. “Words,” says Byron, “falling like drops of dew upon a thought, make thousands, perhaps millions, think.” God’s words are God’s thoughts made phenomenal. The wisdom that spreadeth itself tenderly in the tiny wing of a bird is the same which burns in the unapproachable sun, and blooms in the fair body of the beautiful world on which we speed through the depths of immensity. Blissful is the rhythmical movement of the Divine Mind. Harmonious action—perpetual motion and constantly unfolding life—is perfect blessedness. The soul gets tired, folds its wings, hides away in the darkness, and goes into deep sleep. There is no sleep, no fatigue, no darkness in the spirit. The soul carries the anatomy and the physiological mechanism. It feels the weight of matter hanging upon every tendril of its consciousness. Of this the spirit is forever independent. The child’s spirit is as old as it will ever be; and the old man’s spirit is as

young as it was when he was born. The soul is a creature of the body, and is the servant of circumstances; while the spirit — the pivotal “I am,” the central absolute — is begotten of God, and is tireless like its heavenly Father.

Therefore, man is a contradiction when viewed and measured superficially, because he is double natured, with double will, double desires, double knowledge, double destiny. Dreams within; acts without. Outwardly he seems lost in an empire of effects and causes; inwardly he is at home in a world of ultimates, ends, and uses. Spirit sees and lives to ends; soul sees effects only. God’s words are eternal living realities to the spirit; the soul sees them only as *things*, as forms and signs “signifying nothing.” A man of soul deals with mortal things; his spirit, when it is awakened, deals with the immortal. It is natural and appropriate that soul faculties take hold of the mortal side; and it is also natural and appropriate that the spirit should lay hold of the immortal. The soul can master the body, but the spirit can master the soul. Thus the dumb son of the rich Cræsus suddenly spoke when he saw the uplifted sword of an enemy about to descend upon his father’s head. “Man! slay not Cræsus,” he shouted; because, like the lightning’s flash, his soul lifted his tongue into speech. Fear, anger, joy, disappointment are incitements only; it is the soul that rises and falls, speaks or is dumb. Man’s perfect duality of being and doing — his double natured organization — his body and soul without, and his spirit and soul within — fit him for acquaintance with both worlds, the terrestrial and the celestial. God’s words are fleeting things to the soul; to the spirit they impart the imperishable realities of eternal life.

NINTH MORNING.

Look down from heaven, O ye who dwell in the holy habitations!
Come to us who live in the cities of the plain,— to us who wander
in the wilderness far from human love and kindness,— come to us,
ye angel children of the beautiful land! bring us strength to walk
uprightly in slippery places, and place in the hand of each pilgrim a

Magic Staff—full of power, and peace, and universal good-will. Lead us gently out of darkness and up the highway; be with us when we pass over the swift-running brooks; give us to drink of waters flowing down from high mountains; show us, O ye people of heaven! the Way through the truth and the light.

The Spring-spirit is coming forth in swelling buds. True spirit-religion is a reverent dependence upon God, with perfect faith in the soul's immortality. True practical morality is the virtue of living transparently day by day, in accordance with one's perception of truth and justice. But it is impossible to govern all men by one standard of action. Within the past twenty-five years there have been many so-called Christian wars (or wars by leading Christian nations) the Russo-Turkish war, including the Slaveholders' Rebellion in America; during all which 2,584,000 persons were killed or destroyed by disease and violence, at an expense of thirteen hundred billions of dollars. And yet all men and women, excepting a few peace advocates here and there, prayed for the success of their warring husbands, sons, and lovers, and regarded themselves as highly religious, and unquestionably moral! Among the five rules for the regulation of human conduct, dear reader, where do you belong? The five are:—

1st, Brass rule, *evil for good*; 2d, iron rule, *evil for evil*; 3d, silver rule, *good for good*; 4th, golden rule, *good for evil*; 5th, diamond rule, *good for its own sake*.

All true spiritual religion springs from spiritual fountains. Intuition tells you that you are related to an inner universe. Churches are the media, in popular human society, of things spiritual. Woman, being spiritual, clings to and supports the churches. There are, also, spiritualizing accessories dear to all churches, namely: music, poetry, art, eloquence, literature, and devotional exercises. With these, and sustained by the great power of woman,* ministers can fearlessly denounce the barbarities of Science, Philosophy, and Stoical Moralism. A

* Recently a widow left \$100,000 to the American Sunday-school Union, to be used in promoting a higher order of Sunday-school literature.

struggle is coming between the army of progression and all institutionalized religion. The winged horse of a larger mental liberty and a higher religious spiritualization will spring from the old Medusa's head.

Old religion means dependence; new religion, independence. Old religion, exclusiveness; the new, inclusiveness. The old opens the Bible, and shuts the door of further revelation; the new opens the spirit to universal inspiration, which explains all Bibles, and brings true joy to mankind. The doctrine of the "atonement" was not logically taught until the Bishop of Canterbury's (Anselmo's) great argument was published. An infinite God, he said, makes an infinite law which, being broken by man, demands an infinite satisfaction. Hence, the sacrifice of God himself to adjust the indebtedness of mankind. But, with all this sacrifice (according to these teachers), the great mass of mankind go to endless perdition.

"In previous discourses," said a popular clergyman, "I have attempted to show why it was expedient that Christ should leave his disciples, and the question is very often asked: Why did he not stay in the world? This seems to be wondered at by a large number of persons. He left because the belief of man in his righteousness would be enhanced more by his suffering and resurrection than by continued preaching and working of miracles. It was leaving the matter in the hands of the Holy Ghost. By him men are made to feel that sin is not in the world because they steal, lie, and commit adultery, but on account of the unbelief in Jesus Christ. *That is a greater sin than any other.* The Holy Ghost also convinces man of Christ's righteousness. We could not believe in this righteousness had not Christ gone back to God. As a rule, the power of the Holy Ghost is not recognized as it deserves. We must pray unto it, and receive the judgment of the difference between right and wrong. You don't get this from the light of nature."

Thus the old theological doctrine has sealed up the heavens, making access to them possible only by and through the "atonement" and Orthodox faith in the "Bible"; while the new

religion sees the gates of light ajar, through which angels ascend and descend, freely and joyfully, upon the shining rivers which connect the Summer worlds with these our winter lands.

TENTH MORNING.

Beyond Jordan, in the highway of the nations, O thou Infinite Spirit! we would open our eyes upon thy truth, which is forever straight, and upon thy goodness which is positive and eternal. All nations see the light of thy truth, and feel the beauty of thy goodness. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Thy goodness is the glory of thy truth; thy wisdom is the flower of thy love. Our spirits are pure, because we are thy children. Our progression is infinite, for we inherit from thee an infinite life. Eternal ends are the fruitage of all temporary uses. Temporal darkness and trials open the way of eternity, which leads the countless multitudes into the adorable sun of thy righteousness.

Rules for the cultivation of happiness are unknown in highest life. Happy hearts throb within the purest bosoms. "There reigns insipid monotony in the mountains of good nature," said Kant. Merely to be happy — or to try to be free from the suggestions of interest in anything in any direction — is to fall into indifference and cynical inanity. Interest in anything brings with it some anxiety, and insists upon efforts for its protection and welfare. In a sphere of imperfections, like the earth, including unavoidable effort and anxiety, the feeling called "happiness" can be at most and best but momentary. True and lasting consolation — also true and abiding happiness — comes from the daily doing of *right*, which is your DUTY. This is the everlasting guide to peace.

Adopt no rules for neglecting your daily duties. Do them! and happiness (sometimes) will attend and bless you. Man's nature is a compound of gold, silver, copper, iron, stone; he is made of bones, blood, organs, soul, and spirit. He feels them all. Organs of life; organs of love; organs of light. He is animal; he is human; he is angel. The wise man is a har-

monious man; the discordant man is a fool. In the white are blended all colors; in black, all colors are absent. The cipher or the right is nothing; all value is vested in the left-hand figure. And yet the heart of life is on the left side; the right is the sphere of power and appropriation. The purpose and potency of being are revealed in the end; not in the effects and preparations, which lead to the consummation.

Wants are the masters of all who evolve and serve them. Almost all servitude arises from the tyrannical King who rules in Want's Kingdom with a rod of iron. Listen only to your absolute *needs*. They are exceedingly few, if your nature is high and fine; they multiply in proportion to your coarseness and descent. Below, there is the want of expensive wines and brandies; above, you only need the celestial waters that flow from perpetual fountains. Valleys teem with countless beauties, — with the lilies and pictures of fairer lands, — but the sunless ravines engender poisonous plants, and all manner of creeping things.

Come out, O my reader! let the sunlight of wisdom illumine your pathway. A multitude of your most troublesome and enslaving wants will flee away. But noble *needs* will abide with you; and Mother will take you into her harmony.

ELEVENTH MORNING.

O thou everlasting Light! teach us to be high-minded, not proud-minded; teach us to love thee, to love one another, and not to fear. Teach us to know that the inmost immortal spirit is the fountain of love; that the soul is the garden in which plants and animals exist; that the self-conscious thinking faculties are the media of manifestation. The spirit corresponds to the heart; the soul to the propensities; and the understanding to the reason. Fill us, we pray thee! with the highest benefits and uses of our whole nature, whereby we may feel and know that **IN THEE** we "live and move and have our being!"

I am a two-fold reality to all the universe of spectators; so, in truth, is the sincere reader of these pages. You are double-

natured and double-destined. You seem mortal and exceedingly weak ; you are, in reality, immortal and unconquerable. We are perfected wholes, when in the isolation of solitude ; while in association, amid our fellows, we realize that we are "but *parts* of one stupendous whole" ; but it is this innate sense of "the whole" that begets the love of individuality, and the correlative desire for personal independence. All ignorant and undeveloped souls cling to and lean heavily upon others ; on the other hand, the high-minded and unfolded nature can understand and accept that *liberty* which is enjoyed by God's angel children.

But the tie that binds loyal natures into Brotherhoods is, first, *love*, then *sincerity*. For the most part everybody is, or everybody intends to be, absolutely honest. Men are naturally honest, and they have perfect faith in things diametrically opposed to each other. Consequently, it follows that comfort and joy and encouragement may be derived from *perfect faith* in any religion known in any part of the world. An erroneous doctrine, if perfectly believed, in all sincerity will (*pro tempore*) yield as much comfort as the truth itself. Why? Because the human spirit is rewarded with rest and with joy for *its loyalty* to what it believes is honest, just, sincere, and truthful. Wherefore an honest, sincere, and just Gentile is as comfortable in his religion as is the Jew ; and a Christian who is *not* honest, sincere, or just is uncomfortable and even miserable, while an honest, sincere, and just Heathen may be overflowing with joy and peace and a grateful heart. Truth, or straightness and rectitude, is appreciated by the well-balanced intellect. But goodness, love, virtue, honesty, sincerity, justice, beauty, immortality,— these are appreciated by the inmost spirit. No truth, abstractedly considered, brings happiness in itself ; neither does any error, in and of itself, bring discontent and misery ; because both happiness and misery arise from conditions, and not from the consciousness of possession. This explains why persons are contented and happy *with exactly opposite religions*, just as they are satisfied with and under antagonistic forms of government.

Perfect *faith* in what they cover with a church is the secret cause of all their joy and worship. Supernaturalism is another name for the infinitely spiritual and incomprehensible. No human reason can for one moment accept intelligently any of the unnatural claims of supernaturalism. And yet look around you and observe how many Methodists, how many Presbyterians, how many Roman Catholics, how many Jews, are contented, and even unspeakably joyous, in their revival meetings under the incomprehensibilities of their supernaturalism, in which they each cherish, *in all sincerity*, the most unquestioning Faith.

It is a low form of controversy that descends to personalities. Gross and vulgar natures grovel in the mud to find their reasons for the motives by which their neighbors are actuated. In criticising and uncompromisingly exposing a doctrine or theory, it is not my design to attack the sincerity and honesty of *persons* who may advocate such theory or doctrine. The inability to rise superior to personalities is one of the most deplorable weaknesses of our undevelopment. Theologians, scientists, socialists, politicians, and religionists equally give themselves over to the knavish *vice* of charging each other with private hypocrisies and intentional wrong-doing. Men's thoughts may be read by seers, but the vision is not often made public. A million of sins may be washed away—made as “white as snow,” and pure as purity itself—by the loving kindness of the recording angel of wisdom. Angels of compassion turn away in sadness from unfaithful and deceitful characters; but they do not easily burn with the wrathful fires of the self-styled righteous. Motives may be suspected, but they cannot always be truly known. Ministers and priests are but men, at best; and they are immorally situated. If they should perceive the *error* of their teachings, or if they should see that something *else* is more true and desirable, nevertheless, their situation as *paid* preachers, whereon themselves and families depend for support and education, makes a *change* almost an impossibility. Hence, only a few ministers and priests, who accept a new truth, retire from their

wealthy congregations. The immorality of their situation is thus apparent. They may behold *a new truth* which is at present universally scouted; but they cannot "afford" to preach it from their sanctified pulpits. Behold the tears of their wives! Hear the cries of their beloved and helpless children! Therefore we (the reformers) must do the hard, thankless, *pioneer work*. When the pathway is distinctly traced through the wilderness, and after many a pilgrim *has miserably fallen* never to rise along the new road, then, O reader, raise your loving eyes and behold the cloaked and polished preachers who travel that way comfortably, and who are *paid* for teaching that for which the pioneers were perhaps crucified or otherwise murdered by inches. And yet we are not justified in pronouncing judgment upon the honesty or sincerity of the persons who thus comfortably follow the discoverers and martyrs of new truths.

TWELFTH MORNING.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. . . . My heart is fixed, O God; I will sing and give praise. . . . Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God; defend me from them that rise up against me. . . . Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. . . . The rock of my strength and my refuge is (God.)" Permit the angels of loving kindness, the bands of wisdom and righteousness, to refresh the hearts of all men. Let the light of heaven shine into darkened homes; into deaf ears pour the immortal music of thy Perfections. Let the mountains blend their voices with the valleys in singing the songs of thanksgiving; let them chant the hymns of gratitude and progress and praise; and let the stars above and the earth beneath, and everything that liveth in them, unite their voices with immortal singers to interpret the spirit of infinite Harmony.

Mutual dependence constitutes the harmony of the universe. There is nothing not necessary; nothing comes by accident; everything in itself is right, and is hastening to its right place.

Standing where I now stand, at the beauty-adorned base of Mount Harmony, I behold that everything is "Good"; and,

from this standpoint, I understand that, in earliest dawn of the univercœlum, the Divine Eye saw its own beauty and goodness reflected from everything: and, standing here, spiritually I *feel* that, in the universal Heart, everything was conceived and nourished, caressed and sustained, perfected, and beautified, and advanced to higher and still higher positions and offices, in the magnificent system of Causes, Effects, and Ends.

Into this valley of transcendent loveliness,—into this bright and beautiful country of the psychical pilgrims,—into this sphere of celestial pathways which lead into the interior Summer-Lands,—I behold the diversified illuminations of the spiritual Sun. The material universe is lighted by the sun of the exterior heavens; even as the spiritual universe is illuminated by the sun of the interior heavens. As the visible sun shines into terrestrial valleys, so the invisible sun diffuses its celestial influences throughout the long and vast valley which divides Mount Aspiration on the left from Mount Harmony on the right, in the private progressive development of the human spirit.

Let no person imagine that these pilgrimages — these private soul-struggles for life and light, for self-possession, and for the enjoyment of the knowledge of immortality — can be avoided by passing along indifferently, or by procrastinating the time of beginning the journey. All are born at the base of Mount Use. Almost everyone ascends into this fundamental experience,—attends this primary department in life's school-house,—but who attempts the ascent of Mount Justice? The tongues and literatures and religions of men, from age to age, are flooded with descriptions and illustrations of righteousness. The *just* soul! Where shall we look for it? There are *just* natures, I know,—persons who have, by means of will and great industry, ascended the sublime heights of rectitude,—seers and lovers and doers of Justice,—but, oh, how few of them!

But let us meet them; and, beholding their weakness and timidity, I ask: "Have you journeyed up the rugged mountain of *Power*?" Alas! they have graduated from the primary

class of Use,— they carry the insignia of spiritual Justice upon their breastplates of righteousness,— but, lacking Power to give embodiment and practical expression, they must fall back into the ranks of undevelopment. Oh, the despair of these disappointed ones! they expected to inherit the fortune of Power without effort. In the infinite constitution of things — which is the garment of the infinite Love, Will, and Wisdom — we meet minds naturally potential. They were born upon or near the summit of Mount Power. Their parents were spiritual mountaineers, but their grandparents never ascended above the habitations of the heath. And yet, although born far up amid the lofty peaks of Power, these daring freebooters and heroes of battle often fall far below the standard of manhood, because lacking in experiences which can only be obtained by a pilgrimage to and over the preceding elevations, known to the reader as Mounts Use and Justice.

Much might be written concerning the laws and conditions of these psychical journeys; yet what has been said in preceding pages is deemed sufficient for profit and instruction. Use-men! JUST-men! POWER-men! But what shall be said of a soul that is wealthy in these three primal principles, but who is as poor as a desert in that all-glorious, all-perfect, all-inspiring, all-controlling, all-heavenly influence, which can only be obtained by ascending and dwelling upon Mount Beauty? Without this principle in your life, feelings, thoughts, habits, dress, manners, character,— without the presence of Beauty in all and through all,— your Use, your Justice, and your Power are as thorns compared to flowers, as quartz compared to diamonds, as the cold electric light of the moon compared with the auroral splendors and the noontide effulgence of the eternal sun.

From the constitution of the infinite harmony, all the elements of Love, and all the principles of Wisdom are fully manifested; and Will is the name of the pivotal force — the central medium — of their external manifestation.

Behold how *beautiful* is everything! Loveliness out-rolls from a deeper loveliness; the *beautiful* unfolds from a fountain

of Beauty. The sphere of Beauty is the divine sphere,—that is, the symmetrical *balance*, suffused and throbbing with, and out-breathing a spirit of, indescribable sweetness and loveliness. This is a manifestation of Beauty,—or, in shortest phrase, a perfect balance is perfectly beautiful. Justice is even,—one side as heavy as the other,—the equipoise of opposites, an equilibrium; but Beauty is a sphere, the embrace of the two parts of one harmonious whole,—the inter-penetration and harmonious blending of hemispheres. Thus the beauties of earth are incipient displays of the balances of heaven. Contemplate Mount Beauty, O faithful reader, as you would repose upon and adore the bosom of God! Its principles, and pleasures, and blessednesses surpass all human speech. Perfectly conjoined one with another, and mutually affectionate and trustworthy, are all who absorb and dwell upon Mount Beauty. In the Summer-Land is a society,—a great federation of consociated brotherhoods,—which, as one soul, corresponds to, and presides over, the Mount upon which you have fixed your heart and habitation. Where are you? Answer this to yourself, and you give the exact denomination of celestial persons who correspond to and co-operate with you.

Upon the psychical mountains the Diakka never appear. They descend to the lowlands in social life,—into the depressions, dark labyrinths, sunless ravines,—into the mental cellars-kitchens and styes of human habits. They will stay as long as your state is an invitation. Go up, my reader! seek thou the sunlit height of any one of the six mountains of Wisdom, and your enemies will leave you. Listen to them as they hoot and howl,—smile at them as they growl and quarrel concerning your onward movement,—but, O wise soul! do not thou turn back to contend with thine adversaries. Look forward, and raise thine eyes skyward, for in that way lies fair Mount Beauty. And from this high life of perfection, while feeling the beautyfulness of life, you will begin to discern the transcending elevation of all psychical ecstasies, called Mount Aspiration.

The End to be accomplished is first *felt* by LOVE; then it is

seen by WISDOM; lastly, it is *realized* by WILL. Wherefore it is demonstrated that the End involves both the system of Causes and the system of Effects. The Great First Cause, consequently, is LOVE, which lovingly seeks an End. In our human sphere of thought, the End of the stupendous univercœlum is the *individualization of the spirit*. The love-fountains of the infinite Heart desired something to love,—beautiful objects of solicitude,—little children to cherish, offspring in its own image and likeness.

Here, therefore, *we* are! We, the children of the infinite Heart! Life is just dawning for each of us. No age in the spirit. The more spiritual the more youthful. Matter and motion grow old,—tired, stiff, ugly, decrepid, diseased, sore; and they long for medicine and rest, or they seek annihilation.

Love is the Cause of all Effects. And we (like all spirits and all angels, who were once women and men, and born upon some planet in space) are the Ends of LOVE.

Mount Harmony, when we shall have ascended its heavenly heights, will reveal the ineffable perfections of the Universe. Men behold the harmoniousness and the divine beauty of things now very dimly; because they are deaf and dumb and blind to all and everything beyond the valley wherein they have established themselves.

LOVE being the Cause of our existence, and Wisdom and Will the flower and the force, it follows that the End, called Harmony, is possible only by and through Love, as the ultimate of all Uses, Causes, and Effects. The perpetuity of any religious brotherhood, the successful continuation of any spiritual association, the internal prosperities of any combination of believers and co-operators, turn upon the perfection and the plenitude of the Love which each cherishes for the high Ends and purposes of the institution. "Love ye one another" is not sufficient. "Love God!" is a superior commandment, if by "God" is meant the highest GOOD of truth, the highest GOOD of justice, the highest GOOD of love, and the highest GOOD of Humanity.

A Harmonial Dispensation is knocking at the door. The angels of celestial brotherhoods have long ago proclaimed the advent,—“*Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth! Universal love! Unbounded good will to the race of man!*”

Beloved reader! why do you not arise, open wide the door, and welcome the stranger?

Let me tell you why you do not. Because it does not come to your door clothed in fashionable habiliments. Because it insists upon reformations in your personal opinions and habits of feeling. Because you do not comprehend the full significance of its three great words,—*Love, Wisdom, Liberty*. You mean by “liberty” something cheap, and of trifling importance, like the liberty of the press and free speech, the right to go and come, the liberty to eat and drink what you choose. But the spiritual conception of Liberty is the right of the individual to the freest and fullest living of his own life, so long as his individuality and its activities do not impinge upon the corresponding rights and liberties of his fellow-men; in other words, Liberty is the End sought by unselfish Love, through the medium of divine Wisdom. Without perfect Love, as the Cause, there can be accomplished no such End as spiritual “liberty.” The absence of Love is the beginning of bondage; the presence of Love is the foundation of liberty; while Wisdom, with divine order, unfolds the laws and conditions adapted to the accomplishment of the highest Ends.

Societary Harmony is an effect of Individual Harmony. Individual Harmony is an effect of spirit growth in Love, Wisdom, and Liberty,

Beloved reader, as a fellow-traveller up this royal road, I appeal to thee. I point out to myself *my* duty in this progressive march along the king’s highway; and to thee, also, I point out a fundamental duty. I have just said that “Individual Harmony is an Effect of spirit growth in Love, Wisdom, and Liberty.” *You*, dear reader, should promote their development in me, and *I* should promote their development in you. This duty is just, reciprocal, and practical.

You have no right to place stumbling-blocks and thorns in my pathway up Mount Harmony; I have no right to impede your advance, no right to detain you, if you desire to ascend onward and upward. But, remember, I have seen the way, and your vision may not have been so far opened; I have travelled and traversed this royal road. But you may be a stranger among these psychical valleys and mountains. You should not arrogate to yourself the ability to impart instructions concerning a path unknown to you. Supra-terrestrial persons have baptised me, and they have given me a new name. I am known to them in this baptism; and I have often heard their welcoming voices. My new name floats down sweeter than the song of nightingale or sparrow, and within it I hear an invitation.

Therefore, beloved, I shall continue my upward and heavenward journey. Out of the valley of shadows I shall walk forth into the fertile harvest fields of light. If you set yourself against my individual rights, if you combine with others to dictate my personal methods, you will ere long be visited with the penalty, attended with a separation of our deepest and tenderest interests; and, on the other hand, if I set myself against your individual rights, and assail you in your personal methods, I also shall feel the penalty, attended with antagonisms from your highest thoughts and choicest feelings.

But, beloved, with or without you, I am called by my new name, and therefore I cannot longer tarry, nor retreat to the old paths behind me. If we both profoundly "love God," it will follow that we also profoundly "love one another," and immediately the feast will be prepared, the guests invited, and the very cold waters will be instantly changed into the high wines of eternal life. By first loving God [the Perfect Good] and thereby loving each other, in spirit and in truth, immediately we shall behold the beautiful path which leads away from earthly discords into the angel-haunted heights of Mount Harmony. Therein, beloved, we will walk together, side by side, with the happiness of harmonial love blossoming in our hearts.

Once more, with reverent love and boundless liberty lifting and expanding my soul, I turn my face toward the highlands of impersonal truth. Beyond the valley, the sky is an infinite sea of golden light; its unfathomable depths and heights are clothed with all prismatic splendors; and the "star of my destiny," with its never-varying brilliancy, shines lovingly above the heavenly Mount. Will *you* accompany me? I *must* go forward,—with you or without you. My course is fixed. The Magic Staff is never beyond my grasp. Its celestial light continues to burn and beam and glow, and its radiance lights up the darkest labyrinths in my psychical life. "*Under all circumstances keep an even mind!*"

Before resigning my obedient pen, and as my parting salute to my beloved reader, let me record what I now see: I behold the clouds of ignorance and superstition floating away as the world's mental sky brightens with the rising sun of wisdom and knowledge; I behold that the heavenly inhabitants are more frequently visiting the inhabitants of earth, and I behold the dawn of a fairer day for the whole humanity.

THE END.

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